Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

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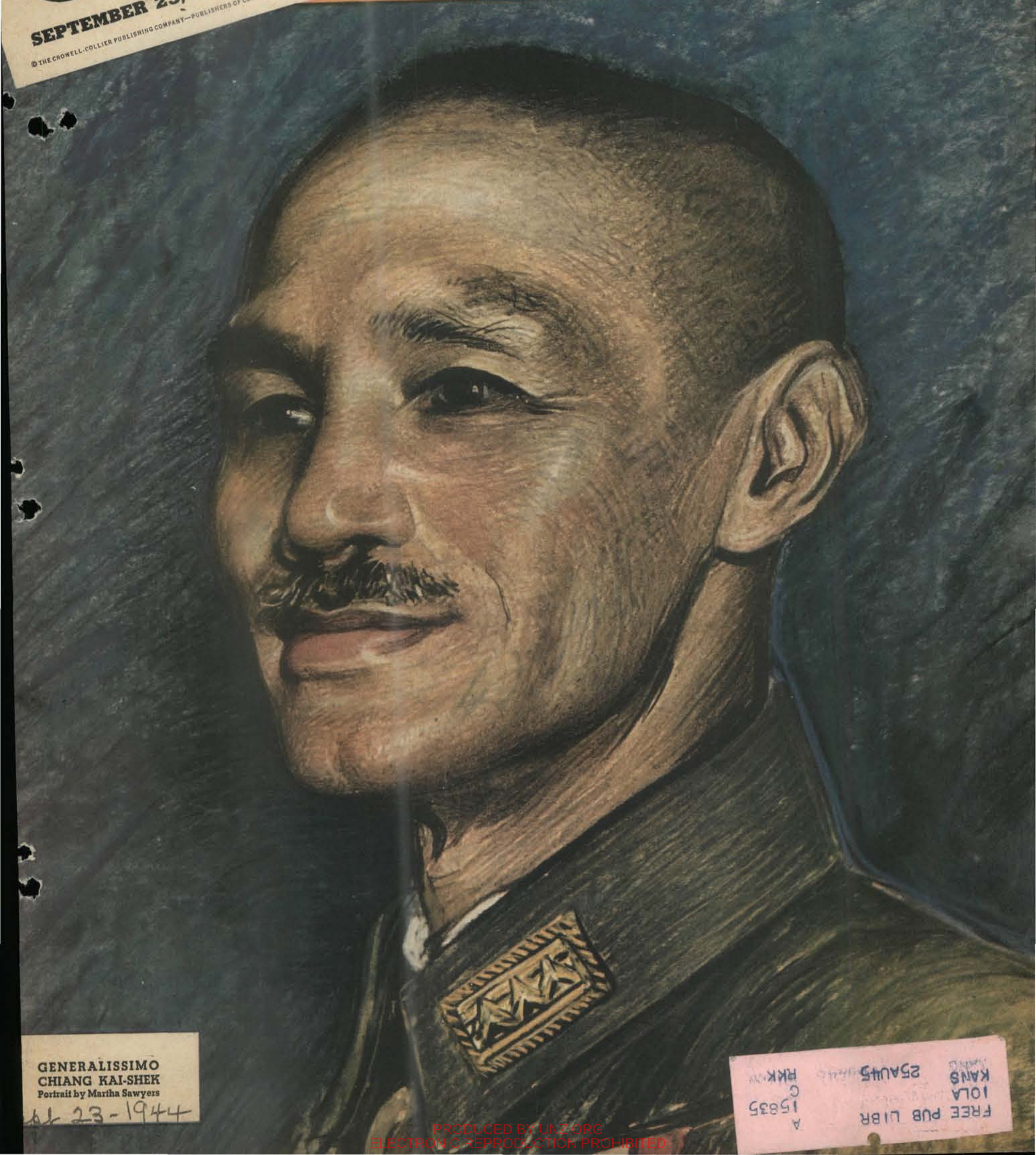
Beginning

Lay That Pistol Down

By RICHARD POWELL



GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK
Portrait by Martha Sawyers

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Munition of morale...
but shell fuzes come ahead of Parker "51"

YOUR letters are mental food and ammunition for your man in service! And the pen that forms the welcome news of "home" is indeed a munition of morale.

No pen could be more ideally suited to this—and every writing service—than the Parker "51".

Perfectly balanced, it cradles comfortably in your hand... alert and ready for action the instant you touch its protected point to paper. It glides with silken smoothness.

But the distinguished Parker "51" is scarce. By government order *all* pen production has been reduced and today our first concern is to create precision fuzes for bombs, artillery shells and other projectiles.

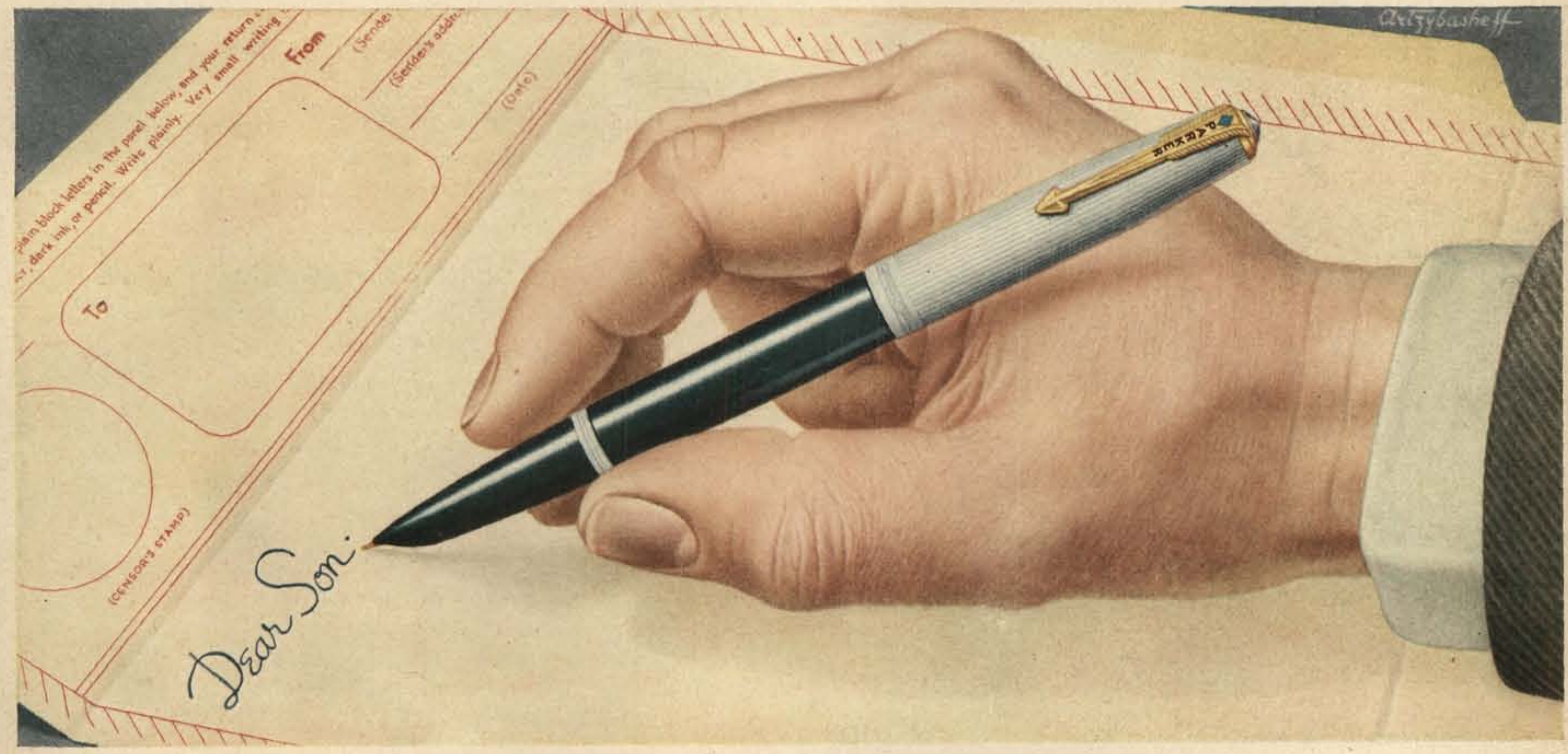
However, we still make a limited number of Parker 51's which are rationed fairly to dealers.

This pen is worth the wait! And when it is finally yours—do this, please. Get a bottle of the new Parker "51" ink. This miracle ink actually *dries as you write*, so that no blotter is needed. It is made *only* for the Parker "51". Of course, you can use the Parker "51" with any ink if you so desire... but you won't "so desire".

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils to match, $5.00 and $7.50. World-famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

Make your dollars fight — BUY WAR BONDS NOW!


plain block letters in the panel below, and your return
, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing
From
(Sende
(Sender's addr
(Date)
To
(CENSOR'S STAMP)
PARKER
Dear Son:
Artzybasheff

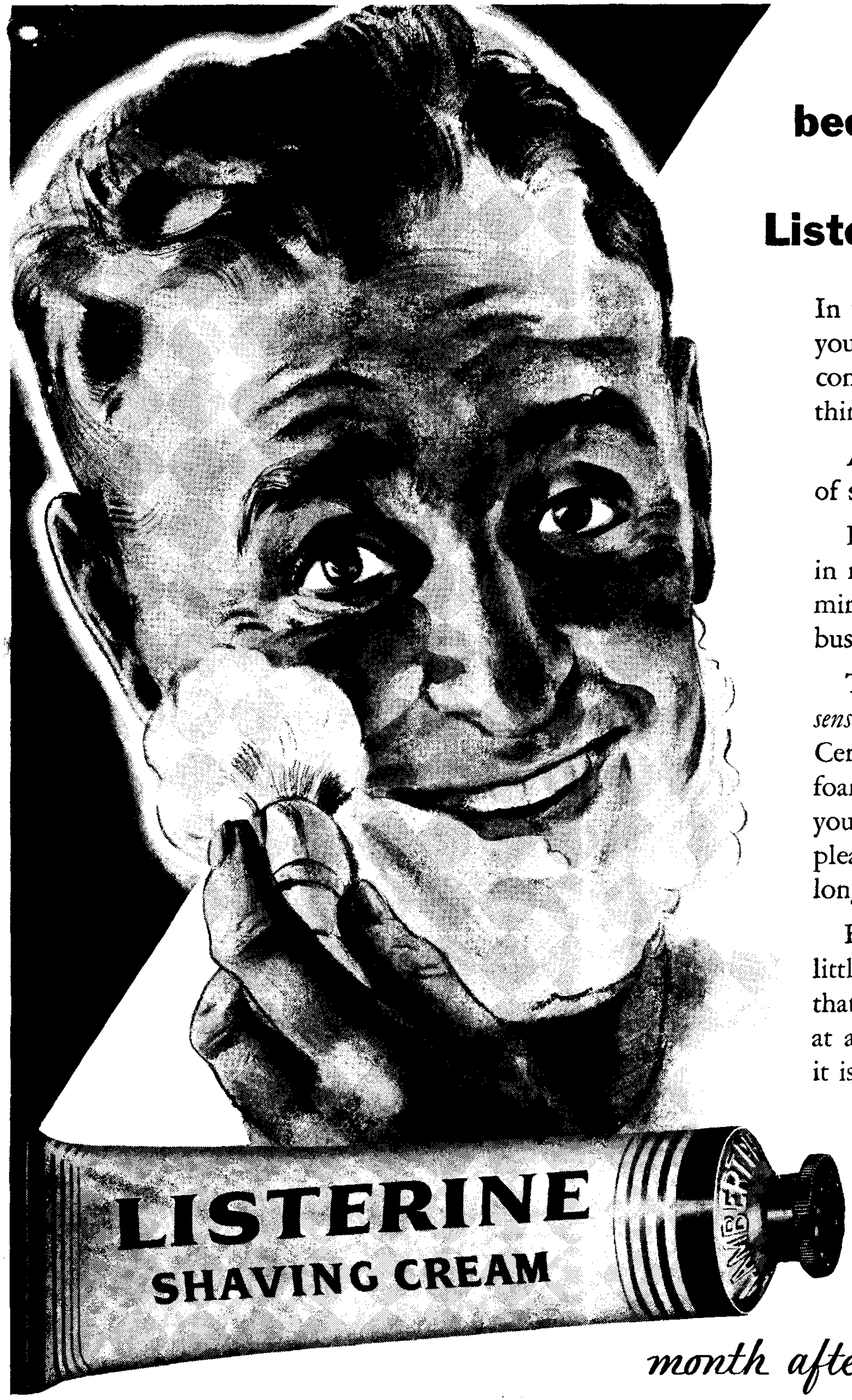
"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Parker

"51"

COPR. 1944, THE PARKER PEN CO.

You can bet your whiskers that this SHAVING CREAM will not *make shaving a pleasure!*



We guarantee "no pleasure"... because we want to win your favor for our Listerine "no-hokum" Shaving Cream

In the good old days, when you could buy as many razors as you wanted . . . and most men did . . . every medicine cabinet concealed at least a dozen different shaving implements: everything from imported self-stroppers to motor-driven chin mowers.

All of them were purchased, one after the other, in pursuit of shaving pleasure.

But there comes a time, when men's minds match their beards in maturity. Then, intelligent men squarely face their bathroom mirrors with the realization that shaving is at best a tiresome business, a nuisance, a chore and a bore.

To such men, we offer our Listerine Shaving Cream as a *sensible* shaving aid . . . nothing more. Sure, it makes lavish lather. Certainly, a fraction of an inch brushes up into big billows of foam. Naturally, this helps soak whiskers soft (provided that you add lots of water). But if any of this makes shaving a pleasure, we will promptly refund your money, because in the long run, undiscriminating customers do a product no good.

Finally, what we say for our *quality* shaving cream counts for little as against what you think of it after trying. So we suggest that you meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P. S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

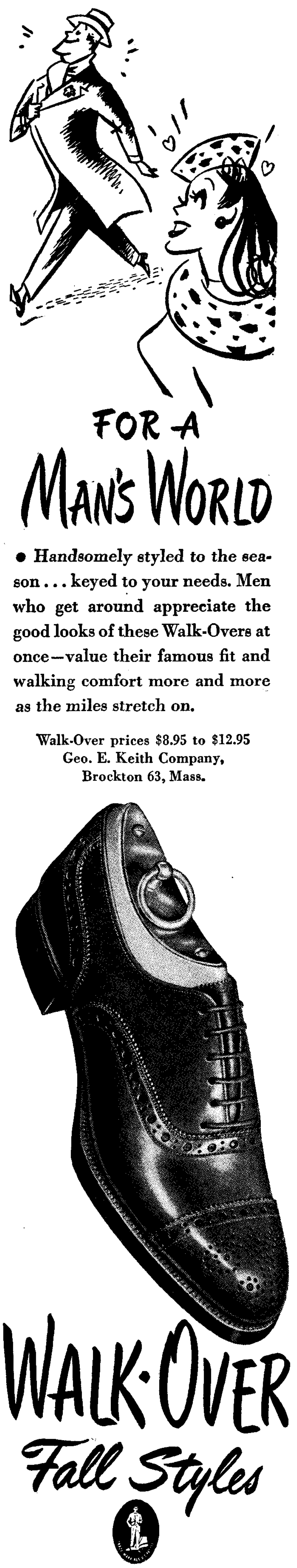
month after month after month

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

25¢

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come comfortable shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream


FOR A
MAN'S WORLD

● Handsomely styled to the season... keyed to your needs. Men who get around appreciate the good looks of these Walk-Overs at once—value their famous fit and walking comfort more and more as the miles stretch on.

Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95
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Collier's

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HENRY L. JACKSON Wearables
ALLEN MARPLE Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE Fiction

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

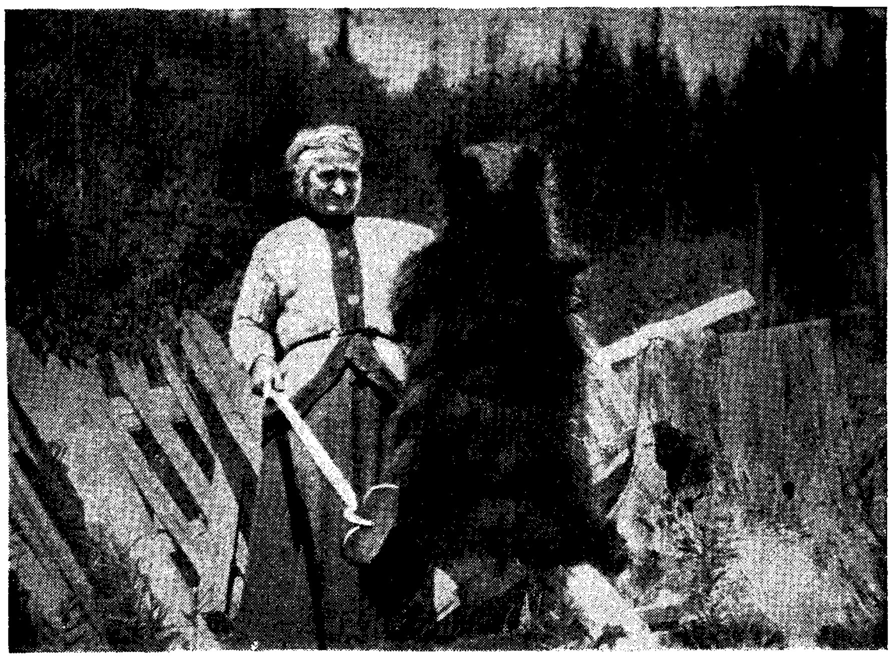
Any Week

HERE we have a photo of Mrs. E. A. Pierce of Welches, Oregon. Mrs. Pierce is seventy-two years old and in the photo she's holding a hoe in her right hand, and the pelt of a large bear. And here's the story, relayed to us by Mr. Fred Lockley of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Pierce was hoeing in her garden, minding her own business. A neighbor came screaming that a large bear had come out of the woods and was at that moment in her garden and that Mrs. Pierce should run for her life. The neighbor also said that her husband had gone to fetch a dog and a shotgun. Mrs. Pierce said, "Oh, shucks!" With hoe on shoulder, Mrs. Pierce strode over to her neighbor's. She belted the bear from the corn to the spinach and went back to her own place. Presently, the neighbor's husband arrived with dog and gun, plus four other men with dogs and guns. Mrs. Pierce was hoeing her garden, minding her own business. The bear was, in the words of Mr. Lockley, deader than all get out. But Mrs. Pierce refuses to regard it as an extraordinary event. "Oh, shucks!" said she. "'Twas the hoe. Made it myself."

WE'RE afraid that this one is significant of something. We'd be the last to know of what. Anyway, from several important war-industry centers, we hear that the pawnshops are doing a howling business. War workers are the most numerous customers, and a great number of women are hocking wedding and engagement rings, very few redeeming same. We hear that one lady in Seattle pledged four different engagement rings—one a month for four consecutive months. The proprietor of the shop told her that he guessed she wasn't much for returning the guy's ring after the engagement was broken. And she said, "Sure, I'd return them if the bums who gave them to me would stick around." As we've always said, it takes a world war to bring out in us our finer instincts.

AN ANONYMOUS contributor has advised us that an inventor with postwar problems uppermost in his mind has invented a ball-and-chain gadget to sink ice cubes in highballs and keep them sunk. This will keep drinkers calm, who would otherwise be made nervous, as usual, by ice banging against their teeth. However, the inventor is a bit cagey about his gadget. He merely claims that his gadget will "tend to keep the cubes at the bottom of the glass." Otherwise he guarantees nothing.

(Continued on page 55)



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FOR SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

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COVER MARTHA SAWYE

Smashing every transcontinental speed record for transport planes, TWA's giant Lockheed-built "Constellation" wrote a new page in the history of pioneer aviation last April 17.

AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs were chosen to fire the four 2,200 horsepower Wright engines. In the words of the flight engineer, the spark plugs gave "complete satisfaction."

Such an achievement is a tribute to the men who took care of the huge ship, and to the skill of the pilots. It is also new proof of the quality of AC Spark Plugs. And it is fresh evidence of the *reliability* which millions of AC users—motorists, truck and bus operators, yachtsmen, and farmers—know intimately, and have known ever since 1908.

In the Liberty engine of World War I, AC pioneered the ceramic aircraft spark plug and was the only builder. The record flights of Lindbergh, Maitland, Acosta, Byrd enabled AC to share in further historic aviation pioneering. World War II—and the "Constellation"—find AC ceramic spark plugs pioneering again, in battle and at home.

Every Sunday Afternoon – GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR – NBC Network

AC
SPARK PLUG
MP

AC SPARK PLUGS

ARMY NAVY

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly

AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated

FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles

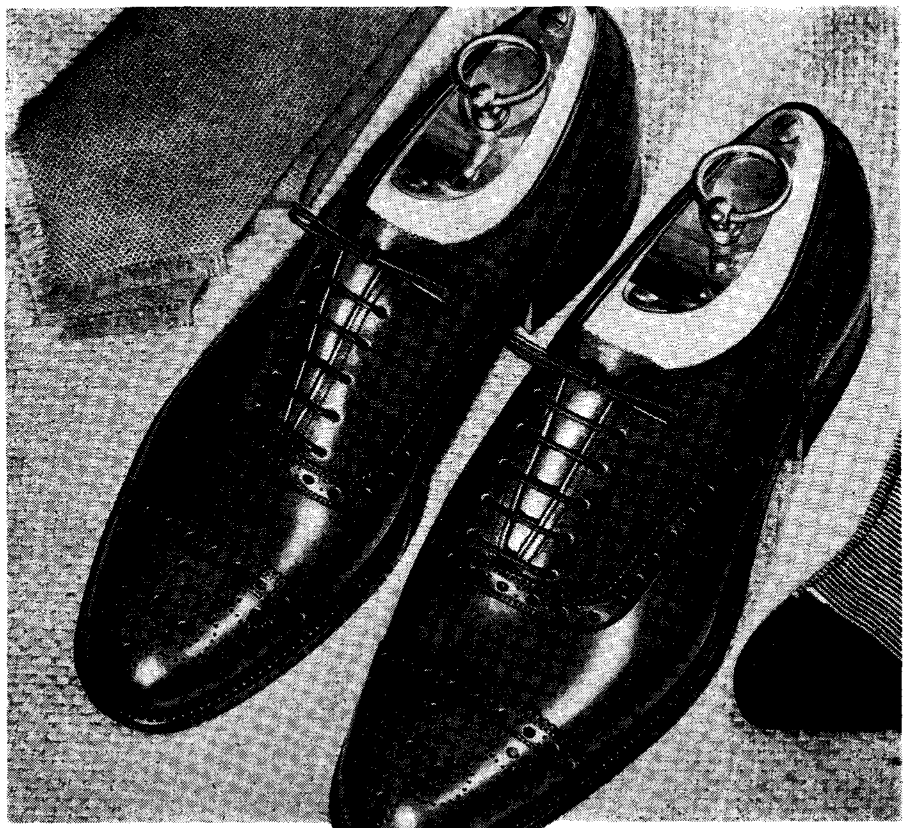
OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly

BRING YOUR SOLDIER HOME SOONER • BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND THIS MONTH

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Built with Care for Longer Wear



The DEARBORN

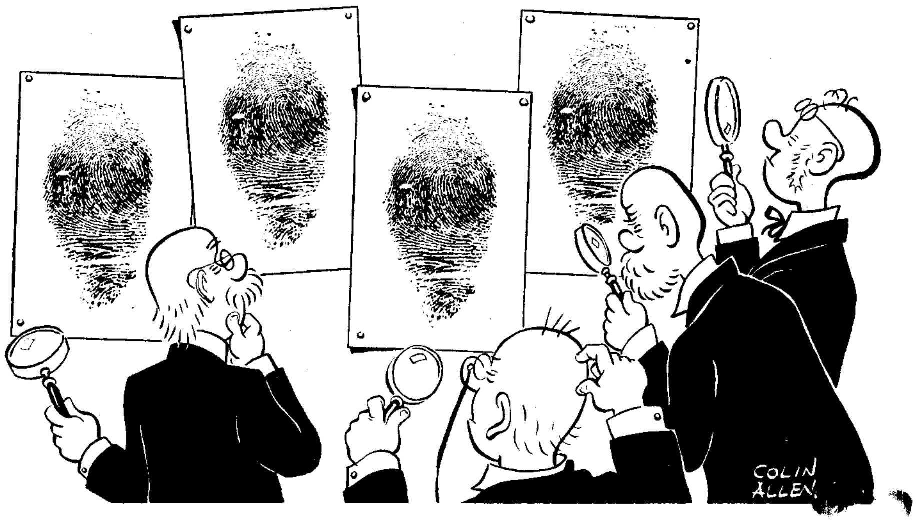
The only test of a shoe today is—*how long will it wear?* Best evidence of continued Florsheim quality is today's almost endless demand, not for just any shoe, but for Florsheim Shoes. When quality counts—men count on Florsheim quality.

Most Styles 10^{50} and $11

Florsheim Shoes

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

A scientist recently proved that the average fingerprint expert cannot distinguish a genuine print, or one made by the finger itself, from a forged print, or one transferred from an object. Eight experts were asked to tell which of four identical prints on a card were made by the two methods. Only three of the men correctly named all four, but later admitted they did it by guessing. The other five experts, incidentally, called more genuine prints forged than forged prints genuine.

The Library of Congress owns a unique leather-bound scrapbook of the front pages of 1,314 daily newspapers for March 4, 1933, which were collected to form a record of how the American press handled the inauguration of President Roosevelt.—*By L. Burke Slaughter, Richmond, Virginia.*

In 1943, the police in some 1,600 cities and towns of this country happened upon and extinguished approximately 7,500 fires with extinguishers which were standard equipment on about 5,200 patrol cars and wagons and motorcycles.

As an associate justice of the city court of New York at a salary of $17,500, Francis E. Rivers, a Negro, holds today the most highly paid elective position ever attained by a member of his race in this country.—*By Robert Brightman, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The Washington Post March by John Philip Sousa was not only the first theme song but has become one of the most popular marches in musical history. Sousa was commissioned to write it in 1889 by The Washington Post, a newspaper of the capital, and his band introduced it shortly afterward at a large public gathering sponsored by this publication.

The only American city that ever attempted to legalize as well as regulate prostitution was New Orleans whose city council, in 1857, passed an ordinance under which annual licenses were to be issued at a fee of $100 for prostitutes and $250 for brothel keepers. The law was held to be unconstitutional, however, and was abandoned in 1859.

Bundles of propaganda material dropped by Allied airmen on Germany no longer open at great heights and have their leaflets scattered over vast rural areas by the wind. Each bundle now carries a new, inexpensive gadget, about the size of a shoe-polish can and operated by barometric pressure, which holds the sheets together until reaching a low predetermined height, so they will not scatter outside of the intended area.

Because our libel laws specifically cover the defamation of individuals, any racial, political or religious group may be attacked unfairly and continuously with little risk of prosecution. While many group-libel bills have been introduced in state legislatures and Congress in recent years to provide this much-needed protection, only one such measure was ever enacted; namely, in the state of New Jersey in 1935, and that was invalidated six years later.

Owing to the misadventures of the first American naval vessel to be called the Chesapeake, the U.S. Navy has never given this name to another combatant ship. In 1807, the captain of this frigate, unprepared to fight, struck his flag and allowed his vessel to be searched after being fired upon by H.M.S. Leopard. Again in 1813, the crew of the Chesapeake, unwilling to continue a battle, surrendered and the ship was captured by the H.M.S. Shannon.—*By William M. Davidge, FPO, New York City.*

For years in London, many a person wishing to cash his life insurance policy has put it up at a monthly auction where it may bring from 5 to 20 per cent more than its surrender value. Every detail about it, except the name and address of the insured (which are never disclosed) is furnished by the auctioneer. As the successful bidder becomes the beneficiary and responsible for all further premium payments, he thus gambles that the face value of the policy will greatly exceed his investment in its purchase and premiums.

A new privately owned money-order service operates through neighborhood stores licensed to issue the checks, which are printed on post cards, may be mailed for one cent, and are sold at the minimum money-order rates. (10 cents for those up to $5, etc.) Licenses are obtained from the territory's franchise holder, who keeps a certain balance on deposit in a local bank to cover the checks drawn on it.

A chicken requires and eats 50 per cent more food than a turkey of the same weight. . . . The odds against a Vice-President of the United States succeeding to the Presidency are five to one. . . . The Russian fighter pilot Colonel Alexander Pokryshkin is the leading ace of the Allies, having shot down 59 Nazi planes so far.

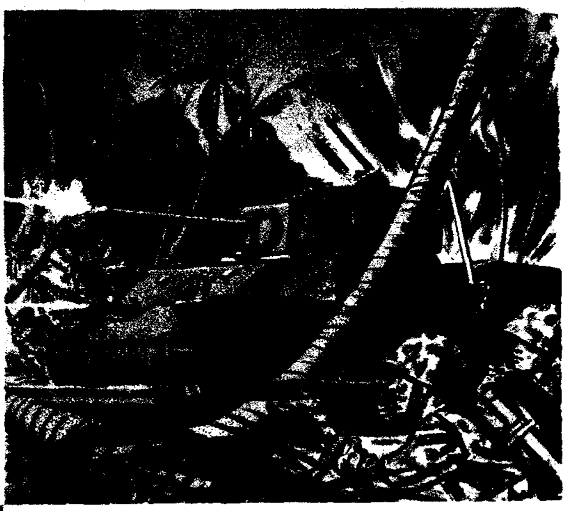
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS
IFFEL
H Miller

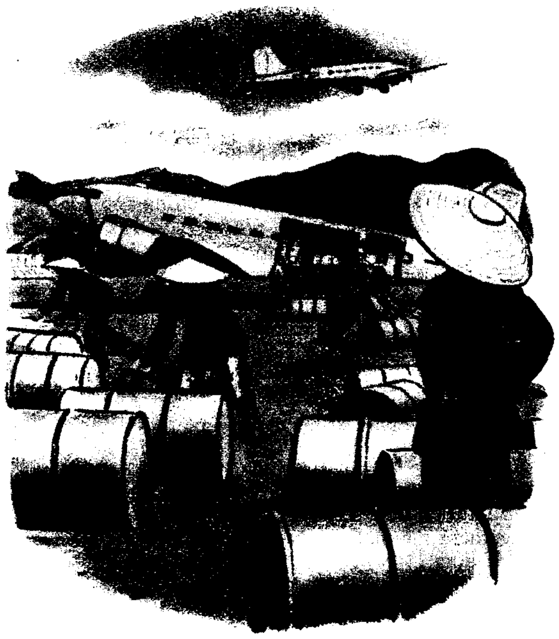
What is your G.I.Q.?

If you can get two correct answers to these questions, your G.I.Q.—*Gasoline Intelligence Quotient*—is better than average. If you can get three or more right you're an expert. Correct answers are at the bottom of this page.



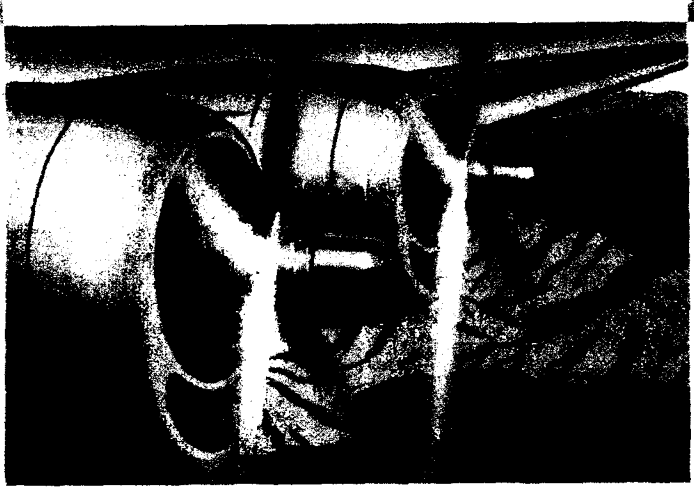
1. Over 25,000,000 gallons of gasoline a day must be supplied to overseas forces.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*



2. Most of the fighting-grade aviation gasoline used by the Army and Navy is Ethyl.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*



3. A modern airplane engine burns half its weight in high-octane gasoline in about two hours.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*

4. An Army light tank may use as much as a gallon of gasoline a minute.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*

5. Government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of civilian gasoline to make people realize there's a war on.

☐ *True* ☐ *False*

ANSWERS:

1. True. Well over 25 million gallons of high-octane gasoline are needed daily by the allied forces.

2. False. Ethyl fluid is an important part of *every* single gallon of fighting grade aviation gasoline made in this country.

3. False. A modern airplane engine uses *more* gasoline than that. It will burn half its weight in high-octane gasoline in about *one* hour.

4. True.

5. Absolutely false. The reason government agencies have had to place limits on the quality and quantity of civilian gasoline is to make it possible to meet *military* needs. The petroleum industry has greatly increased its production, but the war requires such great quantities of high-quality gasoline that limits had to be placed on gasoline for civilian use.

ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

ETHYL CORPORATION, *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

COPYRIGHT 1944, ETHYL CORPORATION

The bomber pilot of this war is schooled in twin-engine trainers so far ahead of anything you flew that it isn't funny!

During this transitional stage . . . the student pilot of today has *three* parachutes . . . He sits on one, and the other *two* are in the nacelles—a pair of Jacobs engines.

Do you remember how the old ox occasionally changed its tune in the air, and gave off a faltering falsetto that made your heart crowd your tonsils, waiting for engine failure? Well, this Jacobs engine sings bass all the time! There isn't anything your kid can do, short of crashing, that hasn't been done to a Jacobs in its years of pre-war service.

THE JACOBS has no more tricks or temperament in its system than a sewing machine. As long as the gas keeps coming, the engine keeps going, and never plays tag with the tachometer or the pilot's nerves.

Under hard student handling, the Jacobs stands up for more than a thousand hours between major overhauls. Enough air hours to send fifteen students on to the next stage!

AND the Jacobs doesn't need a genius to service it, either. Simple in construction, it can be both easily checked and quickly overhauled.

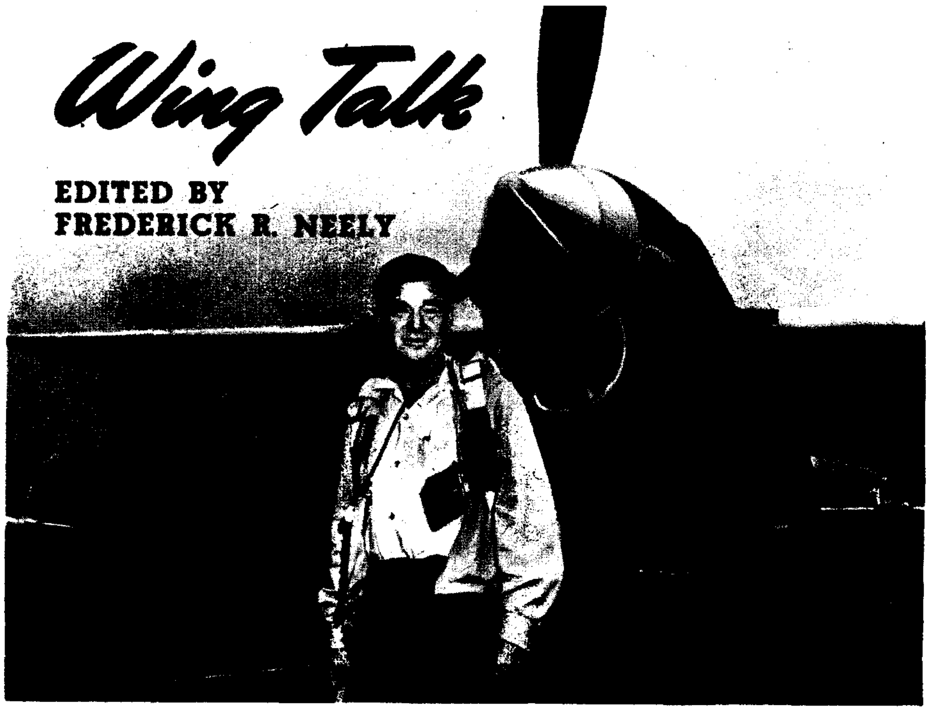
So while your son is training with the Jacobs, engine failure need not bother you or him . . . And this engine is kind to the taxpayers, too, in fuel consumption and upkeep costs.

The war record of these engines makes Jacobs worth watching for post-war planes and operation . . . When you find yourself a passenger in back of one, you will know that the operator knows engines, and isn't careless with operating costs . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS • Pottstown, Pa.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



P-38 COURTESY LOCKHEED

Lockheed Production Test Pilot W. L. (Bill) Dougan

W. L. (Bill) Dougan, Lockheed production test pilot and an ace in the first World War, hands out some very important advice to Lockheed P-38 pilots all over the world: "Don't bail out at the first sign of smoke. Try to put the fire out. If it continues out of control, hit the silk."

Now we know very well that all of you don't fly P-38s, and what good is this information, anyway, but coming from old Bill, who shot down nine planes in 1918, who has been flying continuously ever since, and whose son is an Army pilot, it strikes us as authoritative and progressive in a field in which there has been little desire to advance. And the basic knowledge he has acquired is applicable to other combat types.

Bill says that in testing airplanes he runs into all kinds of situations but, to date, they have never had to abandon a ship because of fire. He believes the record is partially due to a "procedure for fire" which the Lockheed test pilots worked up and follow at the first sniff of smoke. It calls for eight operations, too technical to explain here. If the blaze continues out of control, "It's time," says Old Bill, "to tidy up the cockpit for a jump."

Many a lad has gone overboard at the first whiff of smoke when older hands have found that so-called fires are not fires at all. Bill cites a number of these. Sometimes the line carrying the coolant fluid to the engine breaks, and clouds of white smoke pour out all over the nacelle. The color of the smoke is the tip-off. So you pull a couple of levers and reduce the fire hazard to a minimum. If the engine throws a connecting rod and blue-black smoke pours from every crack in the engine cowling, chances are the smoke is caused by the escaping oil hitting the hot engine, so twist a couple of other gadgets in the cockpit and fly the ship down.

A turbosupercharger, which is always red hot, sometimes gives off a torching condition symptomatic of flames licking the structure. Bill says a change in power setting will correct that. Nobody loves a gasoline fire and it causes many a pilot to try his luck as a paratrooper. Bill doesn't blame them, for the thought of all that 100-octane riding along sometimes gets the best of one. But Bill maintains the danger is actually slight, because when you turn a switch and stop the flow of fuel at the source and remove the danger of the fire spreading to the tanks, the 100-octane burns out fast, and the fire wall prevents it from spreading back into the wing. Wire fires are annoying, but no cause for bailing out, for Bill knows they usually burn themselves out in a few minutes with little real damage.

Bill concludes with this advice to the youngsters: "If you can say that you fought the fire, but to no avail, then, brother, you have a right to abandon ship."

THE VIP international air terminal is now open for business. (VIP in this instance stands for Very Important People, a G.I. invention, and is not to be confused with the professional signature of our Virgil Partch.) For many months, air travelers have watched construction activity at the north end of the Washington National Airport and, now that it is completed, they're more curious than ever. For this is the first air terminal planned for the expeditious and efficient handling of important travelers to and from all parts of the world, and no attention was paid whatever to exterior attractiveness or to what the spectator might think.

The Army Air Transport Command operates the base, and in planning it, the experts drew upon three years of concentrated ATC experience in handling high-powered international air traffic on a scale and scope without precedent. Colonel Frank H. Collins, boss of the place, believes the terminal will become the basic pattern for similar facilities in the postwar Age of Flight.

Viewed from the air, the VIP terminal makes no sense; just a collection of low buildings joined here and there, and made of wood and asbestos cement sheets. But Colonel Collins emphasizes that it is the most thoroughly integrated air terminal to date and is the aerial hub of the United Nations' war effort.

"This," says the colonel, "is the world's busiest aerial port of embarkation and debarkation." (Note to Mayor La Guardia: Colonel Collins said it; we didn't.)

The business of getting the high-ranking people in and out of the terminal works like an assembly line, and the passenger terminal is the focal point. It is thoroughly organized for the "processing" of overseas passengers which involves medical inspection, immigration, Intelligence (Army, Navy and F.B.I.), health bureau, customs inspection, censor, ticketing and manifesting. The aircraft operating and maintenance departments and the air mail and cargo and baggage departments are equally efficient. After the war, the plant will go to the Civil Aeronautics Administration as a permanent international air terminal.

PEOPLE who are worried about our future in Latin America should fret no longer when they learn of a highly intelligent and lowly publicized program for welding the American republics together through the universal language and practice of aviation.

Quietly since January, 1942, 462 young men from Latin America have been given thorough American training as pilots, mechanics, instructor mechanics, engineers, communications and air-traffic-control technicians, and a new class of 147, representing eleven countries south of the border, has just moved in. The training is under the supervision of the C.A.A. ★★★

... a new word meaning MORE and BETTER RUBBERS

YOU'VE come to appreciate the importance of a good pair of rubbers. Or rubber galoshes. Or rubber boots. Or rubber soles and heels . . .

When the Japs overran Malaya, they wanted us to lose our rubbers—permanently. They had the rubber plantations. That left us . . . *headwork.*

After planting America's first synthetic "rubber trees"—by producing the first butadiene from petroleum regularly supplied in quantity to our rubber manufacturers—scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, have thought their way through another tough one . . .

We needed *something* to blend with synthetic rubber to make it workable . . . flexible yet enduring . . . for footwear and a lot of other rubber goods.

DUTREX is the name—yes, these scientists got *it* from petroleum, too! It belongs to a different branch of the great family of petroleum hydrocarbons—different from butadiene. But it also comes from an oil well.

Actually, with Dutrex, manufacturers are making rubber footwear as serviceable as ever came from a rubber tree. It's sweeping the industry—a "plasticizer, tackifier, extender and processing aid."

But why stop with footwear? Dutrex *hasn't.* It's overseas in the thick, soft sponge rubber lining of tanks—shock absorber for the crews—and in hard sponge rubber which keeps pontoons buoyant.

For yourself . . . footwear. Rubber garden hose? Rubber tires for your lawnmower? Sponge rubber for seat cushions? Chances are you'll meet Dutrex a dozen times a day from now on—without even recognizing it.

That's a remarkable characteristic of Shell Research—it starts with petroleum, and may lead to something you'd never recognize as remotely related to an oil well! Perhaps a *pair of rubbers.*

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First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH

Sword of Today

Plowshare of Tomorrow

SHELL OIL COMPANY, INCORPORATED

Before the War—PHILCO RESEARCH *MODERNIZED* THE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH!

When recorded music returned to popularity, after having been overshadowed by radio for many years, Philco research brought the phonograph of the early "twenties" up to date. From its laboratories came basic improvements that *modernized* the playing and enjoyment of records and brought electronic record reproduction within reach of all.

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE	A permanent jewel that never needs changing floats over the records. The scratchy steel needle is gone forever.
NEW BEAUTY OF TONE	Glorious overtones of beauty, long hidden in your records, were released . . . unmarred by needle scratch.
LONGER RECORD LIFE	Surface noise and record wear reduced by 10 to 1. You enjoy your valuable recordings ten times longer.
TILT FRONT CABINET	No lid to lift. Just tilt the grille forward and place your records. No groping . . . no need to remove decorations.

. . . *After Victory*—

the radio and electronic research which made Philco the overwhelming leader for 12 straight years will be devoted once more to bringing you greater enjoyment of recorded music. The Philco Radio-Phonograph of the future will make new contributions to the delights of record reproduction . . . in beauty and fullness of tone, in ease and convenience of operation . . . and in charm of cabinet design. Your Philco dealer will have good news for you — when Victory is won!

[illegible] THROUGH [illegible]
KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS
[illegible]

Philco invites you to *Relax and Listen* to Paul Whiteman, the Radio Hall of Fame Orchestra and Chorus and guest stars. Sundays, 6 to 7 P.M., EWT, Blue Network

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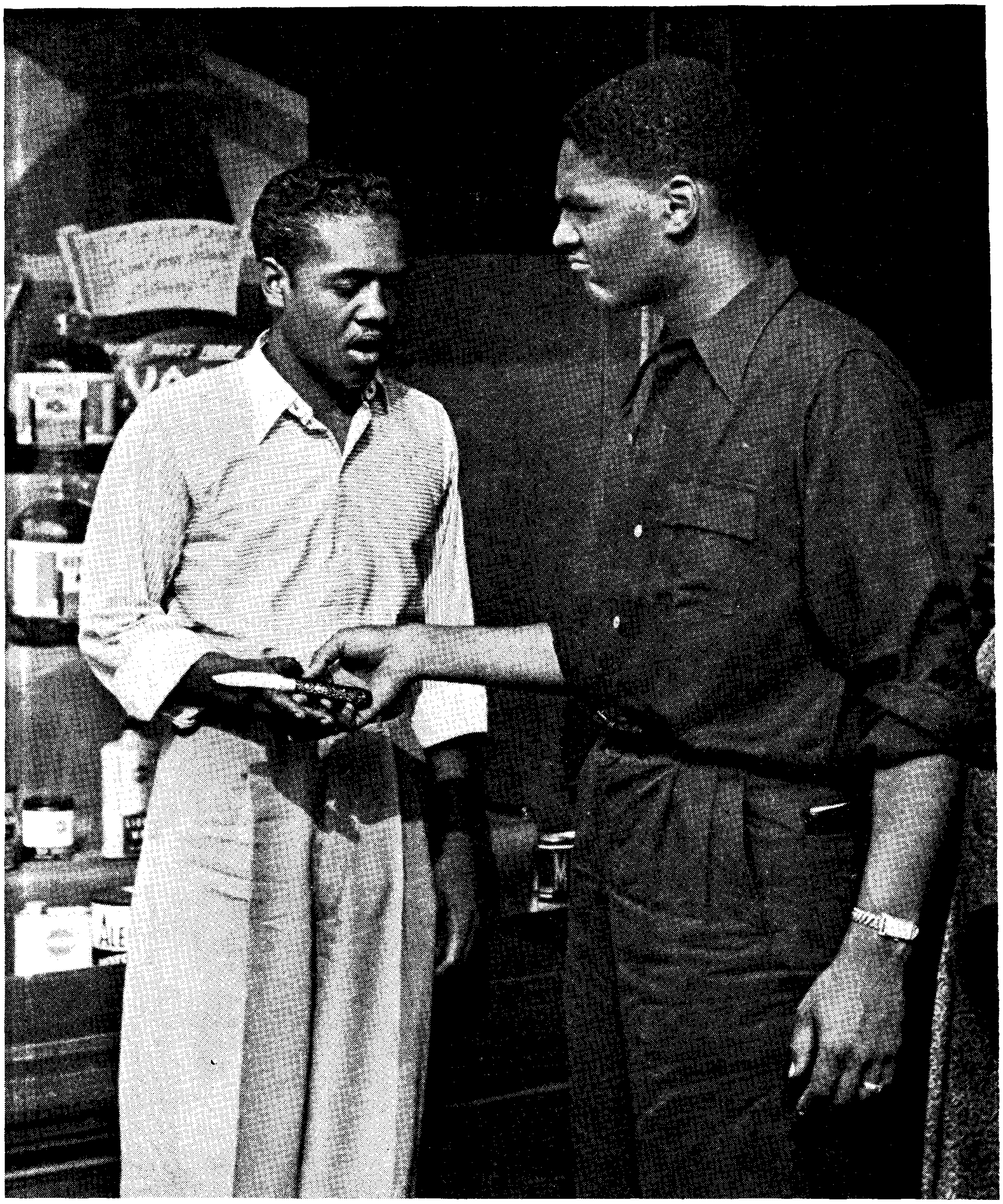
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

HARLEM
... dense and dangerous

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX

Huddled together in almost unbelievable congestion, with crime and hoodlumism so prevalent that the police are worried, the teeming thousands of Negroes in New York's Harlem present a most serious problem



Holman Bowman, right, one of the Negro plain-clothes men who are always on the lookout for trouble in Harlem, relieves a suspicious-looking young Negro of a dangerous knife. The youth was released after questioning. The cops handle the young goonlets gently, being "careful neither to cuff nor shake the toughest of them"

THE Honorable Fiorello H. La Guardia, mayor of New York, was upset. And when Mr. La Guardia is upset, his efforts to conceal it are not always successful. Several delegations of apprehensive citizens had come down to see him about Harlem, of which seething district he is also mayor, although sometimes he wonders. None of these committees, three white and one Negro, told Mr. La Guardia anything he hadn't known for some time.

One informed him that owing to the general unrest among this country's 13,000,000 Negroes—they've declared flatly that in postwar America they are not going to return to their prewar social and economic status—Harlem, the greatest huddle of Negroes in the world, was ready at a moment's notice to blow up. They showed the mayor reports of a like situation in Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Los Angeles, written by investigators who seemed to have been wringing their hands as they wrote.

Another talked in almost whispered solemnity of the vast increase of juvenile delinquency in Harlem, about thirty-five per cent since Pearl Harbor. They said nothing, being completely conventional in such matters, of adult delinquency, one of the parents of juvenile delinquency, nor of the other parent, obscene living conditions. In one of Harlem's stewing blocks—in 143d Street between Lenox and Seventh avenues—more than 4,000 Negroes are trying with indifferent success to do what we loosely call living. Nobody seems to know whether as many human beings are similarly packed into as limited a space elsewhere. Sociologists guess that this congestion is twice as bad as in any poor-white neighborhood. But the point is that nothing is subtracted from Harlem's sullen temper by conditions like that.

All these delegations talked along the same line. But one was concerned chiefly with politics. This, they reminded the mayor, was a national election year. Owing, they said, to Jim-Crowism in the Army and Navy, the white-worker outbreaks against colored-worker competition in nonwar industry—things like that—the Negro was wavering in his long loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt. And what did Mr. La Guardia, incidentally mayor of New York and a Roosevelt supporter, propose to do about it?

None of these tormented gentlemen neglected to talk about the rise in the numbers and the disregard for authority of Harlem's youthful hoodlums—their internecine brawls, their wolf-pack assaults upon lonely wayfarers, their homemade weapons, their hardened scorn of authority. They all seemed to agree that here is the clearest symptom of the menace of Harlem. Taxi drivers drive Harlem's streets warily, at half speed, afraid that at any moment some Harlem kid will come blundering out of an alley in front of his car. Even if the kid weren't hurt, even if it were clearly not the fault of the driver, Harlem is all set to inflict immediate and riotous vengeance. Cops handle young goonlets gently, careful neither to cuff nor even shake the toughest of them, however wildly they resist arrest. Things like that.

Presently there were no more delegations for the mayor to listen to. They had told him nothing new and most of what they did say was true—perhaps a bit overwrought but basically true. We said that we were particularly interested in the kids. Mr. La Guardia said: "Well, why don't you go up and look for yourself?" So we went. . . .

Mobilized into a Major Race Riot

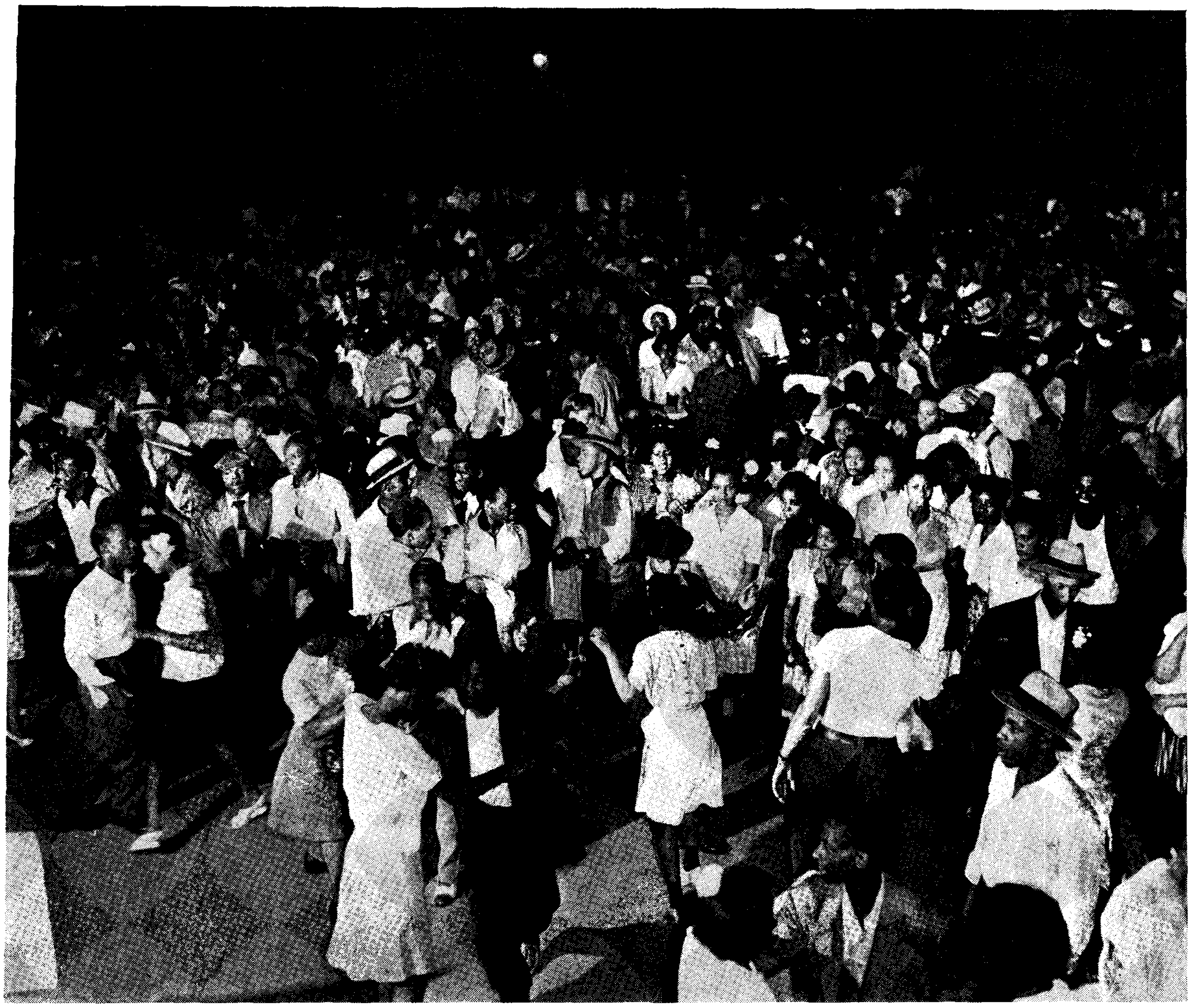
Harlem has been called a lot of things, from The Nation's Fuse to Cop Hell. The Negro began to take it over for his very own about 1900 after a major race riot in August of that year that made a gory mess of the Tenderloin. Black Bohemia and San Juan Hill, on New York's West Side. A white cop in civilian clothes and on pleasure bent started it by making a rough, romantic, alcoholic pass at a colored woman. She retreated into her own house where her man took over, stabbing the amorous cop promptly and fatally. Within an hour the North River shores of Manhattan were roaring with battle, the policeman's buddies from the Hudson Dusters having mobilized with knife, gun and lead pipe to avenge him. They murdered black men, women and children without discrimination and the Negroes murdered back. Houses were burned, flats smashed, churches sacked, and the police, having lost one of their own, clubbed scores of Negroes who mistakenly fled into police stations seeking protection.

And when it was all over, the city decided to investigate and, perhaps, punish the surviving guilty. However, the business of investigating was turned over to the police.

Harlem in that all but legendary day was a pretty place of tree-fringed roads, proper mansions and cherished traditions and shrines. It was still suburbanish, its residents, white, of course, still a trifle upset by the appearance of apartment houses which meant that the grip that the old families had held on who might move into the district was slipping. On Lenox Avenue of an afternoon, the heads of Manhattan's politest families drove their trotting horses and tallyhos to see polo played at the Polo Grounds, complete with elegant ladies, dandy gentlemen, liveried coachmen and tigers (footmen), wicker lunch hampers, iced champagne and parasols. Historically, Harlem was rich with the lore and the ghosts of Alexander Hamilton, Stephen Jumel, George Washington, General Henry Clinton, early Rhinelanders, Philipses, Morrises—people like that. Nobody has told such a good story about it as Roi Ottley in his book, New World A-Coming.

Anyway, it was after the riot of 1900 that the Negroes of New York's West Side began their trek to Harlem. Of course, it was slow in the beginning. New York has not since heard such piteous cries as those emitted by Harlem's best people when several socially elite Negro families from the West Side's Black Bohemia trickled silently into Harlem flats. Presently a Negro syndicate bought a whole block of apartment houses on 135th Street, and the Harlem day of the tallyho, polo, the highbred trotting horse and the Saratoga trunk had ended. That all too briefly is how it started.

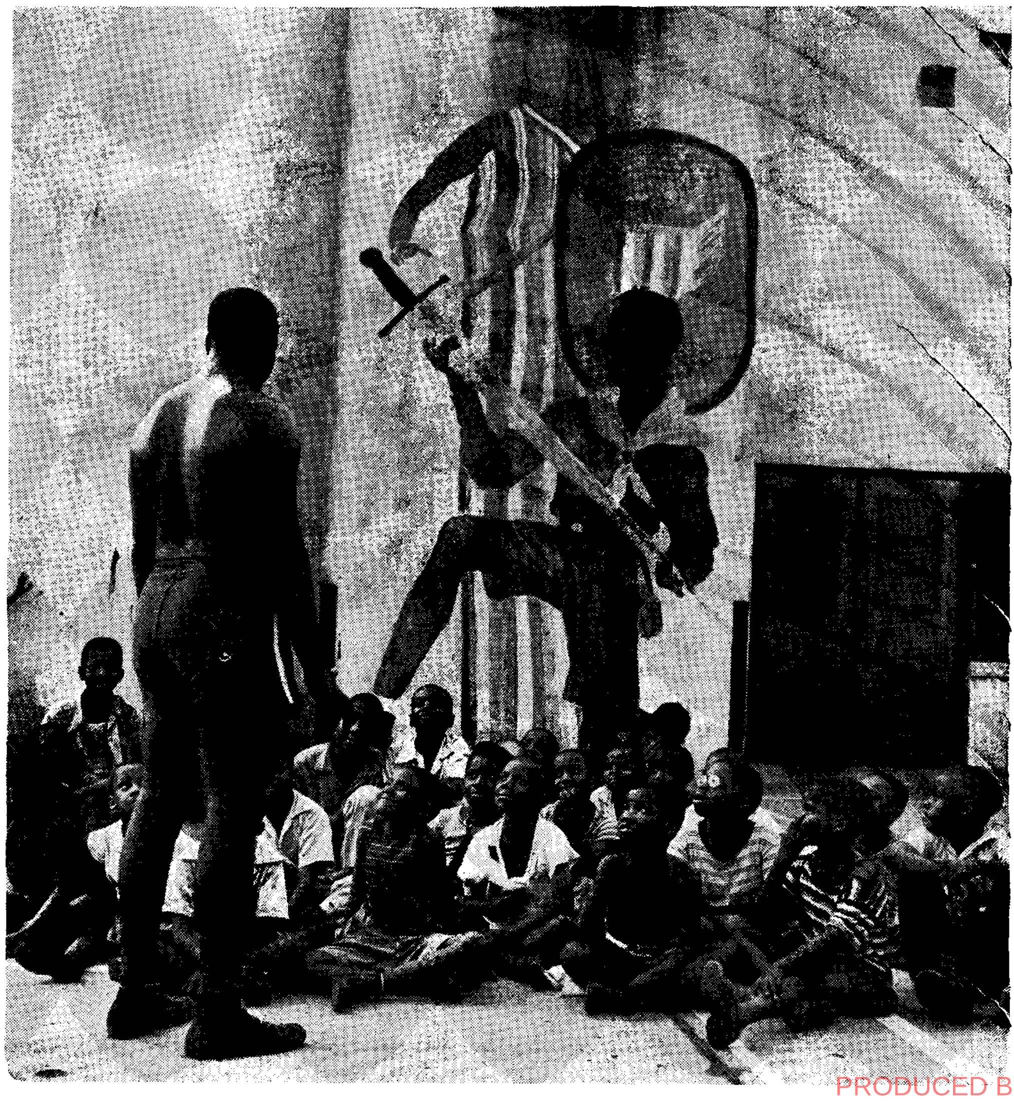
Today Harlem is the largest concentration of Negroes in the world. Socially and economically, although not politically, it is a city within New York City. Somewhere between 300,000 and 330,000 colored people live there in housing designed to shelter no more than 75,000 and with the most



PARKS–PIX

Harlem's boys and girls get together for a bit of jive at a playground on 149th Street. Social functions of this character are encouraged and sponsored by organizations trying to improve conditions throughout the district

These youngsters are members of the Harlem Boys' Club, one of the organizations sponsored by the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York. Danny Jenkins, Jr., one of the society's instructors, is telling them how to play games. Groups like this are accomplishing great good in Harlem



dismal of consequences. When we arrived from Mayor La Guardia's office, Harlem was deep in the sweaty lethargy of a sultry morning. The numerous night spots—the clip clinks, the boob traps, the tourist tanks, the black-and-tan cabarets, and on up to the big swing shops and first-rank night clubs—were being swabbed down by bored charwomen. We didn't ask any of them what they thought of the situation. By the looks of them their meager thoughts weren't wandering far from the floors they were scrubbing. Not that you can always tell by just looking.

In Harlem today there is no one fire-breathing Negro leader to call his people to arms. Neither is there any one rabble-rousing group. And for this the police give questionable thanks. Perhaps it would be better if there were such centered responsibility—some one man or group around whom the mob would rally, some concentration point that could be watched and operated on by the Negro clergy and such Negro organizations as The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Urban League and by the police. The embarrassing truth is that Harlem as a whole is very highly inflammable, dynamically race-conscious, emotionally on the hair trigger, doggedly resentful of its Jim Crow estate. It doesn't ignite; it explodes. Scan the record of race riots in New York since the first big blow-off, long before Harlem, and you find no black Joshua to lead his people along paths of pistol-packin' glory. But since the first bloody battle between New York's whites and blacks, in 1741, there has never been a time when anyone could say that another wasn't in the brewing.

The record of that 1741 affair is far from clear, doubtless undependable. The arrest of a slave named Caesar, accused of ambitions to take over the city government, and of his white mistress, Peggy Kerry, started it. Eighteen men were hanged and fourteen burned at the stake before something resembling order was restored. What became of Caesar is a mystery but he was no leader. The Negroes rose leaderless and unsuccessfully to his rescue. And so on up to the Civil War's draft riots when reluctant selectees were so loath to die to make men free that they murdered a large number of Negroes for being black. In brief, there is no record of a race riot in New York that can be traced to a legitimate leader, white or black, nor to a cause that was not born in shame.

No, when we got there Harlem was sullen but at peace. Negro clergymen were meeting to discuss what they'd do when and if rioting were to begin on Lenox Avenue. The police, in particular the Negro cops, in uniform and out, were somewhat more alert than usual, listening for growls from The Valley's deepest lairs. A few researchers for Mayor La Guardia's new Unity Committee were round about, looking for significant symptoms. The Unity Committee, headed by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., is a fact-finding group which hopes to compound a prescription for the malady known as the race problem.

That too-little-known branch of the [illegible]lice Department, the Juvenile Aid Bureau, was quietly observing young Harlem. It is highly unlikely that anybody is going to ask us, but if they do we shall tell them that of all the organizations now trying to soothe Harlem, the Juvenile Aid Bureau is one of the most practical, the one concentrating on the spot most receptive to treatment. Under its eyes are the sixty or seventy juvenile gangs, mobs, clubs or whatever your temper dictates your calling them. Actually there is more adult delinquency in Harlem (as elsewhere) than juvenile, but it's somewhat late to do much constructive labor on the adults.

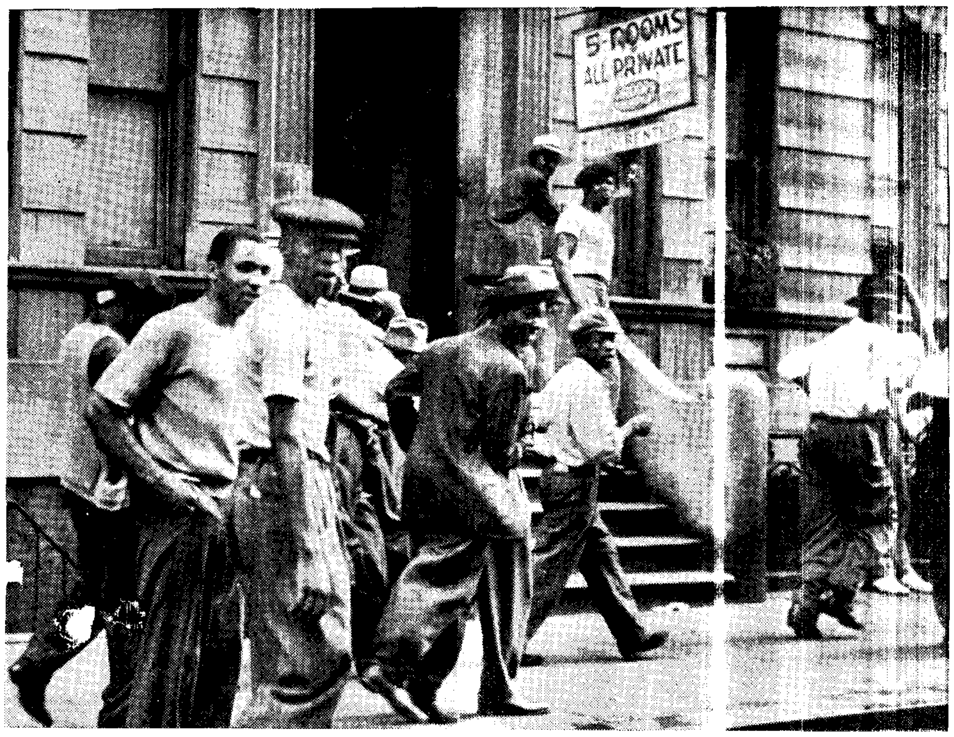
Not All Juveniles Are Delinquent

Only about twenty-five of these moblets are chronically troublesome, the rest of them being more interested in athletics and other normal spare-time enterprises than in delinquency delights. Their memberships are made up of lads from twelve to seventeen years although occasionally a tough whistle-head of ten bobs up with ambitions to make history as The Bloody Baby, The Kid Ranger, or Little Boy Red. With very few exceptions they have no headquarters, no clubroom. Neither have they any clearly defined purpose, being entirely obedient to the *whim of the moment whether it be beating* the beholden out of the gang, called a push, in the next street, rolling a drunk punk or merely playing baseball for the noise of the thing.

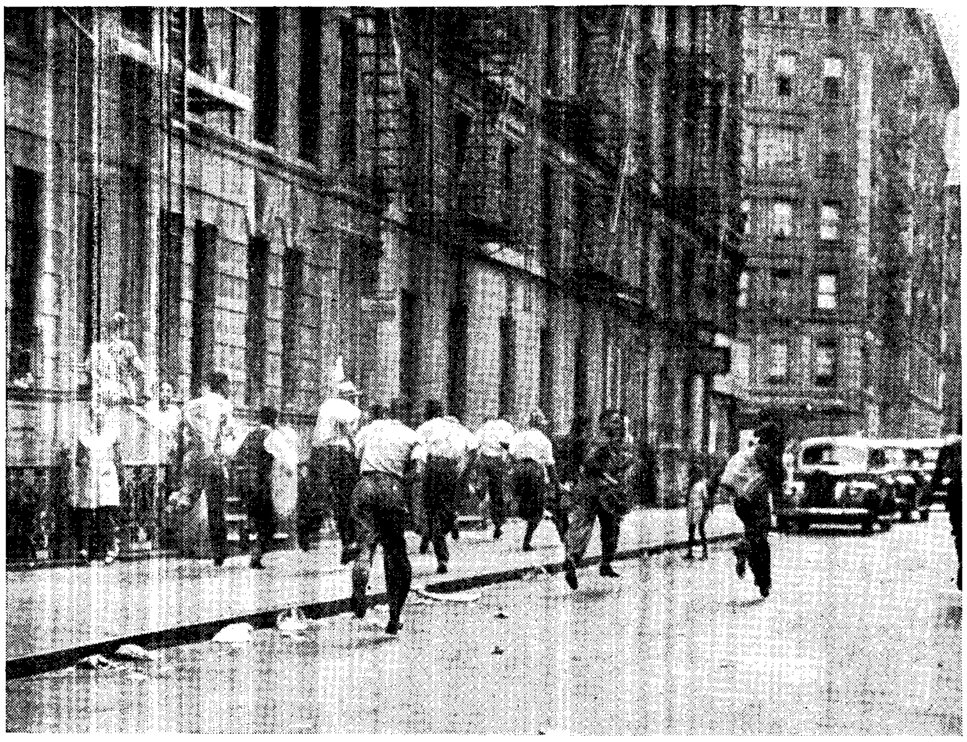
What proportion of them are drops or rustles, no one can say. A drop or a rustle is a boy of completely undetermined parentage. To put it as simply as possible, he is the casual offspring of a man and a woman who have either taken up with each other for the duration of their mutual curiosity, which is frequently brief, or of parents who were conventionally wedded and thought no more about it. Harlem is thickly sown with drops or rustles whose home influence, lacking both home and influence, is discouragingly nil.

We had the pleasure of meeting one of these drops (sometimes known as fetches), and while we may not give you his name, we can assure you that it is truly elegant—a really monumental name gathered from the Bible, old New York and the First Families of Virginia. He was slightly less than fifteen years old, strikingly undernourished and a gangler if ever we saw one. He was very precariously put together, his podlike head seeming to be at its wits' end to stay on his reedy neck, and his legs on the verge of coming off altogether. But mentally he seemed to be all in one piece. He was a member of a moblet known as the Marauders and was known to his fellow punks as Quick.

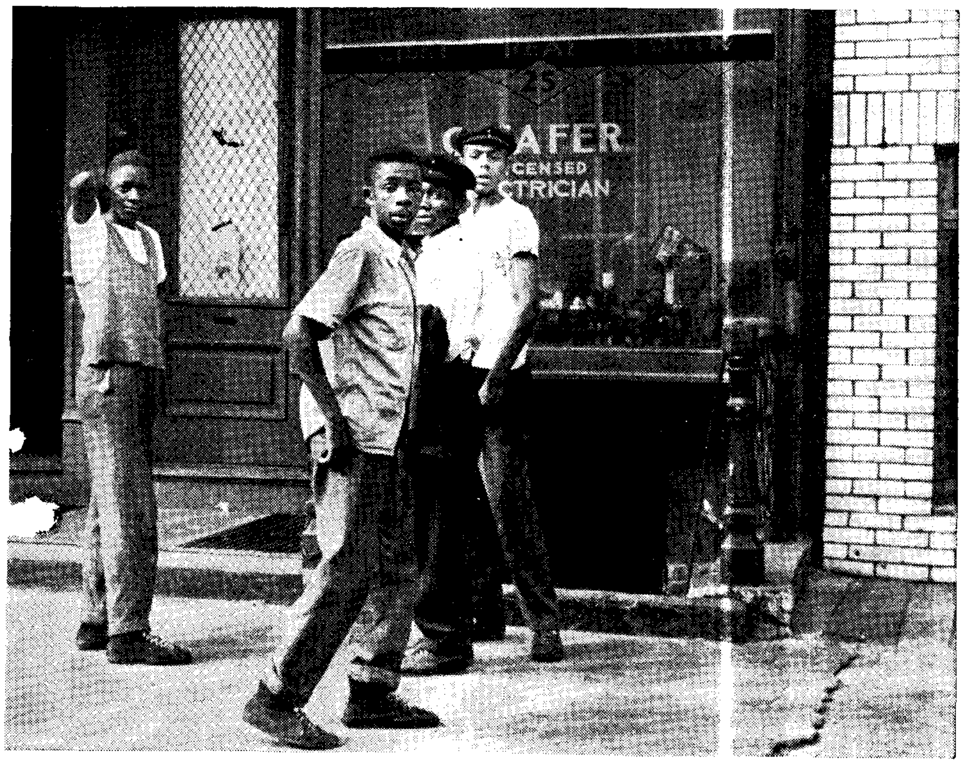
We were told that we might use Quick as an example of Young Harlem at its most pestilential. The police assure you that they are forever apprehensive that if and when a new race riot curses Harlem, some street gang like the Marauders or an individual member like Quick will furnish the spark—get run over by a taxi, get shot by a cop or kill a white kid who has wandered into black mob territory innocently or otherwise. Anyway, Quick was born on 137th Street—not, however, *that you could prove it in* court. The man voted most likely to have been his father left the woman who is pretty certain that she's his mother when Quick



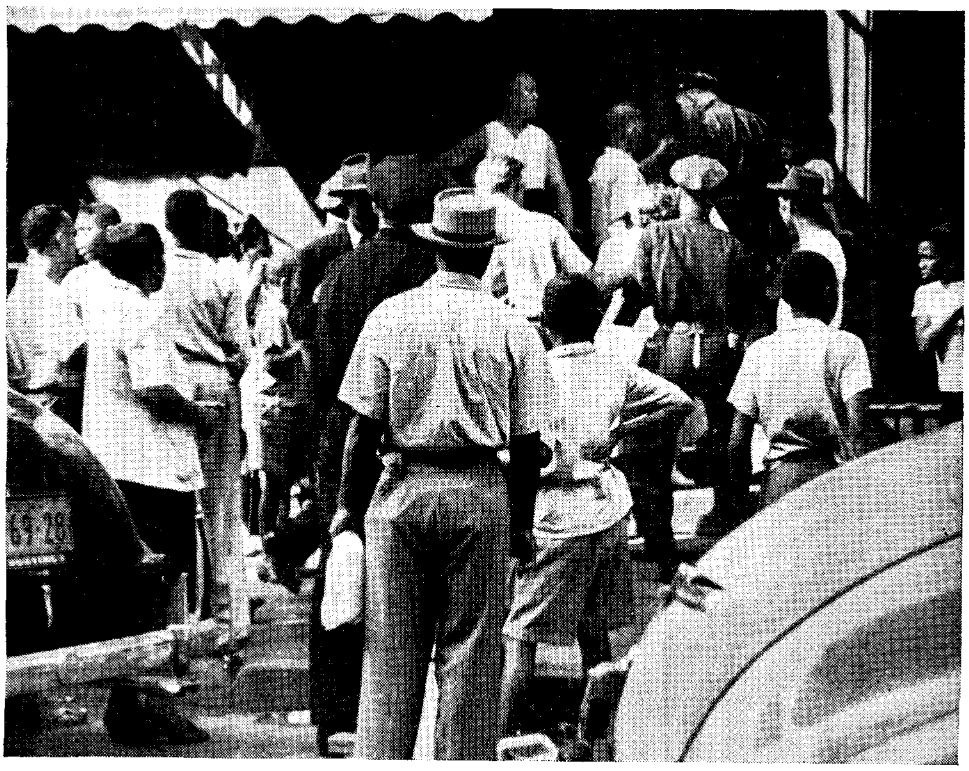
The police interrupt a crap game on the sidewalk in front of a Harlem tenement. Gambling of this sort goes on virtually all the time, and is a prime source of fights and other trouble. The cops seldom get there quick enough to make arrests



These fleeing young Negroes are members of a gang called the Copiens. They were lounging on a street corner when a police car filled with cops approached. Recognizing the men whom they consider mortal enemies, the Copiens "took it on the lam"



These boys belong to the Comet Club, a gang of young hoodlums from 15 to 17 years old, who specialize in annoying girls. They were greatly puzzled when the photographer began to take their pictures. They didn't seem to like it, either

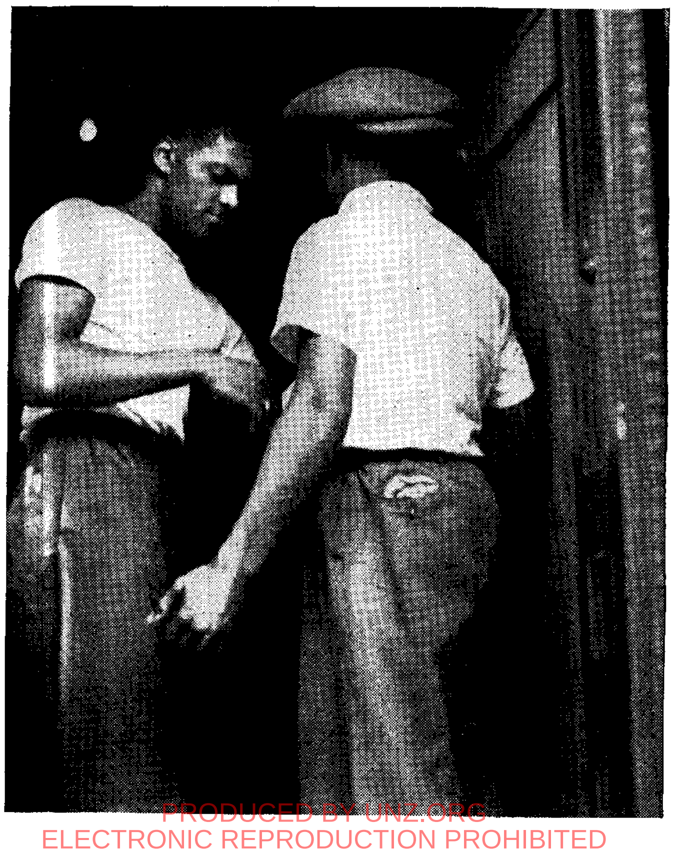


In procuring this unusual photograph of a holdup, Collier's photographer was lucky. He was in a police car when an alarm was broadcast that two men were holding up a third man two blocks away. The car reached the scene just as the two robbers fled

was four years old. The man moved five blocks down the street and took up with another woman, satisfied apparently that his erstwhile collaborator would either take care of her four children (only two of which he even grudgingly acknowledges) or farm them out to their grandparents while promoting herself a new protector. Incidentally, when you've prowled through the case histories of Harlem, you become deeply impressed *with the vast number of grandparents* such waifs as Quick seem to have. It was much too mysterious for our simple intellect. But dossier after dossier advises the peruser that the child subject was sheltered by its grandmother who apparently was a professional granny accepting anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar a week for taking in drops, rustles, fetches or whatever you've a mind to call them. Like Quick. But that's beside the point. Also, you must not think that legitimacy, competent maternal care, intelligent child-rearing and rigorous respectability are absent in Harlem family life. The story of Quick, of the Marauders and of the professional grannies is a minority tale. But out of this minority come Harlem's woes and, unfortunately, its accepted reputation.

We write of Quick in the past tense because by this time he doubtless has been tucked away in some institution for so-called safekeeping. When arrested he was armed with a knife that could have sheared the leg off an elephant, a .22 pistol cunningly contrived from the barrel of a toy gun, the hammer of a real gun and a flock of rubber bands. You merely tucked the cartridge into the breech of the barrel, thumbed back the hammer thus, stretching taut the rubber bands, and let go. There was no evidence that Quick had used *this junior* secret weapon on anyone or that he had disemboweled anyone with the terrible knife. But that's probably because the police had arrived just as the Marauders and the Copiens *(Continued on page 92)*

Police are constantly relieving young hoodlums of weapons and gambling devices. Below a plain-clothes man frisks a suspect in a hallway, and takes a pair of dice away from him



A Harlem girl, lounging against a parked automobile, waits for her boy friend. When he appears, there are few places they can go for decent fun

PARKS—PIX

Lay that Pistol Down

BY RICHARD POWELL

Husbands differ with their wives, often about little things. In Andy's case the little thing was Arabella's passion for strange firearms. Then Andy developed an attraction for strange redheads and the situation got explosive. If you can laugh with thrills walking up your spine, this new serial is your dish

I

I AM not one of those people who like to spend vacations collecting sunburn and aches. My idea of a vacation is to rest quietly in the shade of a blonde, perhaps flexing the wrist muscles now and then to stir the sugar in another round of old-fashioneds. So, when my chief in the War Department approved my six-day leave, I thought I was all set. I had laid in a stock of bourbon for old-fashioneds before the liquor shortage, and I had been farsighted enough to marry the blonde two years ago. Unfortunately, I had forgotten how my wife Arabella can attract trouble when she has time to make the effort. Real trouble. The kind that comes in .30- and .45-caliber packages.

The first twelve hours of my leave were perfect. I spent ten of them sleeping, had a large and leisurely breakfast and settled down in a deck chair on the lawn to nip at my first daytime drink in ages.

From inside the house came cozy domestic sounds. Faint crashes. A distant gasp. A whiff of smoke. It sounded as if Arab might be cooking. It was nice of her to devote the first day of vacation—hers as well as mine—to whipping up something tasty. Her job as principal clerk in an ordnance branch hadn't given her any more leisure in the past twenty months than mine had given me.

Her footsteps sounded on the porch and then swished through the tall grass on the lawn behind me.

"Hello," I called. "Baking chocolate cake?"

She stood behind my chair, and said in a tearful voice, "No. I—I wasn't cooking anything, Andy." She sniffled, "I was mixing seventy-four per cent potassium nitrate, sixteen per cent charcoal and ten per cent sulphur, but something went wrong."

My mind added those ingredients slowly, and then the answer jabbed me and I whirled around and yelled, "Gunpowder!"

She was standing behind my chair with her fingers laced into a knot and her feet toeing in like a little girl reporting for a spanking. From her appearance, you might have thought she had taken a shower fully dressed and then had patted herself with coal dust instead of talcum. Her hair drooped like seaweed, and only a few glints of gold shone through the grime.

I grabbed her. "Are you hurt? Did it burn you?"

"I'm all right, Andy."

I sighed in relief, and kissed her. It was nice, even allowing for the ten per cent sulphur.

"I didn't do any real damage," she explained, snuggling closer. "You see, I knew it might be dangerous and I rigged up a bucket of water overhead, fixed so I could dump it at a moment's notice. I don't think I was a fifth of a second behind the flash. That's a system they use in powder plants, only there it works by electronics."

"Aw, listen, Arab, what do you have to make gunpowder for?"

"Because I like to shoot guns. I can't get shotgun or rifle ammunition so all I can shoot are the flintlocks and such, out of my collection. But you need black powder for those and that's almost impossible to buy."

I groaned. "You'd have made some man a wonderful wife," I said, "back in the days of stone axes."

"Andy, would you love me more if I gave up guns?"

"I might have a chance to love you longer."

"A mousy woman wouldn't be good for you, Andy. You'd just sleep all the time if you hadn't married an alarm clock like me."

She backed away a few steps and studied me with two grave and honest blue eyes.

I shivered; I knew what she was seeing. An unplanned, angular face. Sandy red hair that usually looks like a wilted whisk broom. A long body hung together as carelessly as a folding wooden cot.

EVER since the wedding I had been afraid that some day she would look carefully at me and realize that she must have been nuts. She was a Reynolds, of the Philadelphia Main Line Reynolds, and as such could have had a fairly wide choice of men even if she had had two heads and lived in a bottle. Arab has only one head . . . the one that a big picture magazine ran on the cover the time they did an article on Main Line debs. You needed an M-4 tank to be sure of getting to her through a stag line. So she had picked me. I sometimes think the doctors are lying when they say she has 20/20 eyesight.

"Bring in the jury, will you?" I said. "The accused is getting nervous. And what am I charged with?"

"With blocking traffic, darling. But I think you can be reformed. We could at least get you out of that deck chair, as a start. I read an advertisement for an auction of antiques, downtown. That shouldn't be too strenuous, and it might liven you up a bit."

"Would there," I asked suspiciously, "be any antique firearms in this auction?"

"What if there are?"

"Oh, nothing," I sighed. "Let's go."

WE DRESSED and walked a mile to the main highway, where we caught one of the hourly busses into Washington. The auction rooms on F Street were crowded, although there was a half-hour to go before the sale opened.

The collection wasn't a bad one, on the whole. I cruised around, looking it over, and as I went I played a game, scribbling the lot numbers and the price I thought each item might bring. I put down ninety bucks for a slat-back chair, twenty-five hundred for a Sheraton piece, a hundred and twenty for a Willard clock and fifty for some andirons cast in the form of Hessian soldiers.

I checked up on firearms and found that Arab hadn't pulled a fast one. There were a few, but no more than might be expected in a sizable collection. The only really interesting thing about the firearms was that they were monopolizing the attention of the two best-looking gals in the place: Arab, and a high-octane redhead with a skin as pale and clear as ivory. Quite a bit of it was on display, too. The white piqué sports dress didn't reach her knees, and the bolero jacket, meant to keep the sunback modest, hung over her arm. It was the sort of outfit that could only be worn by a girl who wasn't troubled by sunburn, freckles or blushes. She was studying a double-barreled flintlock pistol as if she meant to shoot a guy with it.

One of my theories is that you can tell a lot about a girl by her legs, and I was putting this to test when an elbow jabbed my ribs, and Arab said crossly, "I suppose you'll claim her legs merely reminded you of something by Chippendale."

"Chippendale," I said, "went in for cabriole legs . . . bowed legs. No, I wasn't reminded of Chippendale."

"Aren't mine nice, too, Andy?"

Before I could supply the proper gallantry, a red-faced man mounted a platform and the crowd edged forward. We tried to get to the inadequate row of folding chairs and missed out. A couple of assistants collected the antiques that had been on display and took them up front.

The sideboard and the clock went first, and for about twice what I'd guessed they'd bring. But I made a perfect score on the andirons, and I was sure I would make another on the next item—an old double-barreled pistol I had tagged for about thirty bucks on my list.

The auctioneer chanted, "Now we have lot number sixteen. Here's a fine specimen of late eighteenth-century coach pistol. English make. Flintlock. Double-barreled. Complete with flannel-lined case, bullet mold and a dozen bullets. Just the thing to hang over your fireplace. Who'll start it at fifty dollars?"

"Ten dollars," said a girl near by.

It was the high-test redhead, bidding on the pistol she'd been examining earlier. She had greenish eyes that I'd rather have slanted at me over a cocktail glass than over a fifty-caliber steel barrel. I watched her while the bidding went up a buck or two at a time. One foot tapped the floor, and she snapped bids almost before her few opponents had finished making theirs. Her voice had husky tones in it like a fire crackling. The white piqué clung to her figure here and there, and I got the impression that she wasn't wearing her woollies underneath.

Because of watching her I lost track of the bids for a minute, and so it was a shock when I realized what was happening. The bids were rocketing up five bucks a jump. Somebody across the room had just made it seventy dollars. I squinted again at my list. It wasn't logical. Even in London, where an English pistol would do better than here, seventy bucks would be silly.

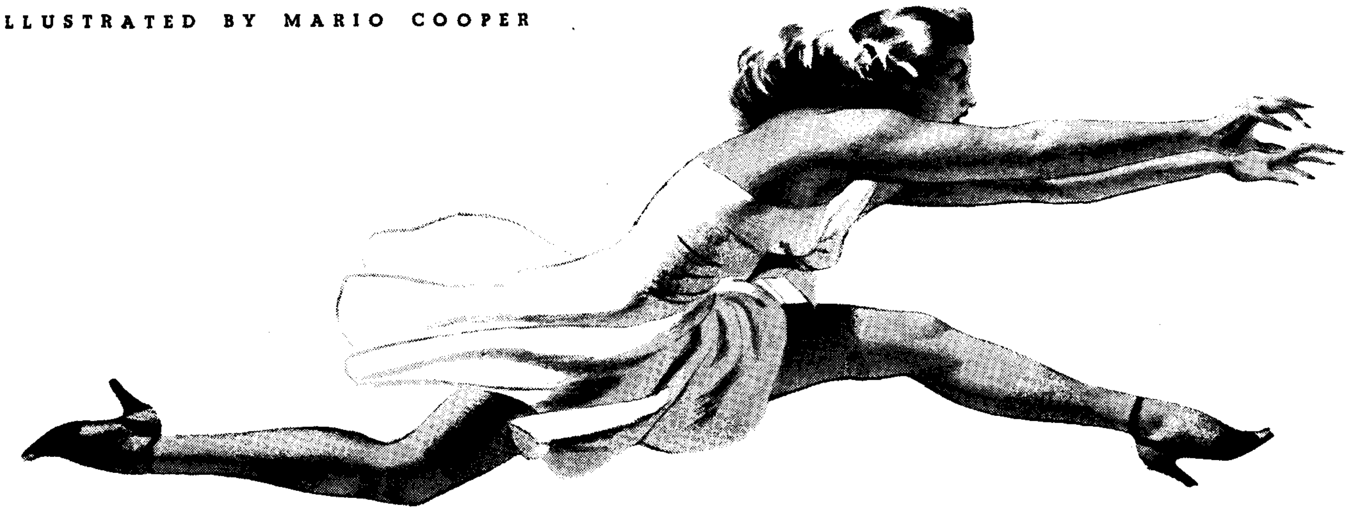
"Eighty-five," the redhead called in a whiplash voice.

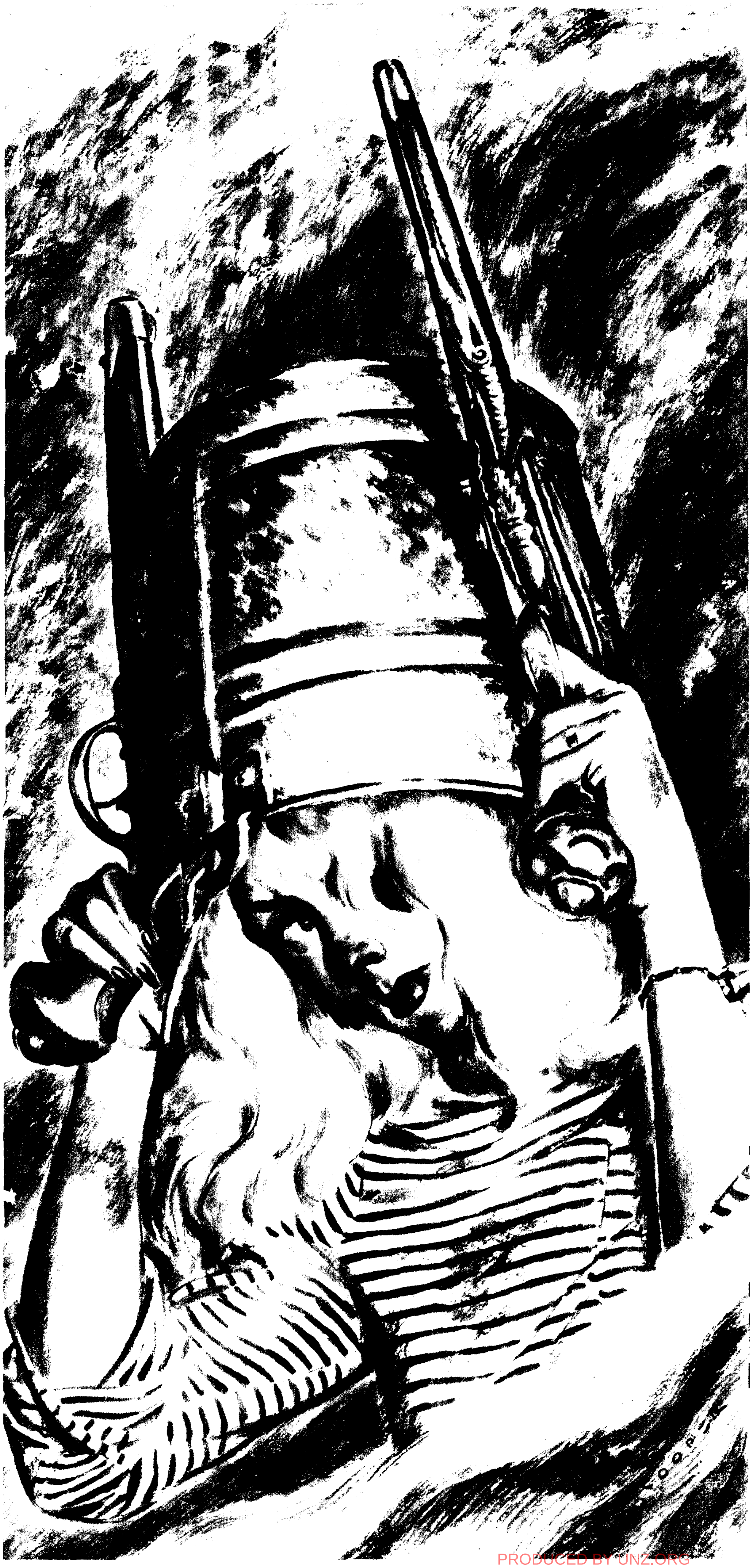
"Ninety."

Only one person was bidding against her: a man on the other side of the room. He made his bids in a hoarse whisper and so many people were between us that I had trouble spotting him. I stood on tiptoe and moved around and finally got a peek. He was a jockey-sized guy with a starved face, and ears that looked like handle bars. It was difficult to get a long look at him because he kept wriggling through the crowd like a minnow.

The bidding was taking ten-dollar leaps now. The redhead saw the little guy's last raise and bumped the pot to one-fifty. One hundred and fifty dollars for a coach pistol you could duplicate at forty if you tried one of the half-dozen mail-order dealers. The redhead was getting worried. Her scarlet-tipped hands wrenched at her white pocketbook. Across the room the hoarse voice said, "A hunnert and sixty," and the girl jerked as if she had been slapped. She tried

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER





"I knew mixing the gunpowder might be dangerous," she explained, "and I rigged up a bucket of water overhead, fixed so I could dump it quickly. I don't think I was a fifth of a second behind the flash"

to see across the room by standing on tiptoe, but it wasn't much use. In her spiked heels she was already on tiptoe.

"One-sixty," the auctioneer chanted. "Who'll make it one-seventy? Going at one-sixty, going—"

The redhead took a deep breath. "Two hundred," she snapped.

Whispers made a taffeta rustle through the crowd, and a lane began to open across the room. People were moving away from between the bidders, the way people clear a space for a fight. The little man didn't seem to like it. His minnow wrigglings were more frantic. He darted behind one group, then another, and suddenly there was nobody to hide behind and the redhead saw him.

A scream pierced my eardrums. The girl had screamed, but not in fright. There was almost a hawklike note in it. She ran across the room toward the little guy faster than I'd have thought anybody could run in three-inch heels. He faked a dash toward the front of the room, made a half-spin and whipped out through the doorway to the street. The girl flashed after him.

For a couple of minutes there was a lot of gasping and shoving, and by the time I reached the doorway nothing could be seen. On the crowded street a few pedestrians were looking up F Street as if somebody had sprinted past them, but the redhead and little man had vanished. I went back inside.

IT TOOK the auctioneer ten minutes to get things moving again. He tried to coax someone to pick up the bidding at two hundred bucks but failed. Finally he laid the pistol aside in the apparent hope that one of the bidders would return.

Crowd psychology is tricky. Bidding had been lively for the first sixteen lots but now the crowd was bored; it didn't take more than a half-hour to close out the remaining lots. Neither the redhead nor the little guy had returned, and because it was an absolute auction the pistol had to be sold. Quite a few people were interested in the weapon but not to any great financial extent. The one-dollar bids made me yawn and I went outside to wait for Arab, who always stays until the end of everything. All that fuss over an old pistol irritated me, anyway.

Arab came out in five minutes, and we headed for the Virginia bus terminal. "What did that hunk of iron pipe bring?" I asked.

"Sixty-two dollars and fifty cents, darling."

"The person who bought that rod," I said, "made a down payment on a time bomb. The redhead and the half-pint weren't bidding in the hundreds just to make the auction a success."

"I didn't see the half-pint," Arab said. "There were so many people in the way. What was he like?"

"Little. Little and mean-looking. I got a hunch the new owner of that rod will meet a lot of unpleasant people. Who bought the thing?"

She took my arm, skipped once and said happily, "I did."

A shiver frisked over my skin like a black widow spider.

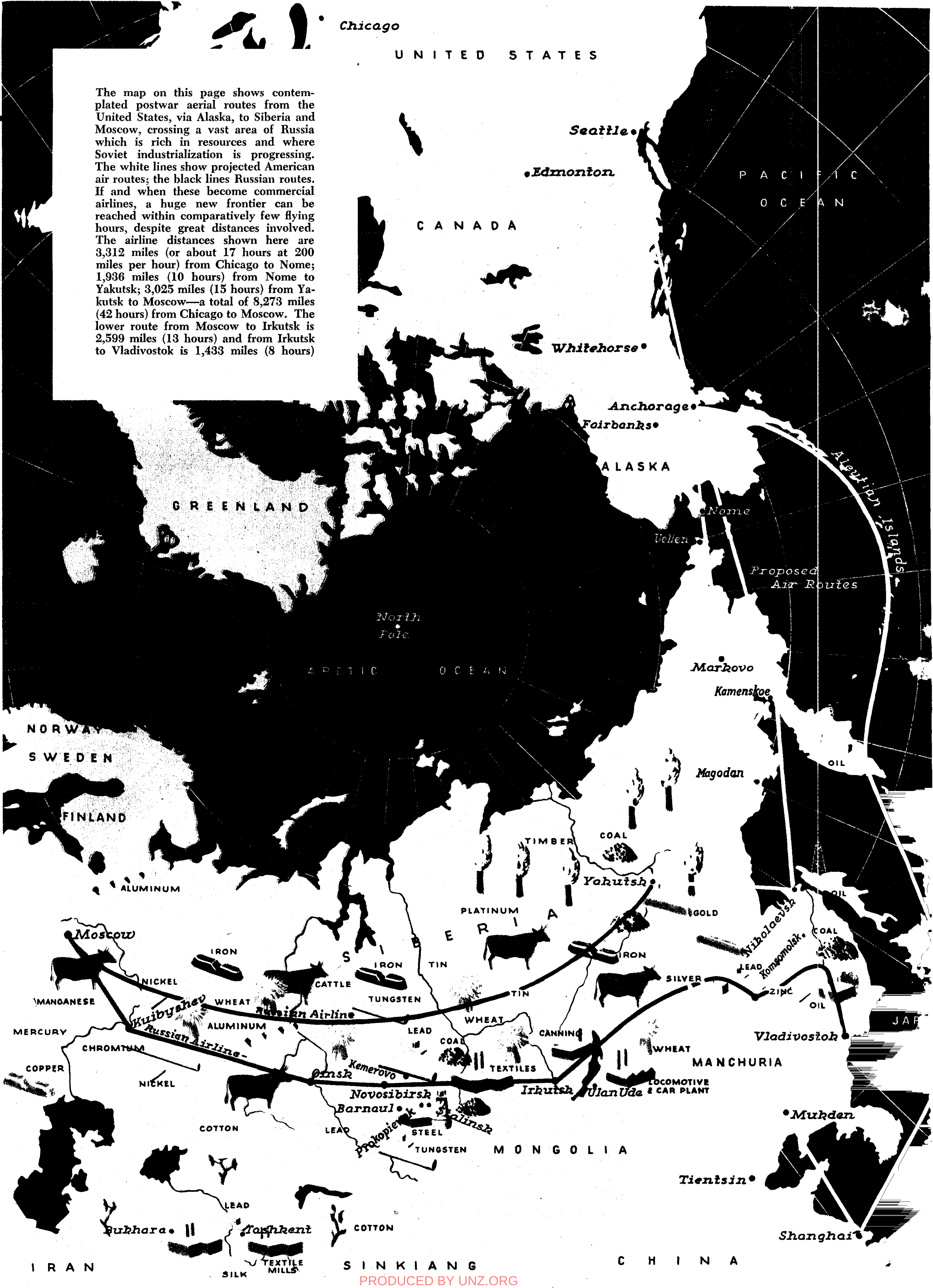
I asked gloomily, "Is it too much to hope that you didn't leave our address there?"

"Well, I had to give them a check and of course identify myself and give my name and address. But I didn't give your name and address."

"Swell," I said. "I'll move right

(Continued on page 58)

The map on this page shows contemplated postwar aerial routes from the United States, via Alaska, to Siberia and Moscow, crossing a vast area of Russia which is rich in resources and where Soviet industrialization is progressing. The white lines show projected American air routes; the black lines Russian routes. If and when these become commercial airlines, a huge new frontier can be reached within comparatively few flying hours, despite great distances involved. The airline distances shown here are 3,312 miles (or about 17 hours at 200 miles per hour) from Chicago to Nome; 1,936 miles (10 hours) from Nome to Yakutsk; 3,025 miles (15 hours) from Yakutsk to Moscow—a total of 8,273 miles (42 hours) from Chicago to Moscow. The lower route from Moscow to Irkutsk is 2,599 miles (13 hours) and from Irkutsk to Vladivostok is 1,433 miles (8 hours)


Chicago
UNITED STATES
Seattle
Edmonton
PACIFIC OCEAN
CANADA
Whitehorse
Anchorage
Fairbanks
ALASKA
Aleutian Islands
Nome
Uellen
Proposed Air Routes
GREENLAND
North Pole
ARCTIC OCEAN
Markovo
Kamenskoe
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
Magodan
OIL
TIMBER
COAL
Yakutsk
ALUMINUM
PLATINUM
SIBERIA
GOLD
OIL
Nikolaevsk
COAL
Moscow
IRON
IRON
TIN
IRON
Komsomolsk
LEAD
NICKEL
CATTLE
SILVER
ZINC
MANGANESE
WHEAT
TUNGSTEN
TIN
OIL
Kuibyshev
Russian Airline
WHEAT
ALUMINUM
JAP
MERCURY
Russian Airline
LEAD
CANNING
Vladivostok
CHROMIUM
COAL
WHEAT
MANCHURIA
COPPER
Kemerovo
TEXTILES
NICKEL
Omsk
Irkutsk
Ulan Ude
LOCOMOTIVE & CAR PLANT
Novosibirsk
Barnaul
Stalinsk
Mukden
COTTON
LEAD
Prokopievsk
STEEL
TUNGSTEN
MONGOLIA
Tientsin
LEAD
Bukhara
Tashkent
COTTON
Shanghai
IRAN
SILK
TEXTILE MILLS
SINKIANG
CHINA

Over the Top to Siberia

BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Skyways to the North may be our best means of transport to and from Russia after the war, when the U.S.S.R. is counting heavily on planes for the exploitation of a vast new economic frontier

RUSSIA is looking confidently to the airplane to solve many postwar problems of transportation over a vast area of the Soviet Union that is comparable in many ways to America's Wild West of a century ago.

The map on the opposite page gives you a vivid impression of the immensity of the region to be covered, of the actual or potential resources involved, and of its importance in world trade and travel after the war. There are proposed United States air routes for almost every part of the world after the war, but not across Siberia. Not even the urgency of war opened up regular routes across Russia to foreign-operated planes.

What about after the war? At Washington, the Civil Aeronautics Board has announced that the international air routes it has "tentatively concluded would be desirable for postwar operation by United States air carriers." The outlined routes extend from Seattle to Vladivostok—"via one or more intermediate points in Siberia"—and thence to Mukden, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and so on. We asked why and were told that these airways went through traffic-generating areas, and that the C.A.B. was not interested in projecting routes over the North Pole or other uneconomic regions, because to do so would require the United States to subsidize very heavily any such airline, and the United States is against heavy subsidies.

We looked up TWA which, only two days before the C.A.B. announcement, had dropped into the C.A.B. hopper an application to fly around the world, thereby becoming the first American domestic airline to record such an ambition. TWA's published intention was to go from San Francisco to Anchorage, Alaska, out through the Aleutians, on to Tokyo (or what will be left of it when the B-29s get through), thence to Shanghai, through India and the Middle East, to Athens, across the Balkans to Paris and London and on to New York.

But in their formal application, there appears an alternate route which showed a line proposed from Chicago to Edmonton to Whitehorse, Fairbanks and Nome. And from Nome it goes for 1,500 miles into Siberia to Markovo, and then for another 2,000 miles to Yakutsk. From Yakutsk, it proceeds to get out of Siberia by shooting for Tientsin, China. Yakutsk is where Mr. Wendell Willkie visited during his world tour, and he promised the president of the Yakutsk Soviet that he would return for a hunting trip in 1945.

TWA is not the only domestic airline with Siberian ambitions, for Northwest Airlines has projected one that parallels this route, and Chicago & Southern wants to go to Vladivostok from Alaska by way of Kamenskoe and Nikolaevsk, Siberia. Just which ones the C.A.B. will approve is an open question now, as the entire subject will be formally discussed at a hearing on the North Pacific routes about the middle of December.

After studying these proposed routes, we still came up with the realization that there was a mighty lot of white space marked "Siberia" between Yakutsk and Moscow, showing no proposed airways. You might imagine that there isn't anything in between worth flying to. The State and Commerce Departments and the National Geographic Society will tell you otherwise. One informant said he's been selling Siberia for twenty years and has received colder receptions than the temperature at Verkhoyansk, which is 94 degrees below zero. Most people, he said, think Siberia is merely cold and full of exiles and fur-bearing wolves.

Another said: "Siberia is the land of milk and honey. It has greater untapped wealth than any other similar area on the globe. You can stand anywhere you want, throw a rock and be sure to hit something of great present or potential wealth. There's coal, iron, gold, silver and oil. Along the banks of the Lena River, the coal is so plentiful they just shovel it onto barges. There's enough coal in Siberia to supply the world for the next three hundred years. Furs constitute the largest item in value we've ever bought from Russia. Siberia has everything. Luxurious farms, flowers, hot springs, medicinal springs, endless stands of timber, and plenty of pulpwood—and we need wood pulp. There are all-weather highways going in, and new towns going up so fast we can't keep track."

Voluntary Migrations to New Fields

Stalin knew what a prize he had and he's been hard at work opening it up. We have only a general idea of what he's uncovered. But there's tin—don't forget tin—and platinum, nickel, tungsten, copper, manganese, wheat and cotton.

"The population of Siberia has increased incredibly in the past few years," our informant continued, "and not the way you might think, either. People weren't sent there at the point of a bayonet. They were induced to go by a very enticing and elaborate plan of colonization. The government transports the man and his family free of charge. He pays no taxes for five years. They give him working capital, a farm and livestock. As the colonists progress, they can spend their profits on their own communities and can always draw on Moscow for extra money if they run short in their expansion work."

Novosibirsk went from 120,000 in 1926 to 406,000 in 1939. It is now the largest city in Siberia. Stalinsk: 4,000 in 1926 and 170,000 in 1939; Barnaul, 74,000 and 148,000; Kemerovo, 22,000 and 133,000; Prokopievsk, 11,000 and 107,000; Komsomolsk, a collection of fishing huts in 1926, 71,000 in 1939.

"Sure," said another Siberian salesman, "there are swamps and mountains; there are rivers, too, full of fish and navigable, as well as a source of endless power, and they think nothing of traveling 3,000 miles before they empty into the Arctic. Of course, it's cold, ground frozen all the time in some places, but you'd be surprised at the small amount of snow."

"What are the possibilities for American business in Siberia after the war?" we asked this same man.

"Think what they've got in and on top of the soil that needs our help," he replied; "rails, engines, machinery, boilers, mills. Think of the Pittsburghs, Detroits and Kansas Cities that are coming and yet to come, to take this natural wealth and make it available to a war-sacked Russia first, and the world later. We have the industrial knowledge and the Russians know it and respect it. We have the equipment, too, and we know how to operate it. But it's a question of what we can sell. With the Russians, it will be first things first. We need communication with them, and personal, rapid communication, despite beliefs that all our dealings will be direct with Moscow."

The planned industrial development of the 5,000,000 square miles sweeping east of the Urals to the Pacific and north to the Arctic that constitute Soviet Asia was given a tremendous impetus after the Germans attacked Russia, and factories on the projected invasion course were uprooted and transplanted to Siberia. But aside from this war-inspired development, the normal economic and industrial growth of Siberia was on the way when the Germans struck.

Out in the maritime provinces which extend from Vladivostok to the Bering Sea and which so concern our own Pacific Northwest for future trade, are oil refineries at Khabarovsk, shipbuilding yards and machine shops. And between this city of more than 200,000 inhabitants and Vladivostok are huge cement works, sugar refineries, oil and fat works and great open plains producing heavy crops of rice and sugar beets. Then at Komsomolsk, built by a Soviet youth organization, is the steel manufacturing center of the Far East.

The presence of large deposits of coal on the Bureya River at Suchan near Vladivostok and in the Khingan mountains; of oil on Sakhalin Island and Kamchatka Peninsula; of lead, zinc and silver in Amur province and of gold at many points throughout this district, forms the basis for ambitious plans for industry, construction, railroad and highway building.

Novosibirsk, capital of the province of the same name, has become the center of a rapidly growing district, and is the site of metal-working plants, textile mills and foodstuff factories. The new electric stations provide power for industrial and domestic needs. But the high point of industrial expansion in this part of Siberia has been the development of the Kuznetsk coal fields. It is now known to be five times larger than the Donets Basin and to contain 450 billion metric tons (2,204 pounds to the ton) of high-grade coal, low in sulphur and ash.

Stalinsk, a new industrial city in the Kuznetsk field, has a large new iron smelter, with several blast furnaces, and ten open-hearth furnaces. A large rolling mill with a continuous strip mill of American type also is in operation.

The central Asiatic republics extending from the Caspian Sea to the border of Chinese Turkestan, constitute the cotton belt of Siberia. They grow 70 per cent of the 4,000,000 bales of cotton produced annually in Siberia and have the highest yield per acre. Textile mills have been built at Tashkent and Old Bukhara, and they no longer ship the cotton to Moscow for manufacture. In Tadzhik, one of the central Asiatic republics, where silkworm culture has long been established, silk mills are operating.

The first hydroelectric station in central Asia was completed late in 1940 on the Chirchik River, near Tashkent. With all four generators in operation, the capacity is 168,000 kilowatts. The current is used chiefly in a synthetic nitrogen and nitrate fertilizer plant. About 500 miles farther east of Novosibirsk is Krasnoyarsk. It produces gold-mining machinery and operates paper mills. Irkutsk makes dredges and gold-mining machinery.

Then, there is a locomotive and car-building plant at Ulan Ude, capital of the autonomous Buryat-Mongol Republic, southeast and east of Lake Baikal, and a fishing industry is being built up on Lake Baikal with new canning plants. The immense Yakutsk Republic, about the size of all the European part of Russia, is being developed by highways and railroads to harvest the wealth of gold and other metals and timber, its chief resources.

But it is the airplane on which Russia is counting. For a long time now, Russian military pilots have been coming into Alaska in transport planes and stepping into combat aircraft built in America and flown by our boys up to Fairbanks. The Red Air Force men fly off into Siberia and then turn up a short time later on the Russo-German front.

It's more than 5,000 miles from Anadyr, just across the Bering Sea from Alaska, to Moscow via Yakutsk, and to effect a journey of that magnitude in a country that always produced the shudders, calls for airways. Not too much is known about these airway facilities because only a few American planes have ever made the journey across Siberia into Alaska.

As defined and understood in this country, an airway includes airports or landing fields at 100-mile intervals; beacon lights in between, radio beams for directional guidance, teletype land lines for transmission of frequent weather reports and radio communication facilities—all bearing on one objective of safety and reliability of air travel. Siberian airways have not yet reached this stage of development, but our knowledge and experience on airway construction and operation have been made available to the Soviets.

Routes now flown connect Moscow with the principal cities in Siberia, and these could be broken down into two trans-Siberian airways, one ending up at Uellen on the Bering Strait and the other at Vladivostok. But there are three other important Pacific coast Siberian cities to which these two principal routes would fan out as they move eastward, and they doubtless will be permanent in all future Siberian airway plans. They are Nikolaevsk on the southern end of the Sea of Okhotsk; Magodan on the northern shores, and Kamenskoe, lying at the hilt of the Kamchatka Peninsula.

The airway connecting Moscow with Vladivostok now goes by way of Kuibyshev, Omsk, Novosibirsk, Irkutsk, and Blagoveshchensk, but there is a more northerly one from Moscow to Yakutsk touching very few important centers in between and proceeding northeastward toward Alaska.

Proposed, if not now operating because of the scarcity of aircraft, is a spider web of feeder lines and local services tying in all the newly developed Siberian industrial centers. The Russians, up until Germany invaded in June, 1941, had carried a tremendous amount of cargo and mail by air throughout the U.S.S.R., the amount being vastly in excess of the combined tonnage of our domestic airlines.* However, being state-owned and operated, they are not bothered by the problem that confronts American privately operated airlines of getting the cost per ton-mile down to a point where the shipper can afford to use the peacetime airplane and the airline can make a profit.

Reconstruction of the Soviet First

In lieu of a comprehensive highway and railroad system such as we have in our own West and Northwest, Russia will continue after the war to use its own internal transcontinental and feeder airlines for movement of raw and finished products for the reconstruction of the Soviet Union first. Mr. Eric Johnston, who went into the matter when he visited Russia as a representative of American business, doesn't look for a deluge of exports from Siberia for several years after the war. Airline economists do not anticipate freight hauling by air by American-operated aircraft to and from points in Siberia right away either. Their reason is the cost per ton-mile problem which, at its present high rate, would make it prohibitive for American business to take delivery on bulky, heavy material by airplane. But American aircraft designers and manufacturers are at work on this problem and are shooting for a happy figure of ten cents per ton-mile for long cargo hauls for the future. (It was around eighty cents per ton-mile before the war.)

Maybe Vice-President Wallace had these

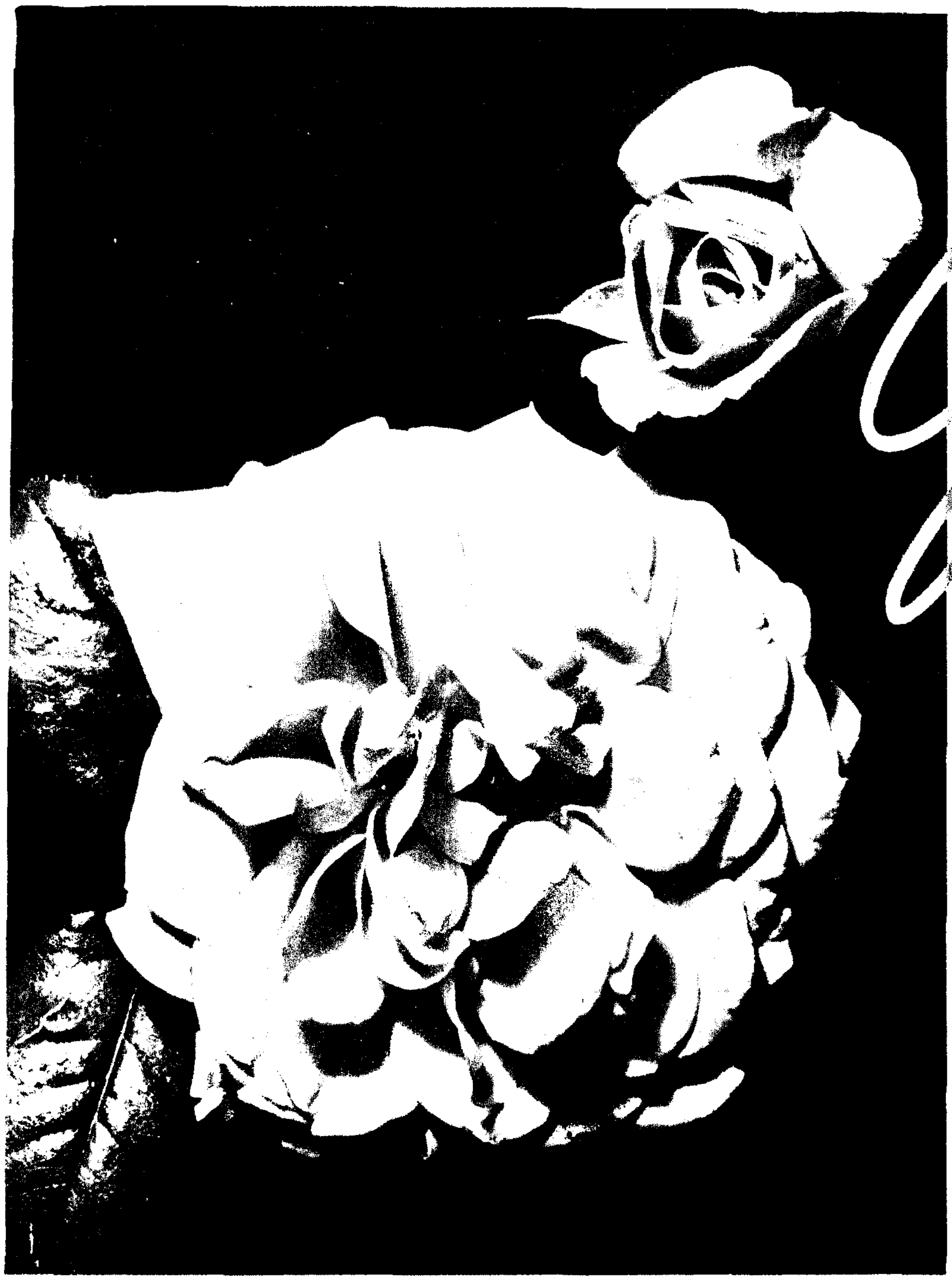
(Continued on page 91)

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Grey IS THE ROSE

by Amy Porter

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF–PIX



Grey Pearl: A rose in a sophisticated new color makes its debut. It was developed from a seedling brought to this country from Ireland just before the war broke

Hybridizing is easy, says Eugene S. Boerner, who developed the grey rose. Charles Perkins, president of largest rose growers, watches hand-pollenizing process

In 1939 the research chief for the largest rose growers in the world figured Europe would shortly be much too busy to grow flowers, so he bought up every promising hybrid he could find. This year the first products of his foresight are making their American debuts

YOU can't take it for granted, any longer, that roses are red, and violets are blue. Violets, at the last report, were still more or less blue, but the newest rose isn't red, or any other regulation rose color. It's grey—a soft, lustrous grey, flushed with palest mauve-pink at the center. Its name is Grey Pearl, and you can grow it in your own garden, if you like, starting next spring.

It seems that hybridizers—those men who interfere with nature's plans—never have been satisfied with plain red roses and yellow roses and white roses. For years they've been trying to develop black roses and blue roses and even grey roses.

But it was not until 1939 when Hybridizer Eugene S. Boerner was making one of his periodic tours of Europe's rose gardens that the grey rose became a possibility. Boerner, head of research at the nurseries of the Jackson & Perkins Co., of Newark, New York, was visiting the greenhouses of the McGredy nursery in Ireland when he saw a pitiful little seedling with a strange grey look about it. He examined it more closely and asked, "How about selling me this one?" But the nurseryman protested: "You wouldn't want that. That shouldn't be a rose at all, it isn't a rose color." Boerner said he'd like to buy it all the same, and the nurseryman agreed. He stipulated, though, that it shouldn't carry the McGredy name, because he didn't consider it a credit to the house.

Back in Newark, Boerner nursed the grey phenomenon along, budding it onto wild rosebushes in the greenhouse. The growth looked pretty scraggly the first year, and the new rose's form was a lot less than perfect. Boerner transplanted it to the outdoor experimental field, to see if it had the character to thrive without greenhouse pampering. He rejoiced when his grey pet not only lived through its first winter out of doors, but actually gained vigor and color. Thereafter, each spring and fall he increased the number of plants by budding. Charles Perkins, president of the company, caught the hybridizer's enthusiasm for his find, and they decided the time had come to have other growers test it. They sent plants to eighty test stations scattered through the country. Reports came back: "Sturdy," "Disease resistant," "Grows well in the South," "Grows well in the North," "Excellent form." As to colors, some testers said, "Peculiar color, wouldn't sell here," but others said, "A distinguished novelty. Any rosarian would be glad to have it."

Encouraged, J. and P. developed 25,000 grey rose plants. They plan to put them on sale to the public and growers next spring.

The grey rose is, of course, only one product of the continuous research at J. and P.'s, the largest rose growers in the world. Each year the firm introduces three or four new varieties, and each represents from five to seven years' work and approximately $50,000 worth of research.

Boerner's 1939 trip had other happy results. That summer, when it was clear that Europe was about to be engulfed in war, Boerner realized the time of pretty flowers was about over. A few months later the Nazis proved him right by plowing up the nurseries. So in Norway, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Switzerland and Ireland, he bought every possible promising seedling the growers showed him, gathering up more than 10,000 potential plants, many times his usual purchase. He fled through France just ahead of the Nazis, got passage on the Aquitania, and, although it was against the ship's rules, persuaded the chef to let him keep his oversize cargo of refugee roses in the refrigerator, with the meat. Twice a day he inspected his treasures to make sure the peat moss which protected them was moist and exactly the right degree.

This year marks the debut of several spectacular roses, besides the Grey Pearl, from that cargo: The big, bright red Mrs. Miniver from Lyon, France; the big yellow Mandalay from Grenoble; the thimble-sized pink Pinocchio from Germany; the full-bosomed coral-pink Waves and the golden yellow Fantasia from Belfast, Ireland.

"And here," said Boerner, taking me through his research greenhouse, "we are crossing Fantasia with Neige Parfum." Neige Parfum is a heavily scented white beauty. "Maybe we'll be lucky enough to get a fragrant white miniature." Or maybe he'll get a big yellow rose, or a variegated yellow and white rose, with or without perfume. Or maybe because roses, like people, are capable of throwbacks, he'll get a red rose sim[illegible] to some forgotten ancestor on either side.

A Ten-Thousand-to-One Chance

Luck and the law of averages enable the hybridizer to develop one good new rose out of about 10,000 tries. The baffling thing about rose culture is that hybrids—and all our modern roses are hybrids—cannot reproduce themselves from seed, and multiply only through budding or grafting onto wild rose stock. Some day some hybridizer is going to solve that problem and "fix the strain" of hybrids, as wheatgrowers have done with hybrid wheat. This would cut the time it takes to develop a rose by about four years, and would prevent the deterioration of a strain at the end of its normal life span of from 10 to 20 years.

The famous American Beauty rose was a victim of hybrid weakening. It deteriorated and disappeared after some twenty-five years of reigning popularity. But Charles Perkins insists the loss is mostly sentimental, because newer roses are more satisfactory—roses like Better Times and Rome Glory. If you ask a florist for American Beauties, he'll probably give you Better Times, which now represents about 60 per cent of all cut roses sold.

Hybridizing is simple in itself. Anybody can do it, Boerner says, and amateurs are welcome to try. All the equipment you need is some eyebrow tweezers, a little bottle of alcohol, and an ordinary paintbrush, like the one in a child's water-color box. With the tweezers you grasp the anthers of the full-blown rose and shake the pollen into a container. Then dip the brush into the pollen and delicately paint it onto the pistils of another variety of rose. (You sterilize the brush in alcohol before making another cross.) Now tie a little paper bag over the pollenized rose to keep the birds and bees from interfering with your work, wait five months for the seed pod to ripen, remove the seeds, and plant them. You just might produce the best rose of the decade. Of course

(Continued on page 91)

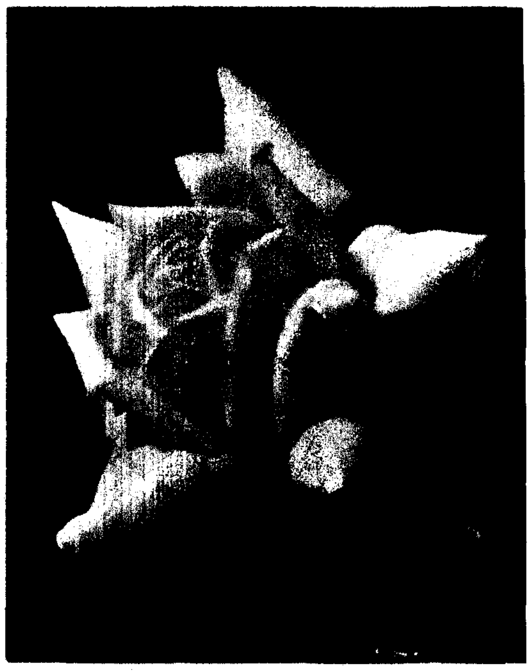
rom Italy came this many-petaled pink rose named
ternal Youth. It's related to the old cabbage rose

Most popular yellow rose is Eclipse, an American product. It has won medals in France, Italy, U.S.

Lemon-verbena fragrance is outstanding characteristic of lush Neige Parfum. Grows to four-inch diameter

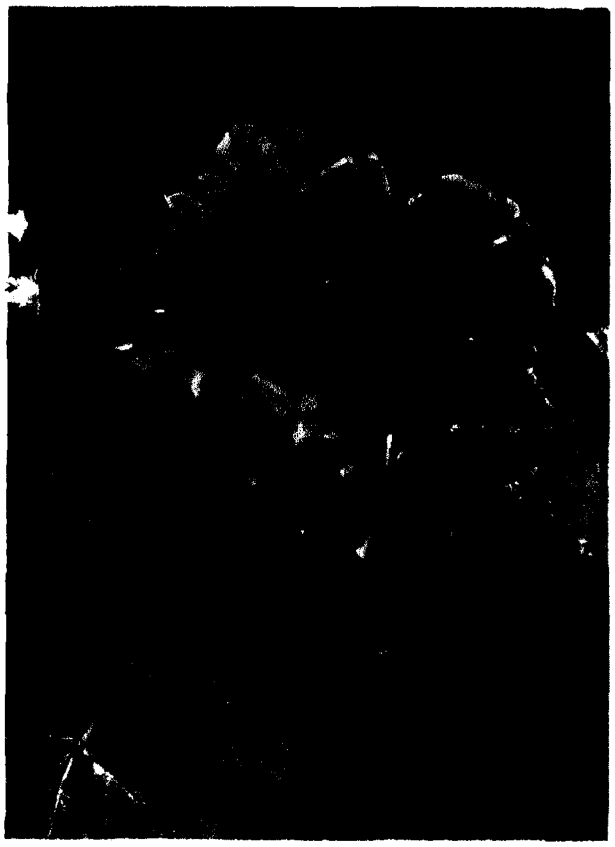
mericans prefer slender, gracefully formed
lossoms, as in golden-pink Countess Vandal

Named Katherine T. Marshall, after the wife of the general. Roses may stand or fall by name's popularity



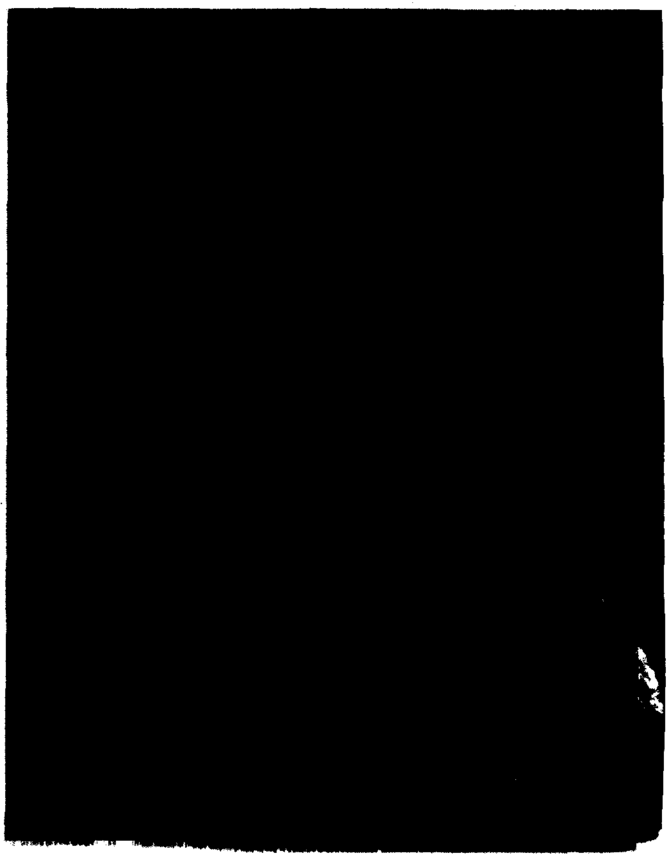
Largest of yellow roses, Mandalay was developed from 1939 seedlings from France

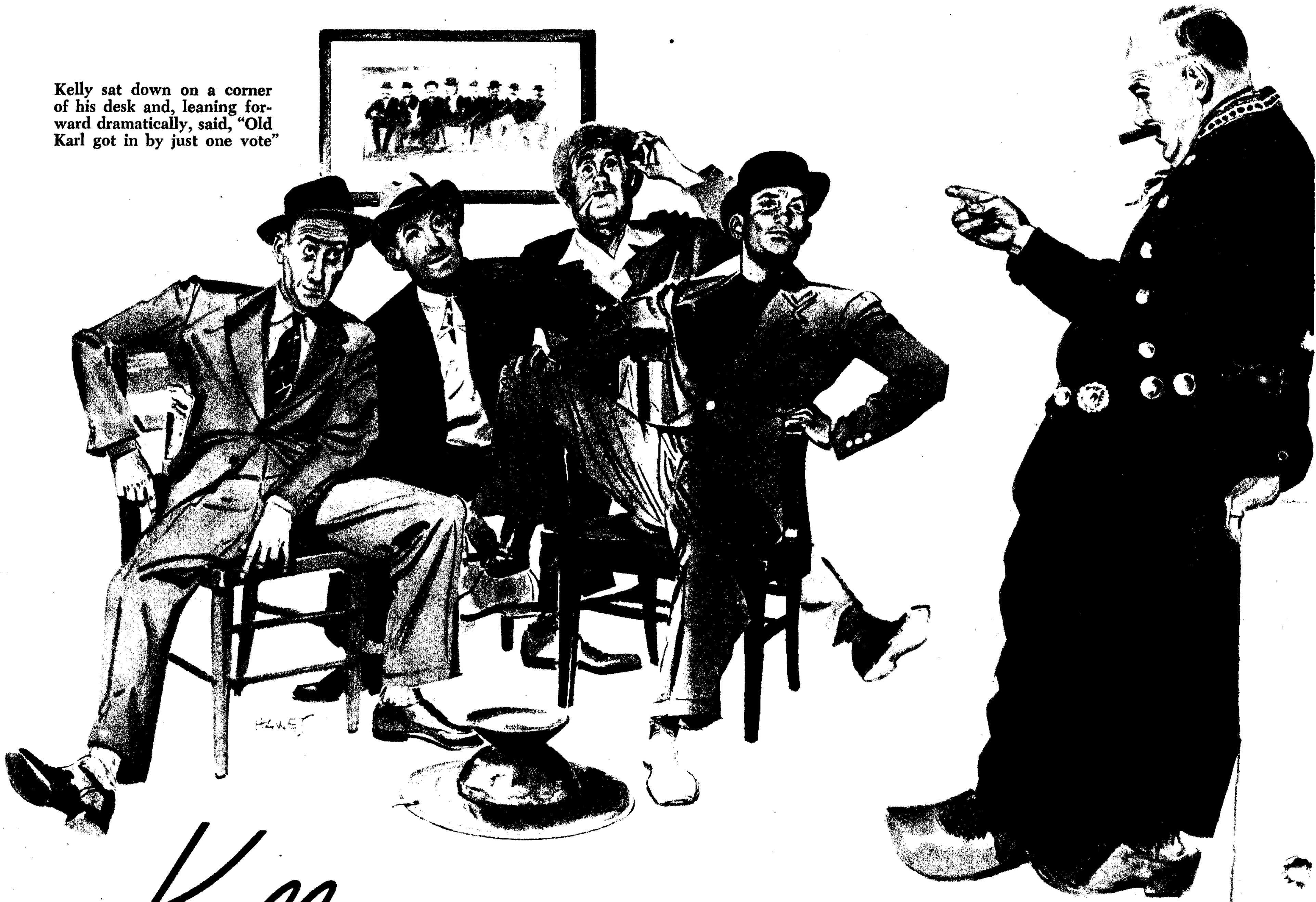
ig, brilliant red Mrs. Miniver traces ancestry to pre-
var roses grown by Mme. Denoyel in Lyon, France



Biggest and littlest: Panorama often achieves a six-inch diameter; Pinocchio is thimble-size miniature

Dicksons Red, from Ireland, won awards here and in England, for sturdiness, fragrance, good color and form





Kelly sat down on a corner of his desk and, leaning forward dramatically, said, "Old Karl got in by just one vote"

Kelly AND THE BURGOMASTER

by HARRY J. ESSEX

Some fast political mathematics, taught by an old master

KELLY smiled at the men sitting around him, then spat into the wastepaper basket. "I like you kids. That's a fact." He used his tongue for a toothpick, then dragged his feet off the desk and let them fall to the floor with a thump.

The men in the room waited. Kelly took a deep breath, his powerful chest blowing up to his chin.

Tony Romano whacked a hard fist on his chair. "Fer cryin' out loud, Jim, it's comin' to us. We worked hard. You know, yourself."

Kelly hunched his shoulders, then brought his hands up in a helpless gesture. "Okay," he said. "Okay, then! You boys have been playing ball with the club. You helped me get the citizens and voters in line. The club owes you something. Did I say no?"

Tony started to say something.

"Now wait a minute!" Kelly thundered. He held out a restraining hand. "I ain't sayin' we don't owe you boys something for your work. And I ain't sayin' you don't deserve a favor." He took a long drag on his cigar and let the smoke pour out of his mouth and nostrils as he spoke. "Makes me think of the time I was young in the business." He smiled. "Yes, sir, I even did just what you boys are doing. I figured I worked kind of hard on the campaign, and, when I didn't get as much as I expected, I was going to have it out with the boss. I busted into his office, same as you boys come here."

Kelly was looking up at the framed picture on his desk and smiling. "Great guy he was, Big Bert. Yes, siree!" He waved the group closer. "You know what he did that day? He told me about a guy named Karl. Let me tell you about him."

Some of the men moved their chairs up.

"In one of them little tank towns in Holland," he began, licking down a loose tobacco leaf on his cigar, "they needed a new burgomaster. That's sort of like a mayor."

Kelly paused a moment, coughed into his hand and readjusted himself in the chair.

"Naturally, in this burg," he continued, "like any other, there was a couple of big shots, all wanting to be burgomaster. But in particular there was a candidate named Karl.

"Well, this guy Karl, he knew how to say 'Hi, bud' to the citizens, same as you boys; how to take his hat off and how to congratulate people. A born burgomaster.

"So naturally," Kelly continued, "Karl was tickled when he was nominated, and instead of any election speeches, when election day came, he made fifteen visits to the biggest families in town, in his own buggy." Kelly paused and smiled. He scrutinized the faces of his audience. "Know why?" The audience didn't stir, so Kelly continued. "To *personally* haul them over to the town hall to vote, that's why!

"All right, the voting over, Karl figures he'll go on home to kill time with a pitcher of black coffee until the results come through. So there he sits, wonderin' how the count was going, and in between every sip of coffee he knocks off a little prayer.

"About two hours later, Karl is asleep in his chair when there's a knocking on his door. He hops up on his feet, opens the door and, the next second, the chairman of the Peoples' Committee is standing in the doorway."

Kelly stopped a moment to expel air from his lungs and put a match to his cooling cigar. "Well, even before the chairman had a chance to tell him why he came, Karl knew. He was the new burgomaster of the town. But—" Kelly got up slowly, sat down on a corner of his desk and, leaning forward dramatically, said, "But, come to find out, little old Karl had got in by just *one* vote."

"That's lousy campaigning," one of the kids said.

KELLY puckered his thick red lips and nodded. "So there they were, Karl and his missus, after the chairman had gone, sipping coffee and plannin' things for the town, and how he'd get his platform across, like. Well, sir, while they was celebratin', there's another knock at the door, and this time, into the house there comes a guy—we'll call him Louie. Well, Louie stands there bashful-like, holding a messed-up cap in his hand and brushing his hair back from his face." Kelly got up and stood there, his shoulders bent; he was being bashful. "Now," he said, "I'm giving it to you just like it was."

★

"Come in," Karl said. "Come in."

The kid moves in, and Karl's missus slips off into another room, not to embarrass him.

"Yes, son?" Karl says. "Something I can do for you, maybe?"

The kid sits down, then suddenly he gives out with, "You were elected by one vote."

That wiped the smile right off Karl's face.

"Yes?" he says.

"I elected you," the kid says.

"*You* did!" Karl says.

The kid's gaining nerve now. "If I didn't vote for you, you wouldn't be mayor now, would you?"

Karl is making up and down with his head. "That's true!" he says.

With that, the kid flops down on his knees, pleading, "Then you must do me a favor, Your Honor. I'm in trouble—terrible trouble. It's Bertha—her old man. He tells me I gotta marry her tomorrow or he'll put me in the can. But I can't marry her. I'm engaged to Hilda. Please save me. Oh, please. I'll do anything. Anything!" He jumps up now and starts walking around the room, like he was in a cage.

"I see," Karl says, rubbing his chin. "In other words, you want me to talk to Bertha's old man when he comes to me to swear out a summons for your arrest?"

"That's it," the kid says. "You owe me a favor. One good turn deserves another. And I made you mayor."

So Karl got up and escorted Louie to the door. "Tell you what, Louie," he said. "Tonight I'll give your request my first-class

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Enchanted Isle

BY EUGENE BURNS

This reads like a sarong movie, but it isn't. The story of Misiana and the Marine who saved her life twice is as factual as Junior's report card—and much more interesting

IT STARTED on the gallant aircraft carrier Enterprise. Early one afternoon, as our carrier task force was making a sweep south of Guadalcanal, Lieutenant Tex Harris, fighter pilot, sent us his action report: "Kawanishi found and downed." Later we learned that the huge four-motored Jap patrol plane torched into flames on the second burst of Wildcat machine-gun fire, exploded and plunged into the Pacific. The Kawanishi was the second snooper within two days which had attempted to shadow our task force, to relay our disposition, course and speed to the numerically superior Japanese carrier force which we had turned back in the Santa Cruz battle.

Upon receiving the fighter pilot's report, Rear Admiral Kinkaid turned to his aide, Lieutenant Commander Taylor, and said, "Bob, those Kawanishis must be operating from a lagoon near here," and, after a short pause, he added to his chief of staff, "Don't you think it's worth asking Admiral Halsey to send a detachment of Marines to Rennell Island? It's the only island hereabouts with a lagoon large enough to accommodate those Jap Kawanishis."

Within three days, a detachment of thirteen volunteer Marines, rigorously tested for diseases even to head colds, were bound in a Navy Catalina patrol bomber for tiny "lost" Rennell. In command was Lieutenant Emmett N. Carter, U.S.M.C., and, to care for their medical wants, a pharmacist's mate, second class, whom I'll call Peter Dale.

When the patrol bomber returned, the copilot said: "Gosh, those Rennell babes are pretty! I didn't want to come back." He shaped his hands contouring hour-glass curves.

The plane commander, older and more reflective, said, "Imagine, within range of grimy, stinking Guadalcanal, there is paradise with no air alerts, no poverty, no killing, no discord, no taxes . . ."

"And no clothing to speak of," the more impetuous copilot interrupted, ignoring rank.

I needed no urging to go along when a Catalina plane captain told me he was taking some 3,500 pounds of provisions and necessary radio gear to Rennell.

Last Clean Spot Left in the World

Before embarking, Lieutenant Commander Porter M. Hoidale of Minneapolis, the senior medical officer on Admiral Fitch's staff, gave me a thorough medical examination. He said, "I don't want you to be a disease carrier to Rennell." He had already inspected the crew members. "These islanders are exceedingly free of imported diseases. I don't want it on my conscience that I helped soil the last clean spot left in the world."

I thought Commander Hoidale was heaping it up a little high, because all the natives I had seen in the South Seas quite obviously carried just about every disease the white man could throw at them and then some. So in turn, half-jokingly, I asked: "What can I pick up from them?"

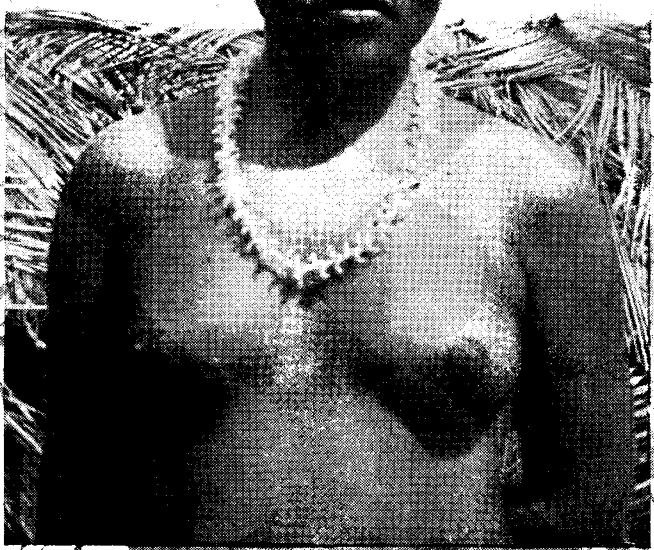
"Yaws," the doctor said. "But never fear, they practice thoroughgoing isolation." He laughed. "You know, yaws frequently brings baldness with it, and when anyone on this island becomes bald, he is treated as an outcast. Now with your advanced hairline . . ."

I laughed lamely.

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "we know how susceptible the islanders are even to head colds. A visiting physician said that he examined everyone aboard his vessel for the slightest trace of anything catching. Yet their vessel hadn't been off the island ten days before an epidemic of head colds swept the entire island, although no one aboard the vessel was bothered. The natives didn't know what was the matter with them; they didn't even know how to blow their noses. Point is: The doctor's outfit carried latent germs to which they were immune, but those germs knocked out the islanders. That's how susceptible they are."

The flight to Rennell was short. The fleckless apple-green lagoon within the island's rim looked like a miniature of leaning coconut palms and brilliant poinciana trees encased within the Pacific's royal blue. The jungles, encroaching upon the lagoon, made intense shadows out of which parakeets and heavier egrets with snowy-white plumes flew in confused flight, obviously disturbed by our plane's roaring. Ahead of us, on a narrow tongue of land, stood a village on stilts—some thirty palm-thatched huts. As we circled, natives began to run toward the lagoon's beaches and into outriggers.

The pilot wheeled the heavy PBY into the breeze and eased the heavy load gently upon the still water. Within a thousand yards of the village, we dropped anchor. Almost at once, a score of outriggers swept upon us, crammed with natives. The canoes were hulks, *(Continued on page 30)*



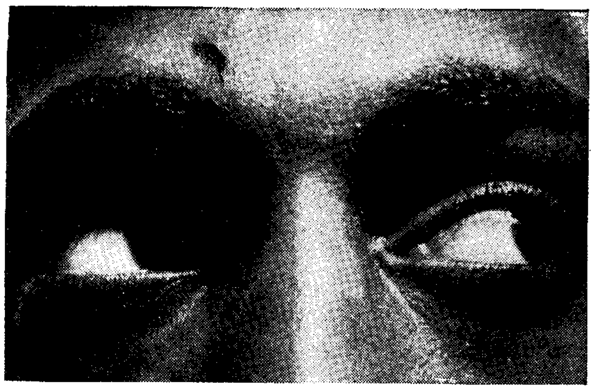
This is Misiana, whose life was twice saved by a U.S. pharmacist's mate. He married her, in the best movie tradition. She's devoted to him

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

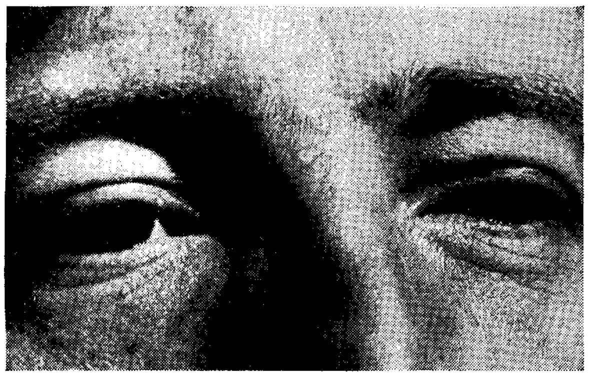
PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

The natives of Rennell Island do little work outside of fishing. They spend much time sitting around like this, or paddling their outriggers in the lagoon

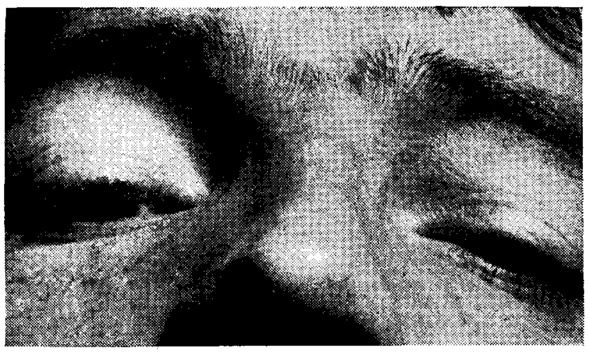
Chief Moa poses reluctantly with his wife Mary. The author brought her a cake of soap and later smiled as he watched a big Marine scrub her back in public



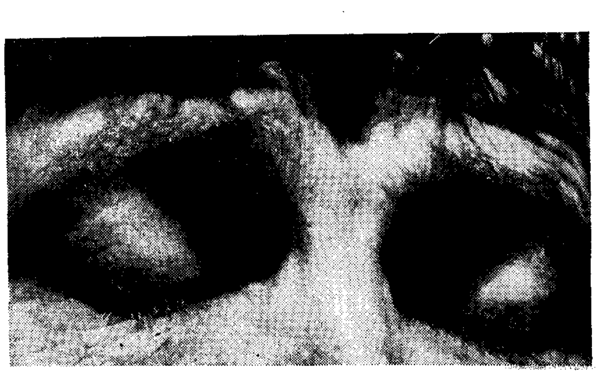
The mentally injured are the war's biggest medical problem. Here are the eyes of the victims. Eyes frequently help a psychiatrist in making a diagnosis. Shifty eyes indicate evasiveness, lack of candor. Pupils that are dilated tell one story; pupils that fail to react to light tell another. Above, fear: Hallucinatory fears may haunt a mental patient. His food is being poisoned, he is perhaps the victim of an international plot. Imaginary insects may plague him in this tortured world

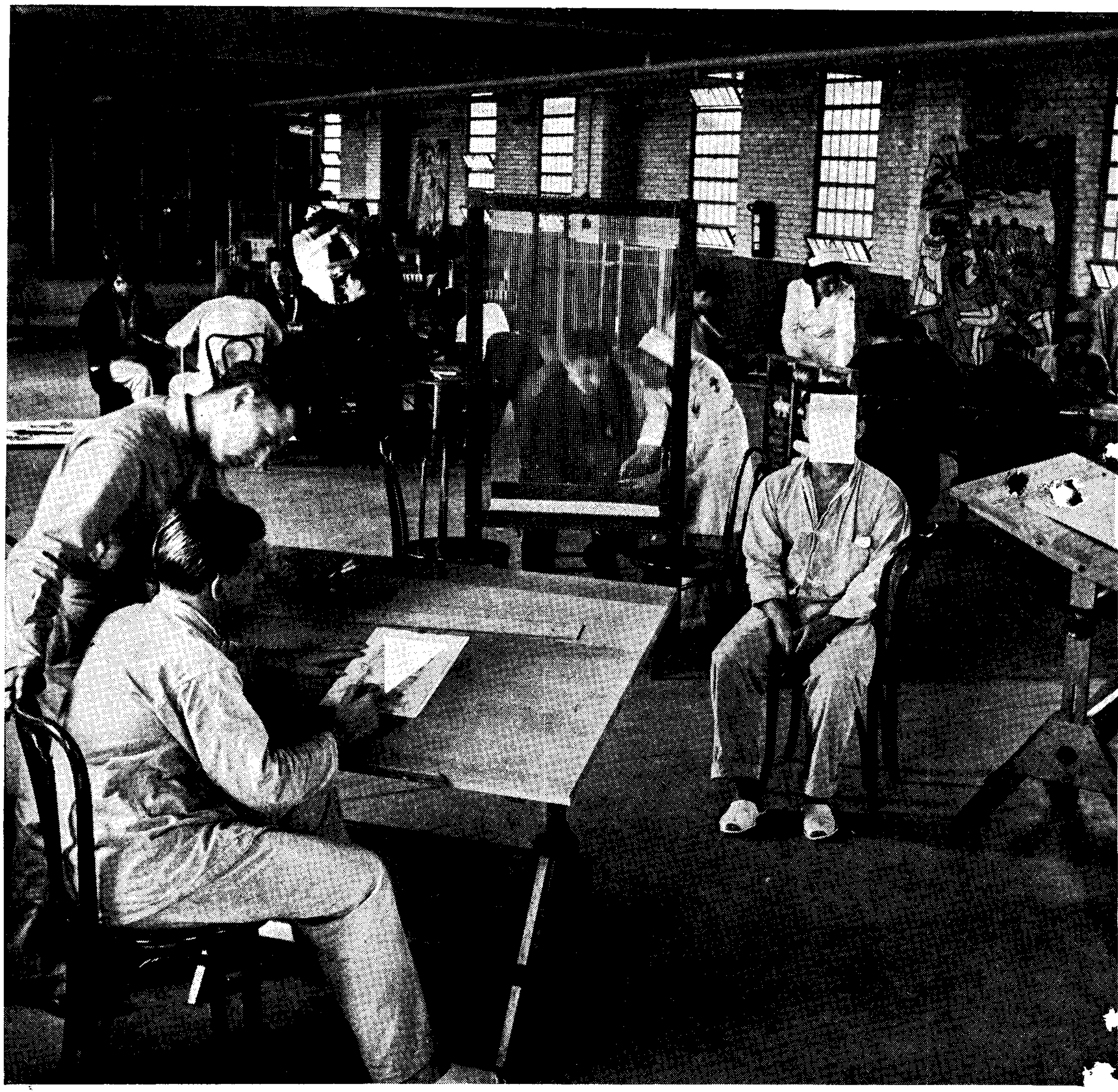


Melancholy: In some states a patient may weep silently, or grieve for fancied wrongs the world has done him. After this, he may give way to a state of wild excitement



Fantasy: Retreat into a world of fantasy is common. In this happy land the sick man may be Rockefeller. If he is pious, he may be Jesus. Roast pigs run wild and rivers flow with rice pudding. Below, retreat: If the tensions and conflict in a man's mind become too great, he may shut his eyes and retire to a world of his own imagining. Sometimes he will find peace here, sometimes even greater anguish





Occupational therapy has proved helpful in drawing a mental patient out of the shell he has built around himself. Here, patients at Mason General Hospital at Brentwood, L. I., sketch, weave, make leather articles under instruction

REPAIRING WAR-CRACKED MINDS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON—PIX

Army and Navy both have plans to reconstruct nervous systems shattered in battle

THE pilot of a B-17 in the South Pacific had been through fourteen crash landings and was on his fiftieth mission when he was shot down. His crew jumped and was lost, but he managed another crash landing and saved himself. He found that he was on a tiny island garrisoned by fifteen Japanese soldiers. By hiding in the day like an Indian scout and fighting at night, he finally wiped out the Jap force. Then he was rescued and he collapsed—a serious mental case.

He had been the toughest of men during combat, a daring flier, a fighter who never quit. The crash landings had been made with the greatest of skill and with his ship practically shot out from under him. He was brought back to this country and was making very slow progress until it was found that he had originally been a member of a small swing band in a Middle Western city. They began working on him with music until he reached a point where he wanted to play his instrument again. He is still not back in fighting trim, but he has been saved for active life.

The point about this case is that his civilian record showed him to be a neuropsychiatric case of such a pronounced type that ordinarily he would not have passed the first examination at his induction board. It has been found by Army psychiatrists that everyone has these symptoms and yet, despite the greatest stresses and strains ever known, our Army is doing a wonderful job. Most of our men are taking their isolation and C rations and airplane strafing and muddy foxholes with no cracking. Those who do crack are not necessarily softies. It is the toughest war that man has ever known. Many will break up and most of them will recover and many of them will fight again.

The mental state of our fighting men is a serious problem and will be an even greater problem after the war. Roughly, one in every six men rejected by the Army is rejected by our draft boards for neuropsychiatric reasons. In a situation as widespread as this, no man is in a position to point a finger at another. Under stress, even the sturdiest of us are subject to collapse.

Luckily, the Army and Navy are organized to give greater care to mental hygiene than ever before. The Army program is under the direction of Colonel William C. Menninger, Chief of the Neuropsychiatric Division, Office of the Surgeon General. As one of the famous Menninger brothers of Topeka, Kansas, he has the support of the psychiatrists of the country, and six hundred and fifty members of the American Psychiatric Association are now in the Army. They work with service commands, divisions, induction centers, training camps, hospitals and at the front line

It is known now that shell shock and opera tional fatigue are misnomers. A soldier wh spends a week in a front-line foxhole suffe great fatigue, but if he returns a mental nervous case it is because of emotional di turbances. First treatment is given direct behind the fighting front with strong sedativ that provide him a forty-eight-hour sleep. many cases, this is the start of a recovery th eventually returns him to fighting conditio If not, he is taken farther back to a b hospital for more serious attention.

Since it is obviously impossible to supp enough psychiatrists to handle indivi cases, a system of group talks has worked out. If the men can be brought describe what has happened to them an what has brought about the mental conditio the cure is not hard, but often they refuse talk. They are then given a mild drug whic brings about a slight hypnotic condition u der which they discuss their fears, admit the failures and get release from inhibitions th have brought about that condition.

Lt. Jules D. Holzderg questions patient about the picture. From th answers, psychiatrists can determi the nature of his condition. If th soldier has worried about his wif the picture indicates that his wi has been unfaithful. Now she wan him back, but he's through with h

From these forms of treatment, 30 to 40 per cent of all cases are returned to front-line duty, and another 30 to 40 per cent are fitted for noncombat duty in the combat zone. Of the others, however, only five per cent need hospital care after they return to this country.

"We have a big job to take care of the men in service," says Colonel Menninger; "but we are also concerned about the men who are turned down for neuropsychiatric reasons and go back to their home towns. We used to stamp a diagnosis of psychoneurosis on their draft cards, but when that was regarded as a stigma on the returned men, we discontinued it. We have even heard of cases where such men were refused jobs on coming back home. People think of them as nuts when in reality they're just you and me, but less well-adjusted. The Army knows all about goldbrickers and malingerers, and you needn't worry for fear we're being taken in by men claiming neurotic upsets. But an Army is like a football team. If a man isn't in tiptop shape, he's no good in a game, but that doesn't mean that he isn't a fine student or a great help in other fields. The country can use the psychoneurotics, and it's up to us as citizens and as human beings to give them a break."

Public Feeling Released

There are psychiatrists who maintain that the matter-of-fact way we're conducting this war and the absence of any real threat from the enemy has had much to do with our national emotional state. In 1917, there was much greater eagerness to fight and much more excitement about the war. There were bands playing, Four-Minute Men speaking, canteens at every railroad station. The scenes when draftees went off to war in long trainloads bordered on an emotional debauch, but it had the effect of releasing public feelings.

Since we are not a military people, the strain is great on even the best-balanced man when going into the Army. From an easy life, he has a hard life, with discipline. Often he feels that the most is not being made of his special talents. He suffers from homesickness and the ailments brought on by strenuous training. If there is illness at home or chaotic conditions there by reason of his induction, he is often mentally torn to the point where he becomes an ineffective soldier. His company officer has been trained to care for most of these cases, but if they are serious they get hospital treatment.

The fighting strain has now been transferred to the home front where hard work in war production is bringing on a condition that also needs psychiatric treatment.

Colonel Leonard G. Rowntree, Chief of the Medical Division of the Selective Service system reports that: "The rejection rate for asthma has nearly doubled since Pearl Harbor; peptic ulcer has increased nearly 50 per cent, while for Negroes, the rejection rate is two and one half times that of peacetime rejections. Neurocirculatory asthenia (soldier's heart) has doubled for the whites and has increased five times over last year with the Negroes. The 4-F pool has grown steadily in the last year at the rate of about 85,000 a month. This has continued despite the drastic lowering of standards which has included the induction of limited numbers of men with uncomplicated venereal diseases, illiterates, and large numbers of men with dental defects."

But even here, the situation is less serious than it appears. The Army requires that draftees shall be capable of combat fighting, even if they are used in other jobs after induction. In battle, no chances can be taken with a man who may blow up in a crisis, but that is no reason why neuropsychiatric cases cannot go back to war factories and farms.

It is true that in the short time possible for examination at induction boards, many are taken who later prove unacceptable, but the more obvious symptoms are easily discernible to the practiced eye.

If a breakup comes after the man reaches camp, it can be cured by a short rest. Officers get six hours' training in how to deal with the morale of their men, and the men themselves get a three-hour course on how to anticipate conditions that might incapacitate them. Serious cases go to the hospital for treatment, and there are a number of retraining centers in this country for getting soldiers back into shape.

Encouraged to Admit Fear

It has been found that all men suffer from fear in facing battle, but few are cowards. They are encouraged to admit they are afraid and to talk about it to their buddies. The best cure for fear is activity, and men in the front lines are coached to take advantage of anything that will take their minds off their apprehensions.

A man fights from love rather than hate. At first, it is love for his country and then it is transferred to his outfit, his commanding officer, his friends. He's convinced that he's with the best damned outfit in the whole Army; he gives a great deal of energy proving that his bunch is better than the gang fighting beside them. As said in a report to the American Psychiatric Association by Lieutenant Colonel Roy R. Grinker and Major John P. Spiegel of the Army Air Forces Medical Corps:

"The individual transforms a considerable share of his personal self-love to affection and pride in his outfit by the process of identification and thus is enabled to overcome many obstacles to the performance of his military duties."

These same medical men reported that fliers when treated in a dream state induced by the use of pentothal sodium reveal a universal guilt reaction, even in the case of men who have successfully and honorably completed their tour of duty. "These guilt reactions are related to the most varied, irrational and illogical experiences. A comrade was killed during a mission which he took instead of the patient. We often hear the guilty cry, 'I should have got it instead of him!' As a flier approaches the end of his duty, he becomes intensively anxious on his last missions, feeling that he will never reach the goal. This is the initial manifestation of guilt over the desertion of his squadron. Many become chronic alcoholics at this point, others develop gastro-intestinal pain and vomiting. Some cannot bear to eat, thinking of how the boys back with the squadron are living."

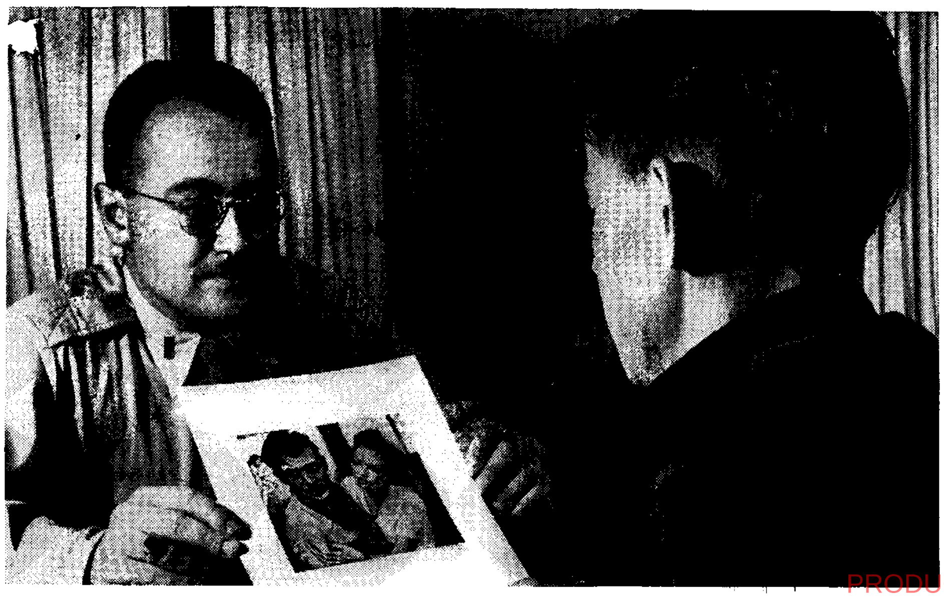
The Navy has worked out a system of group therapy that has been highly successful. The therapy includes competitive athletics and the "deconditioning" use of restricted Japanese and American combat films in accomplishing a release of emotional symptoms.

As described by Lieutenant Commander Louis A. Schwartz of the Great Lakes Naval Hospital: "The films are graded in order of intensity of stimulation and are followed by a group discussion in which reminiscences, experiences and attitudes are voiced freely. The patient is surprised to see others react as he does to combat experience. Each man comes to realize that his emotional reactions are not peculiar to himself. From that, he transfers his thoughts from himself to the group, which gives him the support and encouragement he needs."

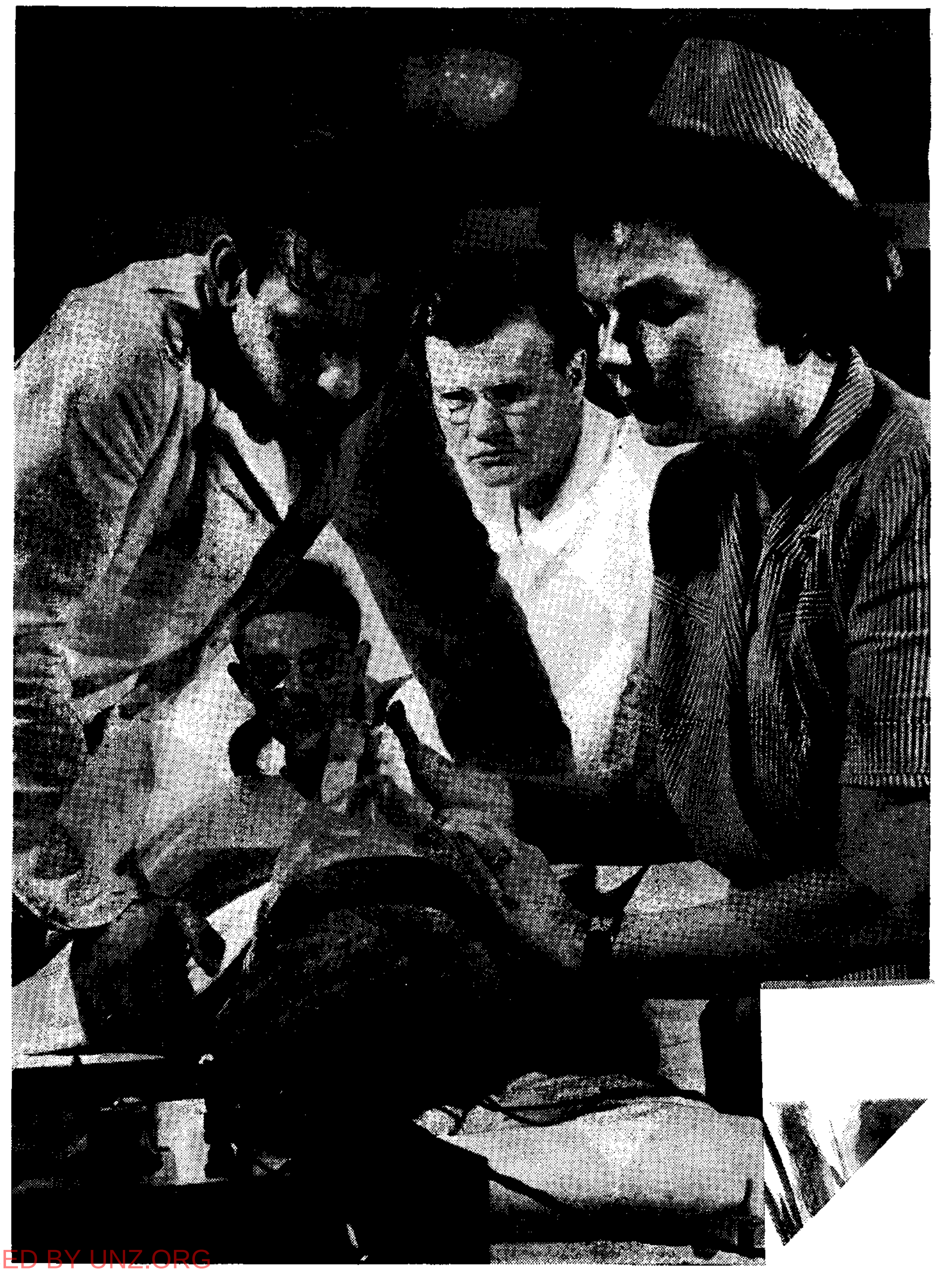
Occupational therapy has also proved helpful: gardening, poultry raising, shopwork, weaving—anything that will arouse new interests and draw a man out of the shell he has built around himself. One of the most interesting—and potentially one of

(Continued on page 54)

Below: One of the important aids in treating psychoneurotics is music. Indifferent at first, patients soon relax, join in the singing or playing, getting momentary release



At Mason, electric-shock treatment is the only type of shock treatment used. Others using drugs were dropped due to patients' fear of hypo needles

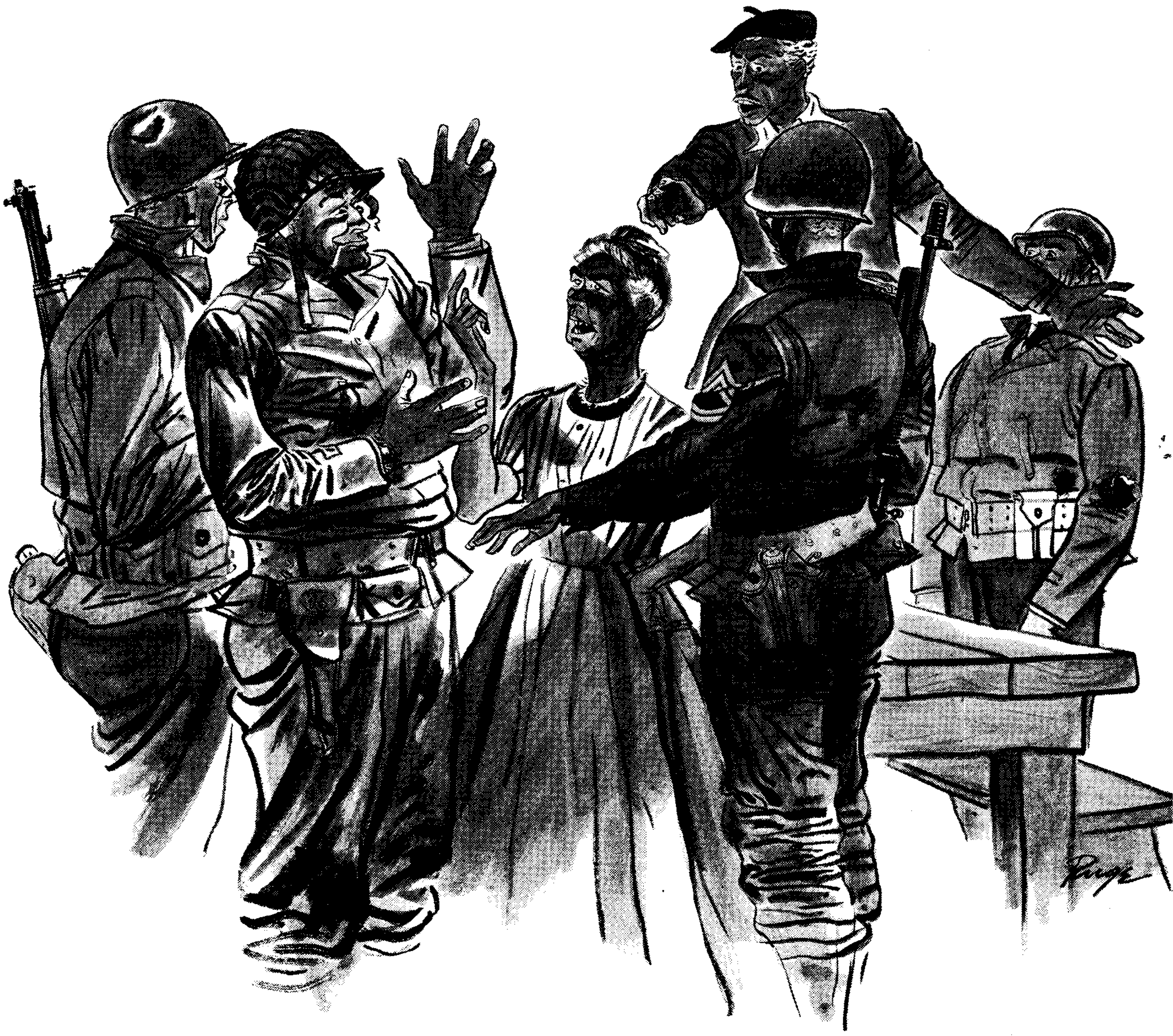


NORMANDY INTERLUDE

BY ROBERT MELTZER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RUGE

War is a grim business, but not all smoke and battle—as some Americans discovered when they got acquainted with the French



"The little man stood up sturdily on the bench and made a fiery speech that lasted fully five minutes"

IT'S the assault troops, the ones who overrun the enemy positions first, who get the real booty. If there's cognac, or Zeiss binoculars, or Lugers, or the belt buckles with the inscription *Gott Mit Uns,* they're immediately scooped up and either consumed or pocketed.

If the attack continues, as it often does, the reinforcements and reserves manage to find something of value that couldn't be taken by the on-line troops. But by the time the firing has moved out of earshot or has stopped, only the dubious and undesirable articles remain: the large weapons, the ammunition, the bottles of Vichy water, the canned pumpernickel, the sickeningly sweet hair pomade and the portraits of Handsome Adolf in uniform with a white collar and fancy stickpin.

The cognac lasts the front-line troops long enough for them to develop a surprising fondness for it. Then the supply is gone, and the patrols go out. Such patrols, not to be found in the military texts and not countenanced by any staff directives, are composed generally of at least one steady drinker and one soldier who is able to make certain basic desires known in French.

I happen to know French, which explains how, just after the fall of Cherbourg, I found myself in one such patrol. Besides the Steady Drinker, Mac, there were the battalion Intelligence officer, Dutch, and the sad-eared jeep driver who was known as Pony Boy because he didn't believe in horse racing after he lost eighteen hundred dollars one afternoon at Saratoga.

Language isn't the only obstacle in the way of such patrols. There are also the M.P.s, who apparently have blanket orders to the effect that absolutely every place is off limits the instant liberation has been achieved. But the M.P.s generally don't bother Rangers, and so we found ourselves, after questioning a few local citizens, in a small dim bistro in a tiny village among the fortifications of the Cherbourg Peninsula.

This bistro was notable for its proprietor, an ancient and deaf *grand'mère* who had obviously been tyrannizing her family and employees since the Fall of the Bastille. I asked if she had any cognac, and she snorted with a violence that would have killed a young and healthy horse.

What did Madame have, then?

"Vin rouge," she said, after I'd asked the question in a louder voice. She said it in a manner calculated to nip any argument in the bud; the two words had the finality of an Amen; and I'm sure we'd have accepted her dictum if it hadn't been for the Parisian.

He was a little man, perhaps thirty, with a beret, and eyes like agates. He had been sitting at the far end of the single long table, studying us and listening to Madame. Now he banged the table with his fist, upsetting his glass, and stood up on the bench with his short legs spread sturdily. He made a fiery speech that lasted fully five minutes, directed in the beginning at Madame but in its later phases at all of France.

I couldn't catch it all because he spoke rapidly and was a little drunk, but there were frequent references to De Gaulle and the glory of France and the fact that he had fought honorably at Sedan; and he pointed a wrathful finger at Madame as he argued that it was one thing to hide her stock of Calvados from the Nazis but quite another to deny it to our friends, our liberators, the Americans. *"Vive l'Amérique,"* he shouted. Then he indicated that we should sit at the table.

"Alors, Madame," he said.

She already had the liqueur glasses out and was busy dusting off the bottle of Calvados.

Calvados is also known as *Eau de Vie du Cidre* and might be compared roughly to vodka or tequila. It's clear and white and was mistaken by the Steady Drinker for nitroglycerin when he tossed off his first glass.

The Chauffeur Had Credentials

The Parisian snapped his fingers with brittle authority, and the glasses were filled again. He said he was from Paris, was a chauffeur by profession, and would we please examine his credentials. The credentials corroborated his story. He said he had been taken prisoner by the Nazis, had been beaten by them, had been starved by them and, with it all, had worked for them. He hated the Nazis with a hate that was so deep he could speak of it genially. Tomorrow he was going to Cherbourg and drive a truck for the Americans.

He pointed to the glasses and said, *"Encore cinq."*

Madame filled them again.

Not far away, he said, leaning forward in sudden excitement, were some German soldiers hiding in a shack which was in a gully and was well camouflaged by nets and shrubbery. He had seen smoke at sundown the day before and had crept up and heard them talking. Not two kilometers away. Of course, we would go there. He would lead the way and we should soon have nine prisoners—not less than five, anyway.

The Steady Drinker wanted to know what the hell all the parley-voo was about. I explained. We knew that there were such remnants of remnants scattered all over the Peninsula, soldiers whose posts kept them apart from the main garrisons and who were, therefore, not a part of the more wholesale surrenders that distinguished the final hours of the Cherbourg campaign. We took stock of our weapons and discovered we had two Colt pistols, a Garand rifle, a tommy gun, and one fragmentation grenade—enough for such a job if we could count on that all-important military asset, surprise.

Dutch raised the issue of our mission at this point, claiming that it required the most careful consideration. Good soldiers never allow themselves to be waylaid. If they're sent out on reconnaissance, they avoid a fire fight; if they're sent out to seek combat, they don't hide in the bushes and wait. You do what you start out to do, and no extracurricular temptations must distract or waylay you. Therefore—since our mission was to procure drink—was it wise to be led off into quite another endeavor?

This sophistry, delivered in the grand manner of an outmoded staff discussion, fell of its own weight, without even eliciting the applause it deserved, because the Parisian was by now in the jeep, honking the horn and announcing to the open-mouthed villagers that here was an expedition against the Boche.

"En avant!" he shouted, as we came out.

His excitement was contagious; we ran to the jeep as if an alarm had been sounded; here was another D-Day, another H-Hour, and before a hapless hen could be rescued from sure death to our front, we were off in an explosion of dust and pebbles and children's wild screeching.

The Parisian perched himself in an inimitably precarious position and directed us to turn right or left, but only after we had come abreast of the junctions and crossroads. I had to translate his directions, which occupied some time, and so we kept finding ourselves a hundred yards or so past the turnings we had to make. I partially remedied the situation by explaining to Pony

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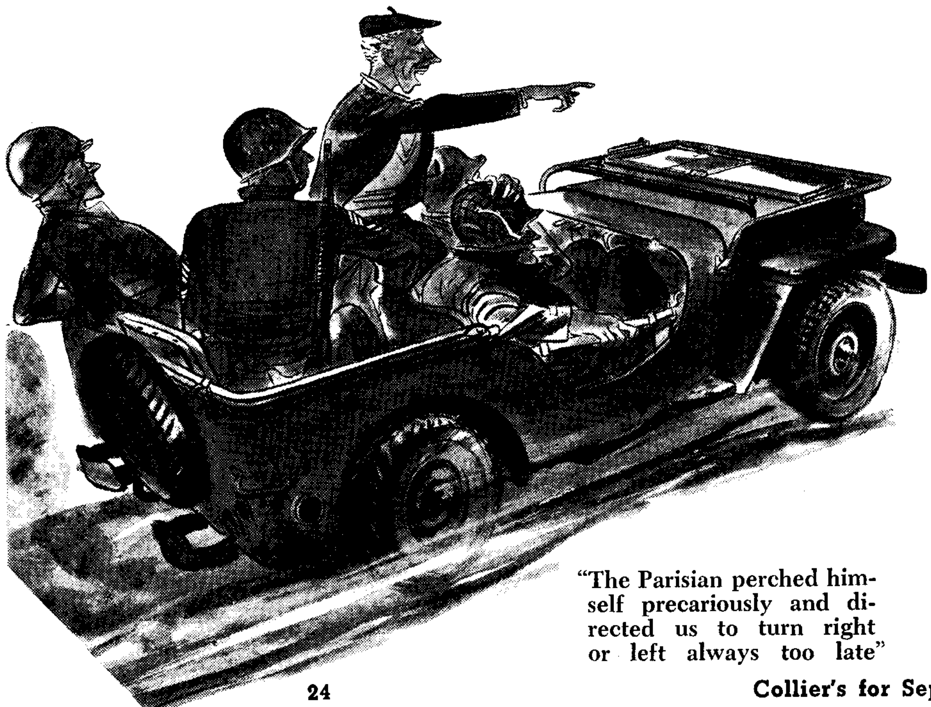
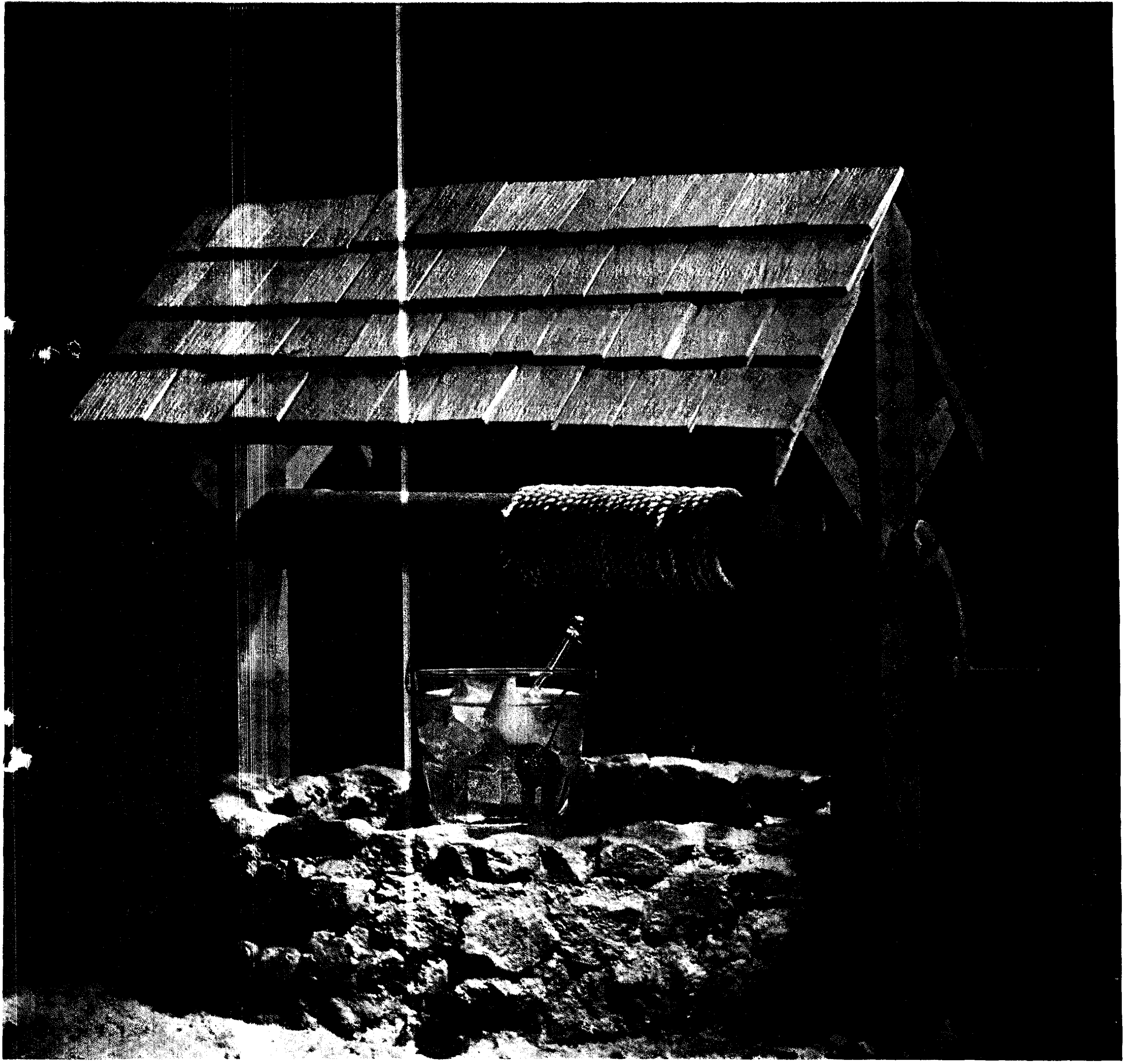


"The Parisian perched himself precariously and directed us to turn right or left always too late"



Miracle at the wishing well

YOU'VE probably read of wishing wells that do some rather remarkable things.

But if you could find a well that would produce a Four Roses Old Fashioned whenever you wished it, that would be nothing short of a miracle.

Fortunately, you don't have to go looking for such a well to enjoy the rich satisfaction of an Old Fashioned made with magnificent Four Roses Whiskey.

You can produce the miracle yourself. And when you do, we think you'll agree that Four Roses makes your Old Fashioned a matchless, heart-warming treat.

We assure you that Four Roses is the same magnificent whiskey it was before the war. Its superb quality has not been changed in the slightest.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

The Magic Touch

Just as the kiss of early frost magically brings out the autumn colorings, so the kiss of the hops in Schlitz imparts only the piquant hop flavor with none of the bitterness. All over the world Schlitz is famous as America's most distinguished beer.

Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Normandy Interlude

Continued from page 24

Boy that *à gauche* was left and *à droite* right; but I couldn't impress on the Parisian the wisdom of anticipating the turns. And then Pony Boy got *gauche* and *droite* confused, and the Parisian became very irritated. He reverted to some patois and waved his fingers around his ears.

We sped along a narrow dirt road that parallels the beach. It was flanked by fields all of which were bordered with signs bearing a skull and crossbones and the inscription *"Achtung— Minen!"* Dutch shouted for me to ask if the road was mined, too, but I didn't think it would make much difference now—once initiated, such an operation couldn't possibly be stopped—and so I pretended I couldn't hear.

We could see all the tank traps and pillboxes and emplacements of the beach defenses quite clearly, despite our speed. The Parisian indicated them with both thumbs, simulating cannon, and demonstrated in vivid pantomime how the whole setup was meant to discourage beach landings. We nodded, and he laughed wildly, throwing back his head and almost falling off the jeep.

At length, after we had gone about two kilometers (the French seem to be very accurate in their estimations of distance), the Parisian slapped Pony Boy on the nape of the neck and cried, *"Bon!"*

Pony Boy looked at me and asked which way *that* meant to turn. I told him to stop.

"Is that what the Frenchie said?" he asked.

"No," I told him, "he said 'Good!' "

"Oh!" said Pony Boy, and he turned and winked at the Parisian.

We were near the base of the hill that rose up from the beach at that point. There was a large stone farmhouse, surrounded by some outbuildings, and the road we were on threaded itself through them and then degenerated into a cowpath. People were coming out of the various doors of the various buildings. The Parisian jumped down, ignoring the people, and started down the cowpath without a backward glance. We leaped after him.

The path went through a small wooded area, then turned up the slope into bushes, and cut back again parallel to the beach. We moved quickly. I had my pistol cocked and the grenade in my left hand. It occurred to me that here at last was an opportunity to pull the pin with my teeth, a swashbuckling feat that had always charmed me but which I'd never tried. I didn't know whether to throw the grenade left-handed or not, the accuracy of such an attempt being dubious indeed, but I postponed the decision until we should come upon our objective.

We came on it at that moment.

The shack was one of the type of two-room living quarters the Germans erected near their emplacements—the ones along the coastal commanding ground. Living thus only a matter of seconds from their mortar or machine gun or 88 positions, they could man them with no loss of time and deliver their share of death to the landing troops almost as soon as the warning went out. The shack was in a draw, well camouflaged and protected from bombs or shells by high banks on three sides. The fourth side—the beach side—led into open ground. We immediately hit on the plan of approaching it from the three banks.

In taking a small enemy position, you want to make sure you get all the protection the terrain offers, approach from the enemy's blind spots, get as close as you can, and then assault with everything you've got. We were already on the position. We had it surrounded. We were undiscovered! We had achieved surprise! All that remained was to co-ordinate the assault. By signs and the mute understanding of previous experience, we decided that I'd lob the grenade into a window; and when it went off, the Steady Drinker and I would rush in with pistols, and Dutch would cover us with the tommy gun. He'd also pick off any enemy that might try to get away.

All Set for the Assault

It was beautiful. If you have to fight a war, it's nice to fight it competently and with assurance. We all smiled, and I lifted the grenade to my teeth.

Instead of biting the pin, however, I felt my mouth drop open in complete astonishment. The Parisian, that wild and half-drunk little patriot, was already standing at the door of the shack. He had his hand on the doorknob and was turning it slowly.

We couldn't call him without losing the element of surprise; I couldn't throw the grenade without losing the Parisian. As in all phases of all wars, the beautiful plan had failed to account for all eventualities and now required amendment. There was nothing to do for the next few tingling seconds but wait and watch. It suddenly struck me that perhaps we had been led into an ambush. I looked to my rear. Nobody . . . no movement. When I turned back, the door was open, and the Parisian was inside. There was no sound.

We shifted our positions, prepared to fire back if fired on, or rush to the rescue of the Parisian if need be. I think we were prepared for everything, even the anticlimax. He appeared in the doorway, arms out, palms up, shoulders shrugged, and his face fallen into the abysm of sadness.

"Partis," he said.

"He says they've gone," I said.

Dutch and the Steady Drinker nodded. We went down to the shack and looked into the familiar scene of disarray. It wasn't as if they'd left to hide in the woods and were coming back; you could tell they'd really gone.

The Parisian said that he was from Paris, a chauffeur, that he had fought honorably at Sedan, had been a prisoner of the Germans, and that yesterday evening, there was the smoke and they were here. We laughed, and I told him he was a good soldier; we were proud to be his allies; it certainly wasn't his fault if the Boche hadn't waited for us.

"Je suis Français," he said, very dramatically.

"He says he's a Frenchman," I explained.

"Vive la France," said the Steady Drinker.

We went back to the cowpath. The Parisian kept expressing his regrets. He hadn't wanted to waste our time; nine prisoners, or at least five; if there were only some way he could make amends. I assured him that he hadn't wasted our time, that we weren't occupied anyway, that we'd just come out in search of some cognac or Calvados. At this, he stopped, the sadness vanished, the agate eyes widened and sparkled. He beckoned to us and rushed off down the cowpath.

At the stone farmhouse where we'd left the jeep, the Parisian walked up to an old man and asked something. The old man pointed to a door. The Parisian told us to come with him and we went into the dim, neat room. There was a large round table in the center, a huge stone fireplace, a bed in the corner, a glass-enclosed cabinet with chinaware, and two buckets of milk on the floor.

Standing by the table was a woman, full-breasted, large-built. She had two children, a boy and a girl, beside her. She was rather pretty despite the spaces between her teeth. She greeted us and set out some glasses. Then she went out of the room and returned with a bottle of Calvados.

We made toasts: *A votre santé! Vive la France! Vive l'Amérique!* There were the flags of both countries over the fireplace. There was also a man's picture. She explained it was her husband who was now four years a prisoner in Germany. We made a toast to her husband.

The Parisian asked the Steady Drinker if he liked the Calvados, and when I'd translated and the Steady Drinker had delivered a long and profane apostrophe to the "damned wonderful, belly-burning, gut-tearing, mind-searing concoction," the Parisian took the woman aside and spoke to her rapidly and imperiously. She went out, returning with two full bottles which she gave to the Steady Drinker.

Thanks for Everything

We instantly offered to pay, but the Parisian exploded with indignity. I offered again, this time to the woman directly, and again the Parisian exploded, only now with genuine anger. Shaking his head and snorting, he pushed us out of the door. We shouted our thanks and goodbyes and got into the jeep.

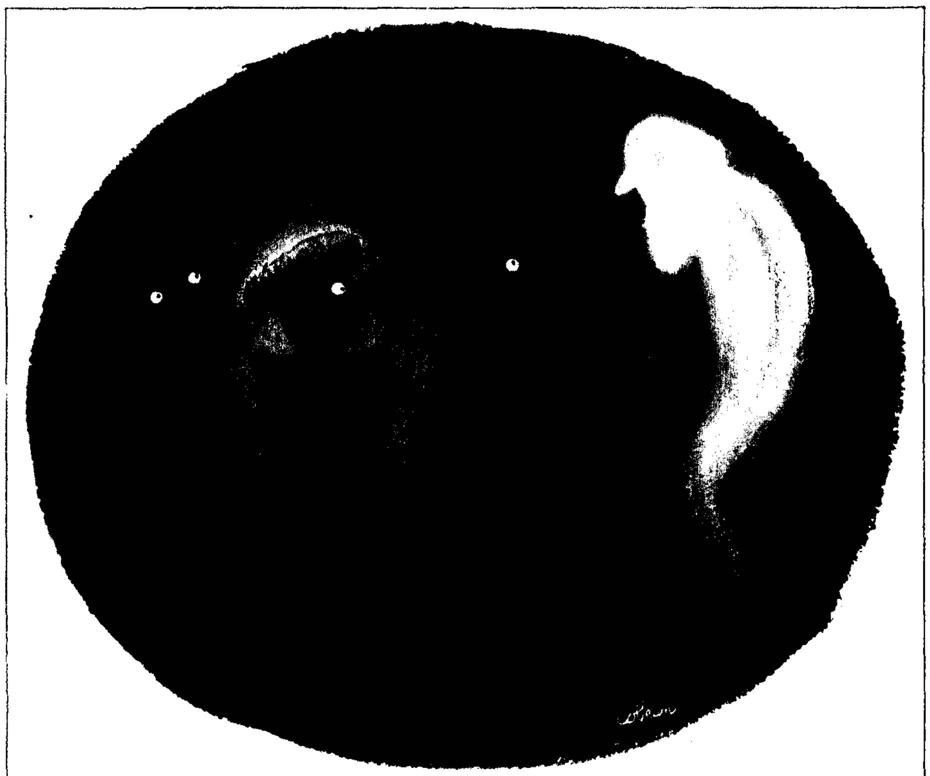
This woman, he explained, whose husband is now four years a prisoner in Germany, gave her body to the Nazis—many times—and not always for money, either, which might be acceptable. She gave her body to the Nazis for nothing. He had told her that unless she gave each American a bottle of Calvados, the Americans would shoot her. She had only two bottles, he concluded in apology.

I told Pony Boy to stop and then I repeated this information in English. I thought we ought to go back and pay. The Parisian evidently understood, because he slid off his perch, stood at attention beside the jeep, shook his head emphatically, and said, *"Messieurs, je suis Français, comprenez-vous?"*

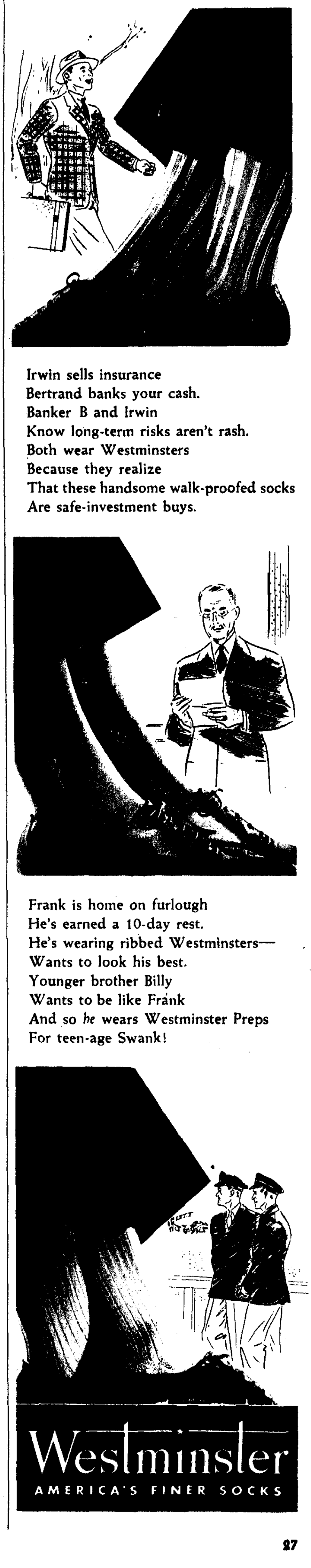
"He says he's a Frenchman," said the Steady Drinker. "Forget the woman!"

The Parisian climbed back on and we drove off down the road.

THE END

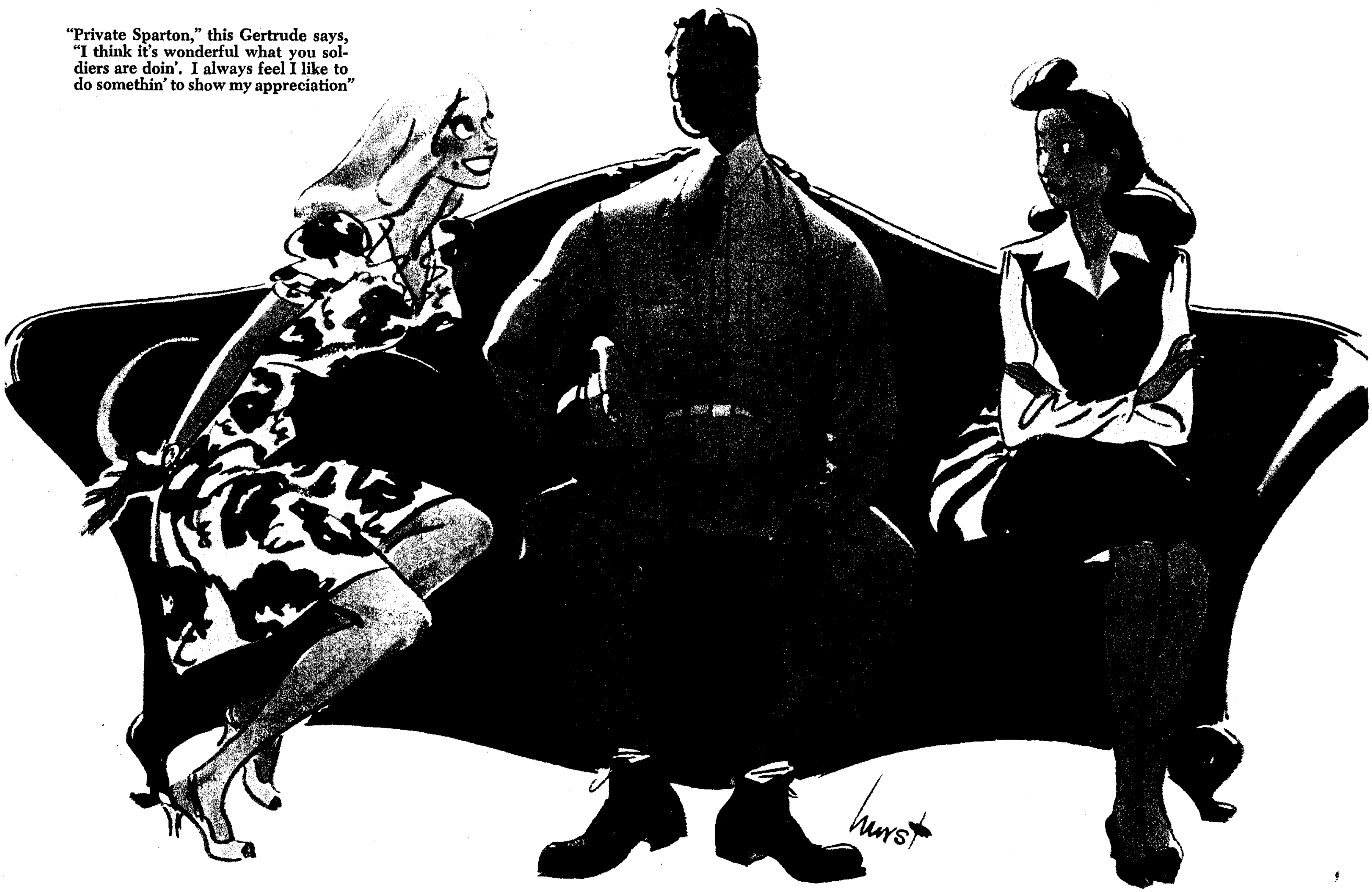

"Here is your spirit. Please limit your talk to five minutes. Others are waiting"

COLLIER'S SAM COBEAN


Irwin sells insurance
Bertrand banks your cash.
Banker B and Irwin
Know long-term risks aren't rash.
Both wear Westminsters
Because they realize
That these handsome walk-proofed socks
Are safe-investment buys.

Frank is home on furlough
He's earned a 10-day rest.
He's wearing ribbed Westminsters—
Wants to look his best.
Younger brother Billy
Wants to be like Frank
And so *he* wears Westminster Preps
For teen-age Swank!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



"Private Sparton," this Gertrude says, "I think it's wonderful what you soldiers are doin'. I always feel I like to do somethin' to show my appreciation"

HANDLE IT WITH STRATEGY

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Joey knew that Mabel represented a strategic problem, but he didn't expect to meet up with a blond booby trap

YOU hear a lotta talk about strategy around these days, and there ain't hardly a two-bit bar in the whole country that ain't got a coupla guys in it couldn't dope out the war better than MacArthur and Eisenhower, if you take their word for it. All I know about strategy is that I hope the United States Army makes out better with it than I did.

I'll show you what I mean.

The whole thing starts with a wolf in civilian clothing. I'm gettin' along okay, around this time, when this guy comes up over the horizon like the moon comes over the mountain . . . quiet, without no excitement. Not even a howl.

"I met a very interesting character at the plant today," my girl friend Mabel tells me. "Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer."

I oughta tell you right off that I got nothin' against civilians. Some of my best friends are civilians, includin' my girl friend, Mabel. I usta be a civilian once myself, drivin' a hack, which is how I come to get a promotion right away in the Army drivin' a jeep. Private First Class. Pfc. Joe Sparton.

"Guess who we had lunch with the other day," Mabel says, a little later on. "Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer."

Every time I see her, Froomis gets a plug. I'm seein' her pretty steady, too, because I get stationed somewhere near my home town, which is Brooklyn, New York, the exact location bein' a secret.

"Y'know, Joey," Mabel says another time, "I think your hair is gettin' curly since you went in the Army. Just like Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer's."

By this time, Froomis got a special reserved spot on my nerves. Mabel and me been goin' together a long time, see, but this Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer, is spendin' plenty of time with her, and I can see that I got a serious threat developin' along the home front. I figure it'll only get worse if I yell about it to Mabel. But I gotta handle the guy. That much I know.

It happens at this time in the Army we're gettin' lectures on strategy. How you go ahead in a battle in the war. I just put two and two together . . . makin' zero, only I don't know it right then. After all, if strategy is the thing that's gonna lick the Japs and them Nazis, why can't it work on a civilian, like Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer?

I'm the kind of a guy that don't let go of an idea easy. This one sticks in my head and, before I know it, I'm layin' out a campaign that's gonna take care of the enemy on the home front.

Next time I'm up at Mabel's house, I'm ready. We're just sittin' around her house this night, talkin' and what goes with it. You know. I'm playin' along with the conversation, waitin' for the right time to start the strategy. A flankin' maneuver.

"Joey," Mabel says, kinda thoughtful, "howdja like to come up to the house for dinner on your next pass?"

This sounds okay to me, and I tell her so.

"Maybe after dinner," she says, "we all can go out to Coney Island, and have some fun."

Mabel ain't from the South. This "we all" routine don't mean just the two of us. I ask her about the rest of the crowd.

"Oh, you know," she says, wavin' her hand, "you and me and whoever happens to drop in. You know how people drop in."

"Like who?" I says. I got a feelin' I'm askin' for the old refrain, but you gotta do some reconnaissance before lettin' go with an attack.

"Like anybody," she says. "Whaddya say?"

"Okay," I says. "We all can go out, if you wanna."

"That's fine," she says.

"And if the we-all who shows up happens to be that blond number I seen in the lobby on the way up, that ain't bad neither," I says. It's the opening gun. I can almost hear the bugles blowin' for the attack. Actually, it's Mabel lettin' out a scream.

"Blonde?" she hollers, and I can see the ends of her red hair curlin' up. "What blonde?"

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I just seen her a coupla times downstairs, is all."

"Oh, yeah?" she says. "What did she look like?"

"Kinda nice," I says, in a casual way. "A kinda cute figure, and a sort of a flowery dress she wears."

"You mean Gertrude Beedleknapp?" she says, her voice goin' up like a window shade.

"Maybe that's who it is," I says. "She's got nice legs, too."

She sits there a minute, sizzlin' like a prewar sirloin.

"How long has this been goin' on?" she asks me finally.

"What?"

"You and Gertrude Beedleknapp?"

"I never really met her. I just seen her."

"Oh," she says. She sits there for another minute. Then she gets up and goes over to the telephone, and dials a number.

"Who are you callin' up?" I says. "Advice to the Lovelorn?" I just say it for a joke, but it shows how success is goin' to my head. It don't last long.

"Hello, Gertrude?" she says.

It's my turn. "Gertrude Beedleknapp?" I holler.

"I'm fine," she says, into the phone. "Listen, Gertrude, whyncha come on up here for a minute?"

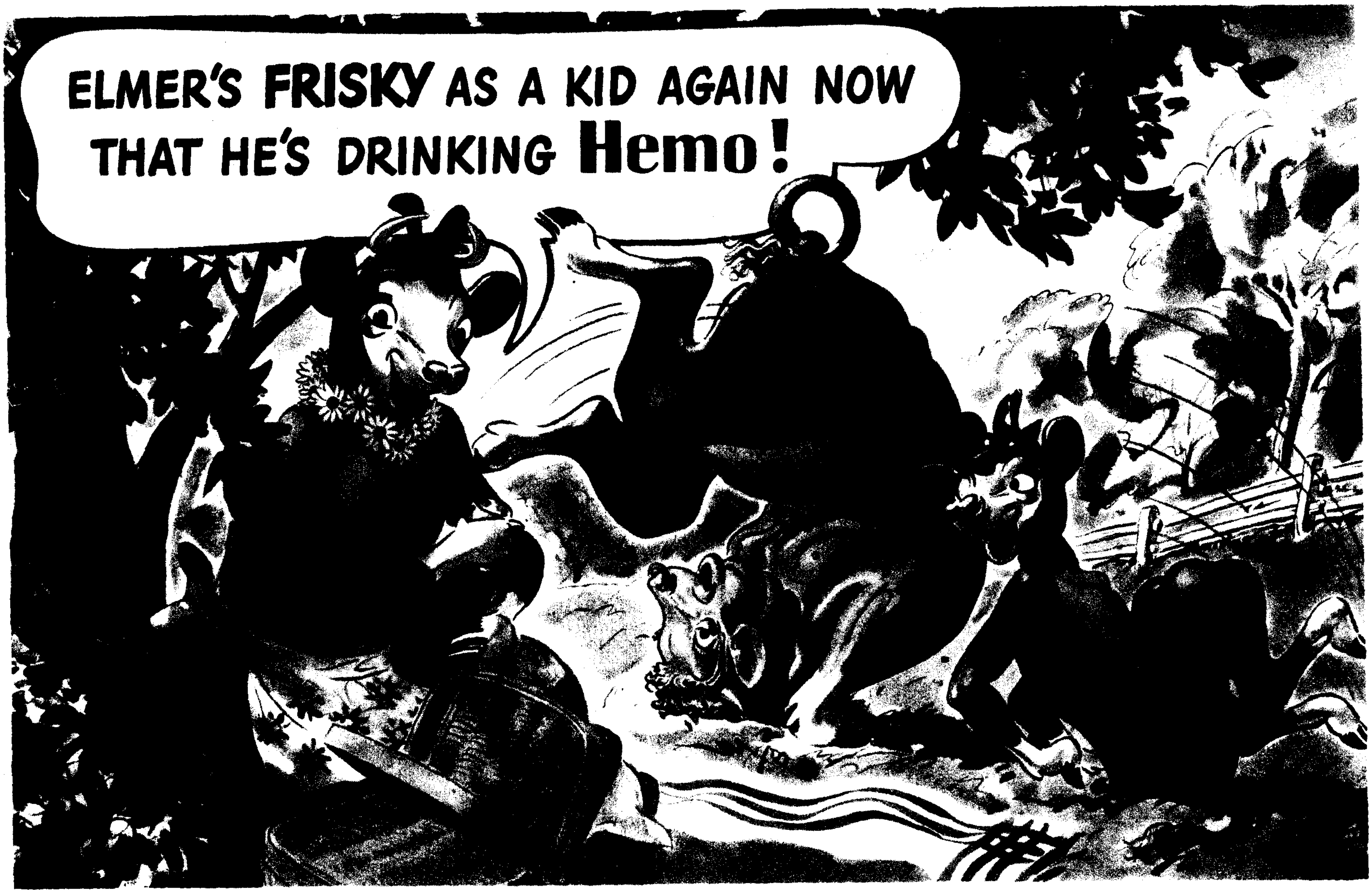
"Now, Mabel," I says. She ain't listenin'.

"What?" she says. "Oh, just come on up. I got a fella here who's dyin' to meet you. Yeah . . . a soldier."

I sit there, and the conversation continues. It's no use tryin' to change her mind, once she's started. You can see that this ain't exactly the way I worked the thing out . . . the strategy, I mean. It's a case of underestimating the strength of the opposition.

"Now what's the big idea of that?" I ask her, when she hangs up.

(Continued on page 70)


ELMER'S FRISKY AS A KID AGAIN NOW THAT HE'S DRINKING Hemo!

Pep up the easy Hemo way– Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

HEMO really does things for oldsters, youngsters—*everybody!*

Because HEMO supplies vitamins and minerals you need every day—*and may not be getting enough of!*

HEMO gives you these vital elements in a *real food.* For HEMO is *not* a medicine.

HEMO is a delicious, malty, chocolate milk drink . . . a real food, *fortified* with MORE vitamins and minerals for your protection!

Look what you get in HEMO!

YOUR ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus from two glasses of HEMO mixed in milk . . . *according to government standards!*

And, lady! How your family will go for refreshing HEMO! They'll love the way it helps them feel better, work better, act "alive"!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Yes!—and HEMO'll give them extra pep for play when work is done!

Costs so little! The full pound jar of HEMO costs just 59¢ at drug and grocery stores. And it takes only 2 heaping teaspoons *(no, you don't need more)* mixed in milk for each delicious drink. So let the whole family enjoy the taste-tingling thrill and the wonderful benefits of HEMO every day! Start 'em off *today!*

HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

Minimum daily needs set by U. S. nutritionists		2 servings of HEMO, mixed in milk, give
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A	4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B_1	400 USP units
2 milligrams	VITAMIN B_2	3 milligrams
400 USP units	VITAMIN D	410 USP units
(Not set)	NIACIN	10.3 milligrams
10 milligrams	IRON	15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams	CALCIUM	950 milligrams
750 milligrams	PHOSPHORUS	750 milligrams

©Borden Co.

"Theodore, let's celebrate! You got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"

"Sure . . . here's looking at you."

A lot of nice things come your way when you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow." Keep face-neat *all* the time—shave with a genuine Gem Blade. Gem's super-keen, deep wedge-edge gives cleaner, smoother shaves and more of them per blade! Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems fit *precisely*.

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM
GEM SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE

GEM RAZORS and BLADES

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HELP FEED OUR FIGHTING MEN!

JOIN THE U. S. CROP CORPS!

The Enchanted Isle

Continued from page 21

presumably hollowed with fire, then gnawed out with shells and polished with coral stone. The tippy hull was steadied by the buoyant outrigger.

I noticed the men first: handsomely muscled, girded in clumsy folds of tapa cloth, the loose end drawn between the legs and caught under the waist. Some had a palm leaf stuck into it, behind them, not only for effect but also for brushing flies. Their black hair was short, their heads well shaped. Slenderly arched noses complemented the well-molded features. I decided one could call them neither Polynesians nor Caucasians—but yet, they were more Caucasian. The women are about six inches shorter than the men, just under five feet. They, too, have light golden-brown skin which shone in the sun, and their bodies are delicate.

One outrigger rode much higher than the others, and the man standing upon it was a chief. His craft was a platform built upon a high-riding aluminum pontoon off a wrecked Jap float plane. He was clad in a pair of Marine skivvy shorts. Behind the chief came Peter Dale, pharmacist's mate, second class. He was solidly built and blue-eyed. His receding hairline gave him the appearance of a man twenty-five. He was actually twenty-one. I thought of what Commander Hoidale had told me of receding hairlines. Peter was shirtless, and his Marine trousers were hacked off above the knees. Clinging to his big hand was a native girl, about sixteen. As he climbed into the plane, she clung desperately to his short trousers leg, holding him back.

"Where is the high chief of the village?" I asked. "I've brought him a ship's signal lantern, and his wife some soap." Both gifts had been suggested by Commander Hoidale.

Peter turned to the girl and said brusquely: "Misiana, you take man—big, kind man—see Chief Moa."

The hurt of parting came into her eyes; she clutched the trousers leg more tightly.

The pharmacist's mate hardened his voice. "Misiana, take man see Chief Moa. I come back, by-and-by."

She remained undecided. Tears filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

He turned to me. "They're just like kids. Worse. Talk rough to them, and they bawl. All right, Misiana, shut up. Me go 'long, too." His language seemed crude in the presence of the affectionate little girl.

As he resumed his seat in the canoe, Misiana sat down quickly; her tears were smiles, and she took up a paddle and hastily tried to keep up with his quick angry strokes.

I caught myself looking at Misiana. As her body turned with her dipping paddle, the curve of her firm breasts completed the perfect symmetry of her body. From time to time, she turned to smile happily at me—for was I not bringing her Marine back? Her low laughter sounded surprisingly mature, but her smile was childlike and lingered in her sparkling eyes.

Misiana's nose was narrow, her face shapely, her short upper lip gave a little suggestion of a pout. The lips were dark-brick red, her irises lustrous white, the more because her large pupils were so dark brown—a polished hazelnut brown. The shape was that of an almond, but not with the Mongoloid fold. Her skin had the texture of a tea rose.

Each time as she turned to me, I tried to remember more of her face. But it was not until halfway to shore that I realized Misiana's hair was short—perhaps four inches long. It gave her face a boyish cast, and then, too, I remembered the rows of white dots on her body which ran from breast-high to hips. I wondered about those spots—a disease perhaps. Certainly not tattooing because the natives' tattooing was bluish.

Water Alive with Swimmers

Nearing the shore, we were forced to proceed more carefully, because the water was alive with dozens of swimmers. Among them, nurslings, not old enough to walk, splashed around contentedly.

Misiana turned and pointed out a little black-haired tyke who was using the Australian crawl and swimming circles around the men who paddled conventional dog-fashion. For the first time she spoke to me: "Doctor, him teach swim." She looked at Peter admiringly and laughed delightedly.

"They call me 'Doctor' around here," explained Peter. "It's fun to teach these kids how to swim. They catch on quick. Even football. But we had to teach the natives how to throw a ball correctly." Then, pointing to a native in skivvies, he said: "You're in luck. That's Moa standing there. He sometimes visits his other four villages and doesn't come back for a week."

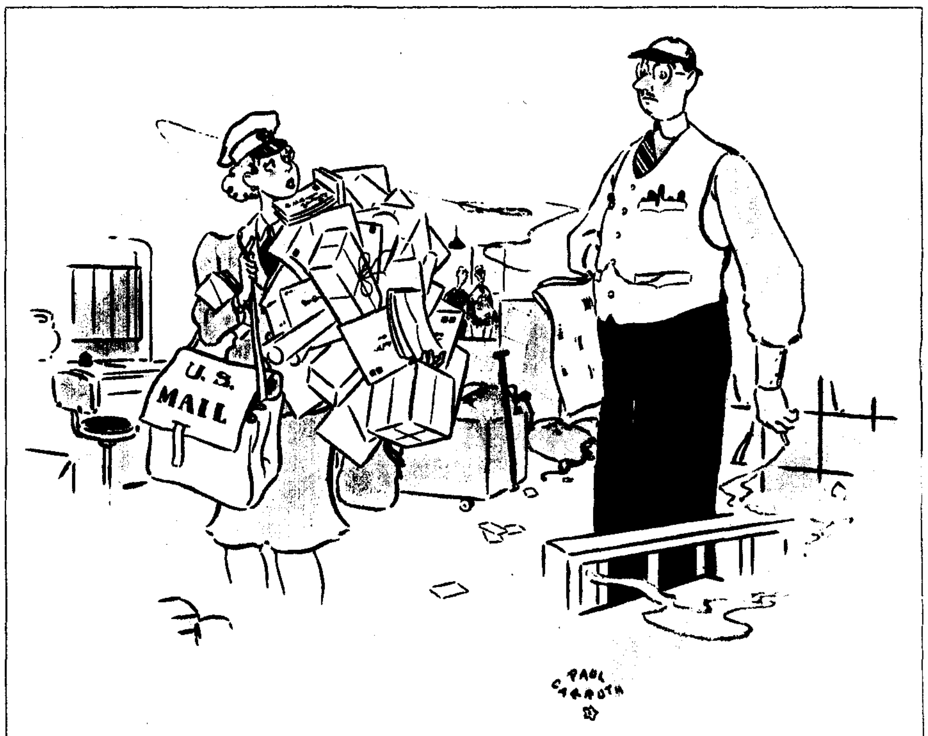
Moa was tall and dignified. In front of him, a large ebony walking stick stood upright in the ground. This cane represented godhood, and when Moa left the village, anyone left in possession of the cane had divinity.

"If I were you, I'd light the lantern," said Peter Dale. "It'll make a bigger hit that way." I put Dale down as a smart cooky.

As I approached with the lighted lantern, Moa extended his right hand. "You come visit me?"

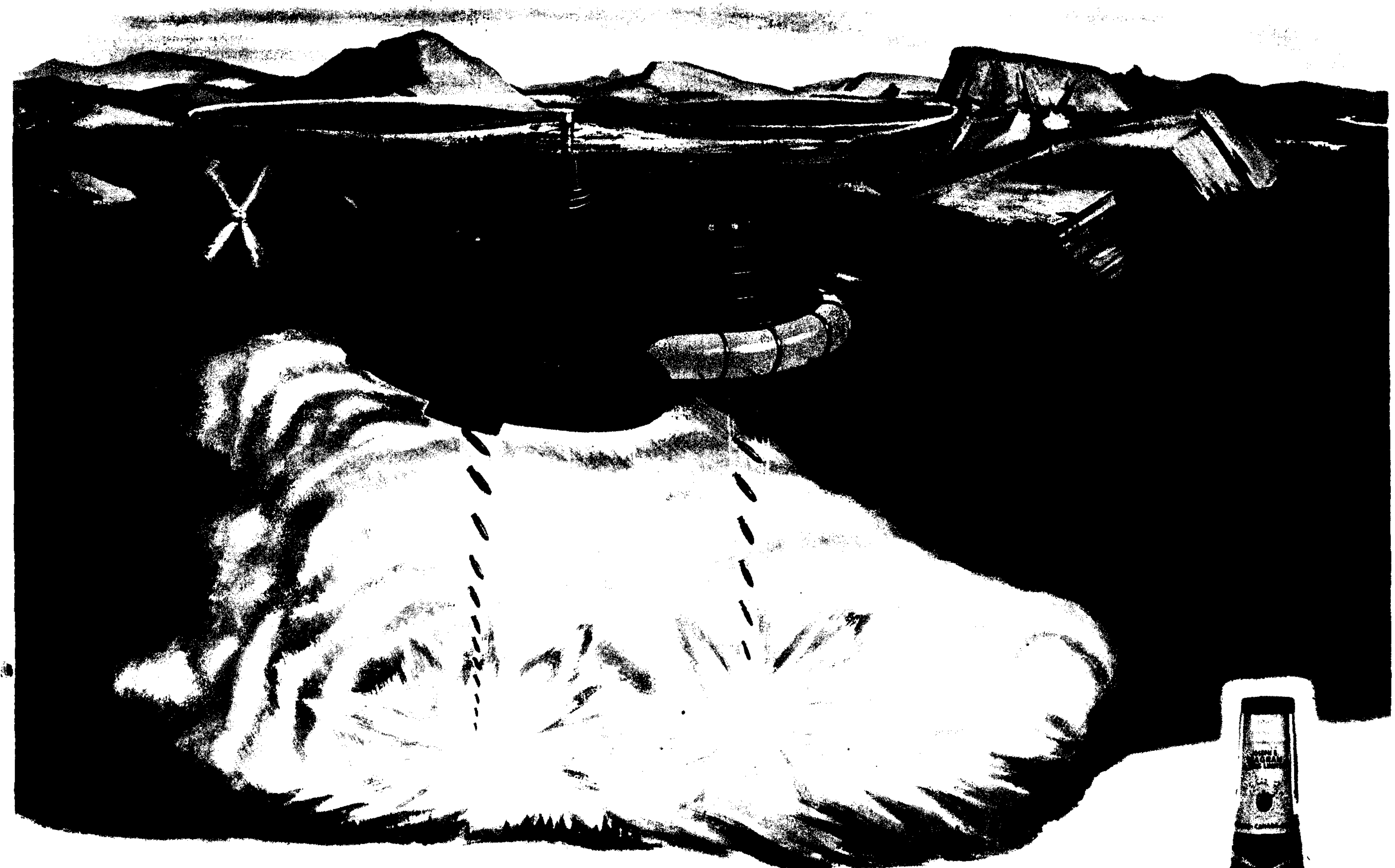
I nodded, adding, "With your permission, Chief Moa," and held out the lantern.

He could not resist grasping it. "For me?"



COLLIER'S "I'm doing fine except that after I put a few little things of my own in the bag there's no room for the mail" PAUL CARRUTH

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!



TOMORROW'S BOMBS WILL DESTROY FIRES!

For America's safety tomorrow, fire patrols will roam the skies, in radio communication with forestry stations . . . equipped with war-perfected range finders and bombsights. Chemical bombs will accurately blanket and smother flames before they have a chance to spread destruction.

* * *

FOR YOUR PLEASURE today, Seagram was already planning six long years ago . . . when Battleship was the first American bred and owned horse to win England's Grand National Steeplechase . . . Germany recalled her American ambassador . . . "The Life of Emile Zola" was the movie of the year . . . and Seagram was carefully selecting the finest and lightest of Canadian whiskies. Today you can enjoy those same whiskies in your V. O. CANADIAN . . . mellowed by age and skillfully blended for the world's lightest highball!

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

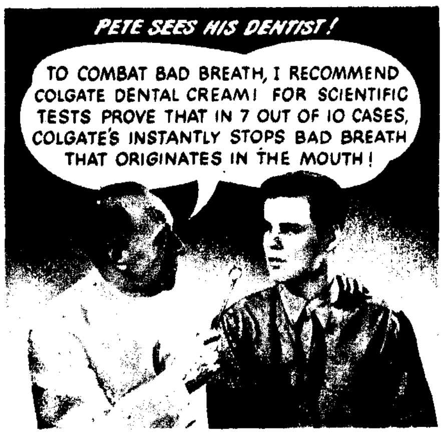
Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

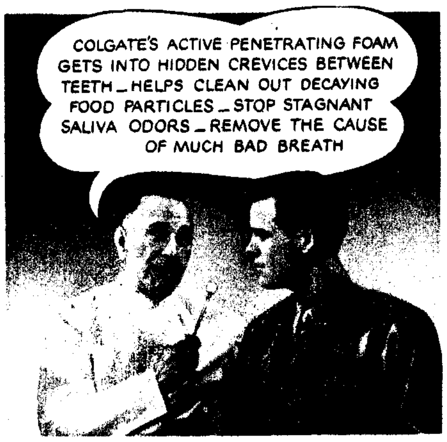
CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

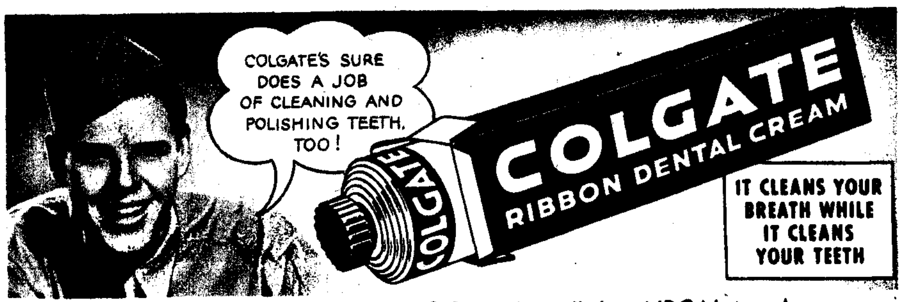
It Never Rains But It Pours!
I HAVEN'T GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH ALREADY— BUT MY GIRL HAS TO PICK THE DAY I'M ON K.P. TO SEND ME A THREE-PAGE GRIPE!

MABEL'S SURE BURNED UP ABOUT SOMETHING— BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT!
COULDN'T BE THAT BREATH OF YOURS, COULD IT? ON THE LEVEL, PETE, YOU OUGHTA HAVE A CHIN-WAG WITH YOUR DENTIST... FIRST CHANCE YOU GET!


PETE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!


COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STRIPES ON YOUR SLEEVES—AND MABEL IN YOUR ARMS! SURE LOOKS LIKE YOUR LUCK HAS CHANGED, PETE!
YEP! THANKS TO YOUR TIP-OFF, PAL, ME AND LADY LUCK ARE LIKE THAT THESE DAYS!


COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

he said and smiled happily. It won his heart instantly. Then he led me to his plaited palm hut at once, and we climbed the six steps to the split-bamboo floor level. He went to a dim-lit corner, unfolded three mats and took out a piece of tapa and pushed it toward me. "Me give present."

I thanked Moa, and he called his wife. She, like Moa, was taller than those of her sex, almost five feet two. On her right arm—apparently done by her with a mirror—was her name spelled backwards: y-r-a-M. On her chest was bluish tattooing. Her ear lobes were pierced and had large holes which were empty and ugly. Like all others, she was nude save for a strip of tapa bound tightly around her hips. Her bouquet reminded me of my remissness and I reached into my pocket and produced a cake of strong soap.

"Me use," she promised.

Abruptly dismissing his wife, Chief Moa picked up the lighted kerosene lantern and escorted me through his village.

"Doctor, him fine man. Fine house got," he said, leading me to a newly erected thatched hut. "Doctor, him and Misiana make sleep there."

Inside I saw several layers of mats in one corner, a pile of coconuts representing their combined wealth in another, and in the third was a Marine folding cot with a steel helmet and the "doctor's" equipment in a Red Cross strongbox near by.

Moa was anxious to show me everything in the order of its importance. We marched through the village and entered the all-surrounding jungle. At once we were in a tunnel of dark foliage, reddened by blossoming poinciana trees, and enlivened by the quick flights of chattering green parakeets. Then, quite suddenly, we came upon a small jungle clearing where the sun shone again and, under a high banyan tree, Moa stopped before a well-tended grave surrounded by bleached coral stones and *ti* leaves. Behind the rounded mound of white sand, laboriously carried in wicker baskets from the seashore, stood a wooden marker:

CAPT. R. IDEN
U.S.M.C.
DIED IN ACTION
Sept. 20, 1942

In his missionary-taught pidgin English, using quiet gestures, Chief Moa told me how Captain Iden's plane had crashed into the surf. The chief's people had hurried out, but the pilot was dead, and they brought his body here to rest.

New Method for Catching Fish

Crops on the island, I found, grew while the natives slept; therefore the natives slept, went swimming or gathered around their fires in the evening. Not that they were lazy. Men remained in the water for hours—even when it was rough—catching fish. One of their favorite methods was to use a net to confine the fish to rock ledges. Then a diver went down with the juice of a bruised plant which was strong enough to paralyze the fish. The stupefied fish would then float to the surface of the water, belly up.

Our well-beaten path continued to the largest building which I at once recognized as the church. It was Seventh Day Adventist. Moa told me that he himself conducted the daily services for The Big Master Walk Along The Sky. He said that his people went to church on work days at sunup and sundown, and three times on Sunday, while the remainder of the Sabbath was devoted to meditation and the sucking of sugar-cane stalks. Observing a songbook which consisted of printed verses, without music, I asked for a song. Pleased, Moa summoned his virgins seven, from a neighboring building.

"Not so many left, Marines him marry," he explained. Then he asked the girls to sing.

The virgins, from about twelve to fifteen years, lined up and, weaving their pretty torsos, sang *Da Rane Hilla* to the tune of Jesus Bids Us Shine. One accompanied aimlessly on a bamboo flute. Finished, they smiled and tiptoed out.

My eyes had become accustomed to the windowless church, and I observed that the supporting roof timbers were expertly hand-hewn.

"Who built the church?" I asked.

"Him, missionaries." Moa's right arm made a large arc.

"Where now stop?"

For a second, Moa's eyes expressed anger, but his voice did not betray him. "Me kill missionaries. Missionaries, humbug!" Humbug is a favorite word with him. "First, him go. Then bring native missionaries. All time take spears, tapa, give nothing. Damn' lazy. Eat fish, no catch. All time make big talk-talk—Big Master in sky, bigger than Moa. But no one can see Big Master. Me kill."

"How you make kill?" I persisted.

Moa grasped his own head in both hands, jumped up and down as he twisted it from side to side—his eyes bugging out as he did so—and pretended to throw the head away, spat on it and then stamped on the spot. This with me all alone in the dimly lighted church with the killer. Then, coaxingly, Moa said: "You no tell. Moa now Number One Christian."

A Little Time for Visiting

At the beach, Commander Cobb informed me that the PBY was taking off within thirty minutes to return to the base. He would pick me up the following day.

I decided to visit Lieutenant Carter in command of the Marine detachment. I observed a Marine solemnly scrubbing down Moa's wife with my gift soap and, after each soaping, splashing her with a No. 10 can the label of which said "Spinach."

Lieutenant Carter was dressed to suit the tropics in trimmed shorts, with a heavy beard and a crew haircut.

"Seems to me, Lieutenant," I suggested, "that Polynesia has conquered America. It usually does. Nature, apparently knows best."

Carter nodded. "This island is more than just Polynesia. There is no other island like it in the South Seas—or the world. It contains the remnants of perhaps the oldest civilization extant. For me, it was like turning back the pages of history twenty thousand years.

"But let me describe my metamorphosis. I expected to find here what we had seen in the New Hebrides and Guadalcanal—rubber-bellied brunettes smelling to high heaven; yaws, tuberculosis, hookworm, sexual diseases. Instead, I found a clean race unpolluted with our diseases." He hurried on to prevent interruption. "And a life reduced to irreducibles. There are more women than men here," he continued. "When life is soft and easy, females tend to predominate in numbers—same as with cattle. When the range is lean, bull calves are dropped, about fifty-three to forty-seven cow calves; while in good years, it's the other way 'round."

"Doesn't that excess of females here present quite a problem with your Marines?" I asked.

"Naturally, combined with the excessive friendliness of the females. Frankly, I was afraid that it might lead to wholesale murder of my detachment by jealous males. Remember, these people are savages. Life means damn' little to them. The chiefs apparently realized this, too, and within two days of our coming, gathered for a conference in this village. We met at seven o'clock in the evening under a thatched canopy. Smudge pots were set before their big chief Rapangi, and me. The meeting dealt with one topic: How can the men achieve proper and legal relations with females—if they so desire? By four in the morning, we had decided.

"First, the intending Marine must confine his attention to the virgins and he must intend marriage before he can flirt with one of them or offer her a package of cigarettes. A girl, the chiefs contended, by accepting such a munificent gift, would feel obligated to bestow her favors.

"Second, the Marine must gain the voluntary consent of the girl.

"Third, upon her willingness, the Marines must get the chief's approval. Mine also.

"Fourth, he must then secure the parents' consent—not so easy, because in the native form of group living, the correct fatherhood is sometimes difficult to ascertain.

"Fifth, with the parents' consent obtained, the Marine must give an earnest of his intentions, a five-pound-note dowry (about $16.50).

"Sixth, the chiefs insisted that the Marines could not take their women away, should they return to the United States at the war's end."

While Lieutenant Carter was speaking, Corpsman Peter Dale came to headquarters for his pay, together with barefooted little Misiana two steps behind. As the pharmacist's mate, second class, brought his heels together smartly and saluted, little Misiana also drew up her beautiful body and saluted, and smiled coyly. Carter paid the corpsman his allotment, and again the pair saluted and departed.

"There's quite a romance there," said Carter, "if you're interested."

"I thought as much," I said. "I wanted to ask you about it."

Reward for the Doctor

"Upon our arrival here, little Misiana had a badly infected foot, terribly swollen and inflamed to the knee, and a high fever. Her chances of living were poor. But our pharmacist's mate judged the symptoms correctly, incised the infected area, drained it, sprinkled the area with sulfa powder and bound it up.

He tended her twice daily—more when she became better—and within a week Misiana was up and around, but always following him like a puppy. As a result of the remarkable cure, the entire population took it for granted that Peter and Misiana would become man and wife.

"In keeping with our established code, Dale came to me and got permission; then to the chiefs, who granted it readily. But the parents refused. As you may have noticed, Dale has a receding hairline; and a bald son-in-law, they decided, would be an everlasting disgrace to their family.

"However, the affair of the 'Doctor' (as the villagers began calling him), and Misiana, had become the business of the entire community. Receding hairline or not, he was a white miracle producer and they deeply resented the parents' selfishness and pride. There was muttering against the parents.

"Chief Moa decided to solve the problem. During darkness a few nights later, he spirited little Misiana away, taking her to a village twenty miles distant. He hoped that her love for the pharmacist's mate was a temporary infatuation and that the girl would forget him, once out of his sight. Not so. Little Misiana became desperately homesick for her 'Doctor.' She pleaded to be returned.

Then, as day followed miserable day, and she saw that Peter did not come to fetch her, she became more unhappy and decided she did not want to live. To hasten death, she took a poisonous drink—it may have been the brew they dip their arrows into—and she became desperately sick. Native doctors were summoned.

"Meanwhile my pharmacist's mate was most unhappy. While runners were fetching the medicine men, a native came to Dale secretly and told him that Misiana was dying. He came to me and asked if he might visit her to effect a cure. I understood his feelings and the urgency, and consented, providing another Marine accompanied him.

"As they arrived, smoke poured out of the hut, and there was a congregation of crying people about the building. There was an unmistakable smell of burning flesh, too. They rushed in and found more than a dozen medicine men making incantations and burning Misiana's body with glowing ends of sharp sticks—attempting, I suppose, to drive out the evil.

"Those burns must have made the white spots on her body," I said.

Carter nodded. "Dale was smart enough to size up the situation. He told the head chief that he could cure Misiana, providing the medicine men were ordered to leave quickly, so that he could make his own strong medicine. The chief agreed and commanded his medicine men to begone. Of course, they were angry.

"Dale knew what to do. He suspected that the poison might still be in her stomach, so he first gave her an emetic of soapy water. She vomited and became better. Then he gave her some other medicine. Then he treated her burns and nursed her back to health.

The Dead Returns to Life

"Cured, Moa took over. He told our 'Doctor' that Misiana had been dead, and that he had given the girl a new life, and now her life belonged to him, not to the parents."

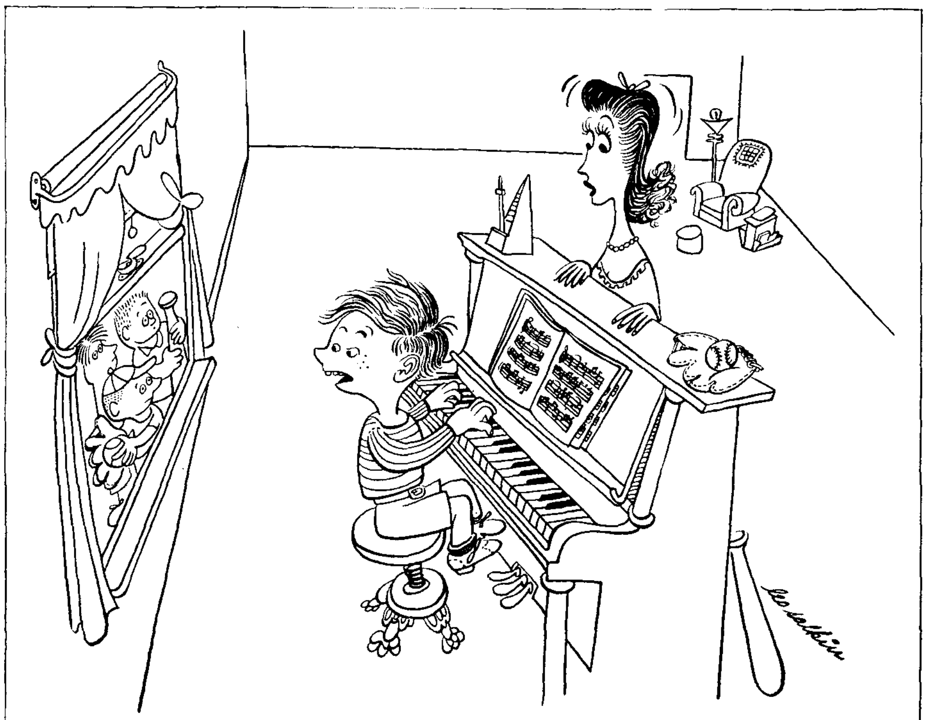
"A nice solution to a tough problem, Lieutenant," I remarked. "Did Dale marry her right off?"

"No. He was afraid of the parents, and he did not want to make marriage an invitation to murder. So, instead, he went to the parents again with his dowry. The strong magic combined with the sixteen-fifty tilted the scale against the receding hairline, and they consented. You can imagine what a hullabaloo of rejoicing there was, and feasting. And all hands fell to, to build them a house, and Dale, as you may have noticed, is now their revered and respected 'Doctor.' "

"Will he stay after the war is over?" I asked.

Lieutenant Carter shrugged. "That may depend upon his hairline."

THE END



"Sorry, gates, but Mom says I got to stash my frame down on the mahogany and pound the stomp-box 'til I can dig this jive!"

COLLIER'S LEO SALKIN

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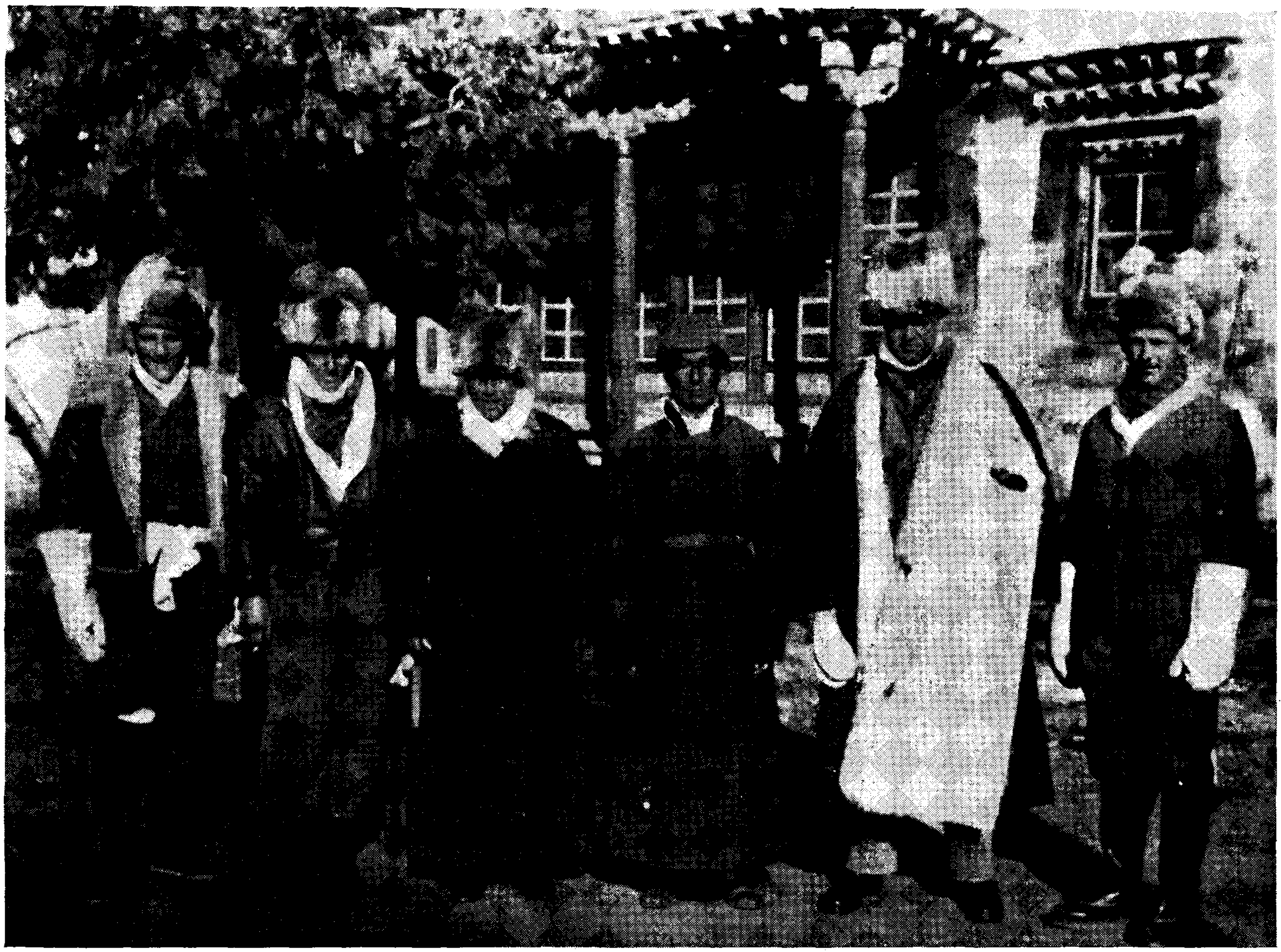

U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Crew of the lost ATC plane pose for first pictures of American fliers ever taken in Lhasa, in fur hats and fur-lined boots loaned by Tibetans for the trek over 19,000-foot Himalayan peaks. From left: Pfc. John Huffman, Cpl. Kenneth Spencer, Cpl. William Parram, a Tibetan host, Lt. R. E. Crozier, 2d Lt. Harold McCallum

Forbidden City

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Only five other Americans had ever seen the Holy City of Lhasa before the crew of the C-87 that crashed in Tibet. It seemed like a dream. Through too much native kindness, they entered the fabulous city in a lovely haze

Back at their Indian base, Cpl. Spencer signs Corey Ford's Short-Snorter bill. Waiting their turn, l. to r., Pfc. Huffman, 2d Lt. McCallum and Lt. Crozier

U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

SOMEWHERE in India: They saw the black thundercloud ahead of them, and then someone yelled, "There's rocks in it," and Lieutenant Crozier yanked the stick and they did a one-eighty just in time. They were at 25,000 feet, he said, and the mountain was several thousand feet higher: almost as high as Everest. All around them the peaks of the Himalayas were uncharted reefs in a solid gray ocean of cloud, and they did not know where they were: once through a hole in the overcast they saw the lights of a town they thought was Chabua, and circled it, but they could not raise the tower.

Their gas was gone now, and first No. 1 and then No. 2 engine coughed and cut out, and Crozier set the automatic pilot and screwed down the key, and they kicked open the rear door and one by one the five airmen jumped into the black rushing night.

They did not know where they were when they landed. They made their way down the cliffs to the river, and still they thought they were in the Assam Valley: though the Brahmaputra seemed to run in the wrong direction, east instead of west.

Even when the strange flat-featured natives surrounded them and plucked curiously at their clothes and jabbered in an unknown language as they gave them barley bread and bitter tea with butter and salt in it, they thought they were somewhere in India. But one native in a black fur cap spoke a little Hindustani, and for the first time they learned that they were in Tibet; that the lighted town they thought was Chabua was the fabulous Forbidden City of Lhasa; that their airplane had been the first in history to fly over its secret heart. They were the only Americans who had ever set foot in this far-off corner of Shangri-la.

Already, back at their home base in India after forty-two tortuous days by horseback and on foot across the top of the Himalayan range, the whole adventure seemed unreal. Crozier opened his foot locker and took out a pair of black leather Tibetan boots, lined with wildcat fur and shapeless, to fit either foot; but they were only curiosities now, and it was hard to believe he had actually worn them while climbing the 19,000-foot Gopa Pass in the bitter cold. Private Huffman had some 2,000-year-old coins, or so the sad Bhutanese monk told him, and of course, everybody had Tibetan bills pasted on their short snorter rolls; but the rest of it—the Holy City of Lhasa which only five other Americans in history had seen, the narrow streets where no wheels ever turned, the red and gold palace of the Dalai Lama with great mastiffs chained to guard its gates, the chieftains with their maroon robes and shoulder-length earrings and glittering pagoda-shaped hats—was only a dream.

A bad dream, Corporal Spencer felt. Corporal Spencer says there's nothing in Tibet that you wouldn't find twice as good in Rockville Center, Long Island. Personally, Corporal Spencer is all through with adventure. "I want to go back to Rockville Center," he said, "and I want to go by train."

The thatched basha hut steamed in India's monsoon heat; they had peeled off their shirts, and sweat dripped off chins and trickled down naked chests as they sprawled on cots and talked. There were only four of the original crew now: Lieutenant R. E. Crozier of West, Texas, the pilot; 2nd Lieutenant Harold McCallum of Quincy, Mass., the copilot; Corporal Kenneth Spencer, the radio operator; and Pfc. John Huffman of Straughn, Ind., the assistant engineer. The fifth, Corporal William Parram of Tulsa, Okla., had been killed in an airplane crash the week before.

They kept interrupting one another, and nobody paid any attention to rank; you forget differences like rank when you live through a wild adventure together, when you don't know if you'll get out alive or not. Bit by bit they pieced out the story.

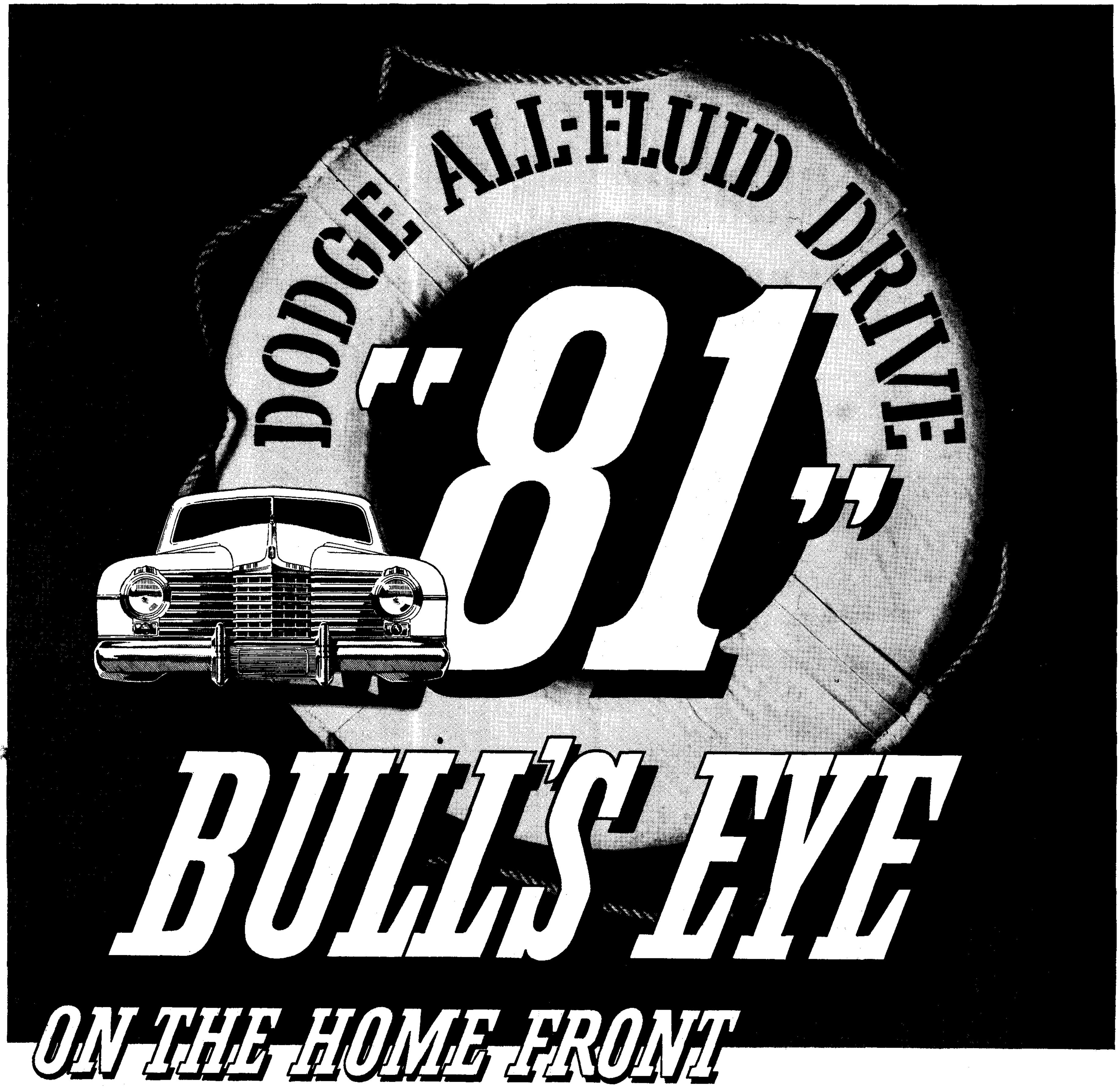
They all remembered the jumping; that part of it was real enough. Bailing out of a crippled plane is only too real to these Air Transport Command pilots who fly supplies over the Hump daily from India to Chin the toughest unprotected combat flying in the world, General Chennault calls it. There are lurking Jap Zeros, and ice, and hundred-mile gales, and sometimes you fly the whole way through solid overcast, and if your radio reception goes sour and you lose your way then the chances are you hit the silk. That was what had happened to their C-87 cargo plane, on its way back to India from Kunming: off its course, lacking radio contact, five hours overdue and out of gas. "I'm taking a train home," Corporal Spencer said.

They pulled their ripcords the moment they hit the slipstream; probably that saved their lives. McCallum dropped less than five hundred feet, and landed so hard he was knocked unconscious. Crozier's chute had barely blossomed as he hit the ground; he rolled toward a cliff, but the silk caught in a projecting ledge. Huffman's feet tangled in the shroud lines, hanging him upside down, and he kicked himself free just in time to avert a broken back. The chest buckle of Spencer's chute flipped up and slashed his chin clean to the bone: "See that scar?" Parram, dangling over a precipice, broke his shoulder as he swung against the canyon wall; somehow he managed to haul himself to safety with his good arm.

Across the valley their careening plane struck a mountainside with a great burst of flame, and then there was silence. They were scattered for a mile along the ridge, and in the darkness they knew it was not safe to start searching for each other.

Crozier tried to make a fire out of some tough weeds, but they were too green to burn, so he rolled himself up in his chute and waited for daylight. "It was seventeen below zero, and I just lay there with every muscle hopping." It was funny to think of the cold now, with sweat running off his forehead in rivers. "I couldn't sleep because the air was so thin I had to gasp for breath."

At dawn he started calling, and located McCallum and Spencer; Huffman and Parram on the other side of the ridge couldn't hear him. Bruised, skinned raw from head to foot, they worked their way painfully



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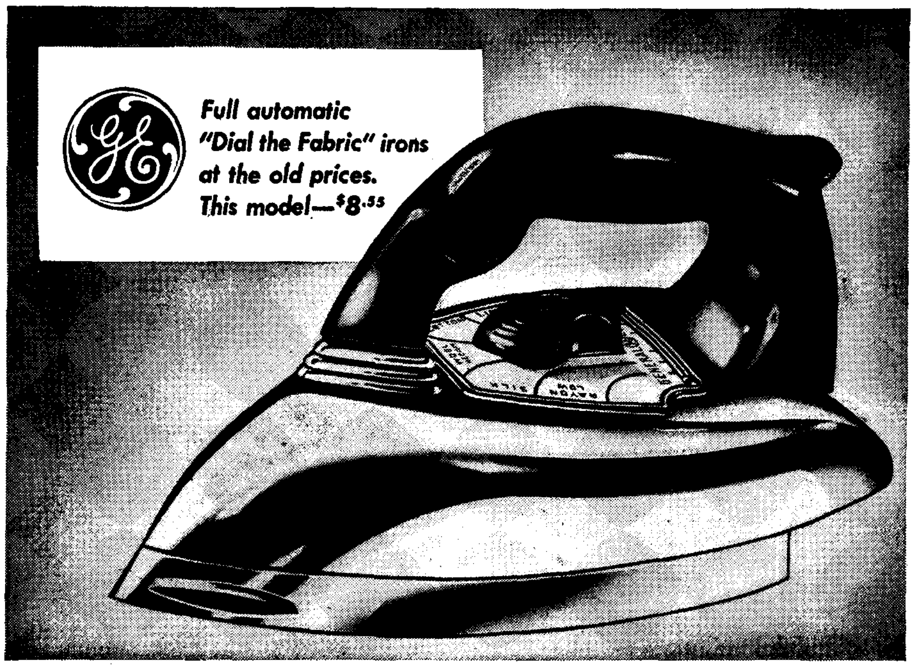
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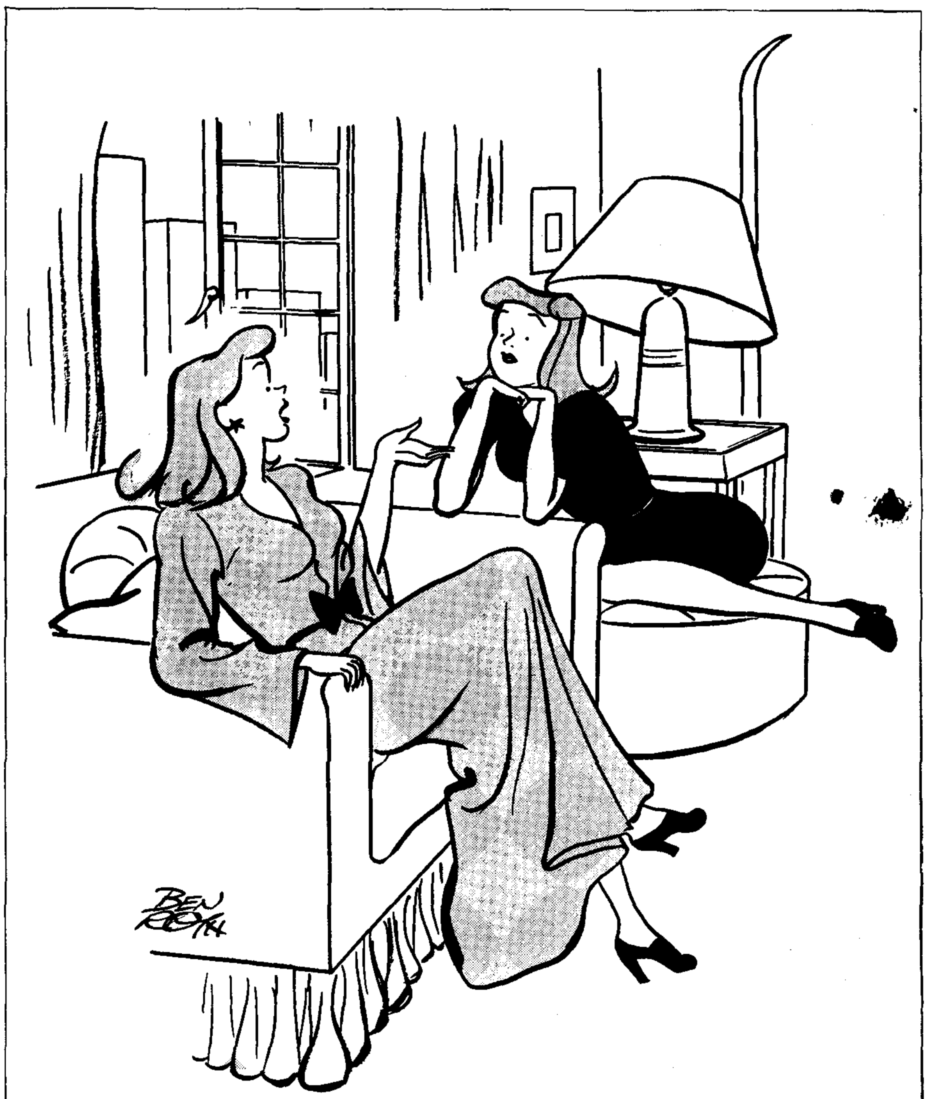


"I'm a little dubious about his proposal. He needs a typist and a laundress!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

down the cliffs to the valley, and for two days wandered dazed along the river until they came to a village. The natives crowded around them, grabbing at their clothes, chattering excitedly; the three airmen mistook their curiosity and began to retreat in alarm, Crozier firing his pistol over the heads of the villagers once or twice to warn them back.

"There were a lot of swastikas painted on the houses," he said, "and that scared hell out of us, till we found out they were only religious symbols."

Fortunately, McCallum could speak some Hindustani; he tried a tentative "*Salaam alicum*" and a villager answered "*Alicum salaam*" and he realized they were friendly.

"We were so tired we could hardly walk and to make it worse the little kids had never seen a white man before, and they clung to our hands and stared up into our faces."

A Meager Repast

Dragging the eager Tibetan children on either arm, the three staggered into a house and sprawled onto padded mats and drank hot goat's milk and ate black unleavened bread. The room was heated by a small grate, with dried yak dung as fuel. Yak dung is a medium of exchange all over Tibet, Crozier said, even more valuable than money.

There in Sinow Ulla's home, they were treated like children; the Tibetans could not believe anyone so young could be flying airplanes so far from home. In Tibet a boy isn't considered a man until his father dies, and sometimes a Tibetan boy will be forty years old. Spencer, who is only nineteen, was completely incredible to them; they petted and babied him until he was fighting mad and threatened to beat up the next so-and-so who tried to tuck him into bed at night.

Crowds of people followed them wherever they went; when they headed for a clump of trees for natural reasons, they said, the entire village tagged after them and stood watching them in an expectant circle. They tried sneaking out to the trees at night, but the whole town accompanied them, holding lighted lanterns so they could see.

Word of their presence spread. The headmen of the surrounding villages came to call, dressed in fur-lined maroon robes looped under their arms, long hair wound around a carved bone ornament and tied in a topknot, fantastic three-foot-high hats like inverted cones, a single gold earring in the left ear. They figure that one earring is more noticeable than two, Crozier explained.

Evidently the chiefs were dignitaries of considerable importance, for the villagers stepped off the sidewalks as they passed and sucked in their breath deferentially. They brought the airmen gifts of several dozen eggs—extremely rare in Tibet—and mutton and cigarettes; and they sat in a solemn circle and talked. Sinow Ulla translated: "They say they will send word to your government in India." McCallum gasped: "India? Where the hell are we now?"

Sinow Ulla said "Tibet" and the three airmen looked at one another and Spencer said in a low voice, "Oh, my naked butt!"

They persuaded the chiefs to send a messenger from village to village, in case Huffman and Parram were in the vicinity; there had been no word of them since they bailed out. Crozier scribbled a note: "We are in, the village of Tsetang. Join us here. We are all in Tibet, God knows how. Keep your chin up."

"I got the note the next night," Huffman broke in eagerly. "I'd found their footprints along the river and I tried to follow them, but I must have passed them in the dark. I met some natives who wanted my parachute shroud lines to trim their robes with, so I swapped some pieces of line for tea and bread. I managed to make them understand I wanted a smoke, and they dug up an old pack of Guinea Golds. So help me! They were dry as dust and must have been brought into that town twenty years ago. I gave them my jungle knife to show we were friends, but that night when I went to bed I found the knife under my pillow. I guess they wanted to show me they trusted me, too."

"Tell about the girl," Spencer said. Huffman looked embarrassed. "Oh, that."

"Tell them," Spencer said.

"It wasn't anything, just that one old man kept staring at me after I'd got into bed, and he said something to the other villagers, and then he grabbed this young girl by the arm, and brought her to the bed, and sort of motioned me to move over, that was all." He scowled at the toes of his G.I. shoes. "Tibet people are very hospitable," he said.

"Anyway, as soon as I got the note," Huffman went on, "the natives gave me a horse and some money, and guided me to Tsetang village where the rest were, and it was sure good to see them. We all made a dive for each other. I said to Lieutenant Crozier, 'It's sure good to see you, sir.' He said, 'Forget the sir; we'll probably all be calling each other worse than that before we get out of here.'"

Their prospects of getting out did not look any too bright. Parram joined them that same night, his broken arm swollen and paining him considerably; now they were doubly anxious to be on their way. They appealed to the local commissioner, a vast amiable Buddha in a bright yellow silk robe, who looked like something sitting on something, Spencer said, and who served them tea and tinned English biscuits; but he was politely discouraging about their chances.

A morose Bhutanese monk who spoke English came a hundred miles to console them, but he only added to their gloom; the hills were full of bandits, he told them sadly, the trade routes were snowed under, they would need a whole company of soldiers to protect them if they hoped to reach the border alive.

Then one night a little Nepalese doctor from the British Political Office named Sahib Ra Bo appeared in Tsetang, as mysteriously as though he had materialized out of a bottle, and promptly took charge of their affairs. Evidently, Doc Bo wielded vast influence in the countryside; he ranted and pounded his silver-topped cane, he ordered the local chieftains to give their American guests the best of food and wine; within two days he had assembled horses and guides. Smiling and polishing his hands, he announced that he personally was going to lead them over Gopa Pass to the city of Lhasa.

The whole village turned out to see them off. The chiefs gave their parting guests thick fur robes, fur-lined boots, wool blankets—made in Japan, they were a little startled to observe—and a good-luck scarf for each to wear, woven of wood fiber but soft and smooth as silk.

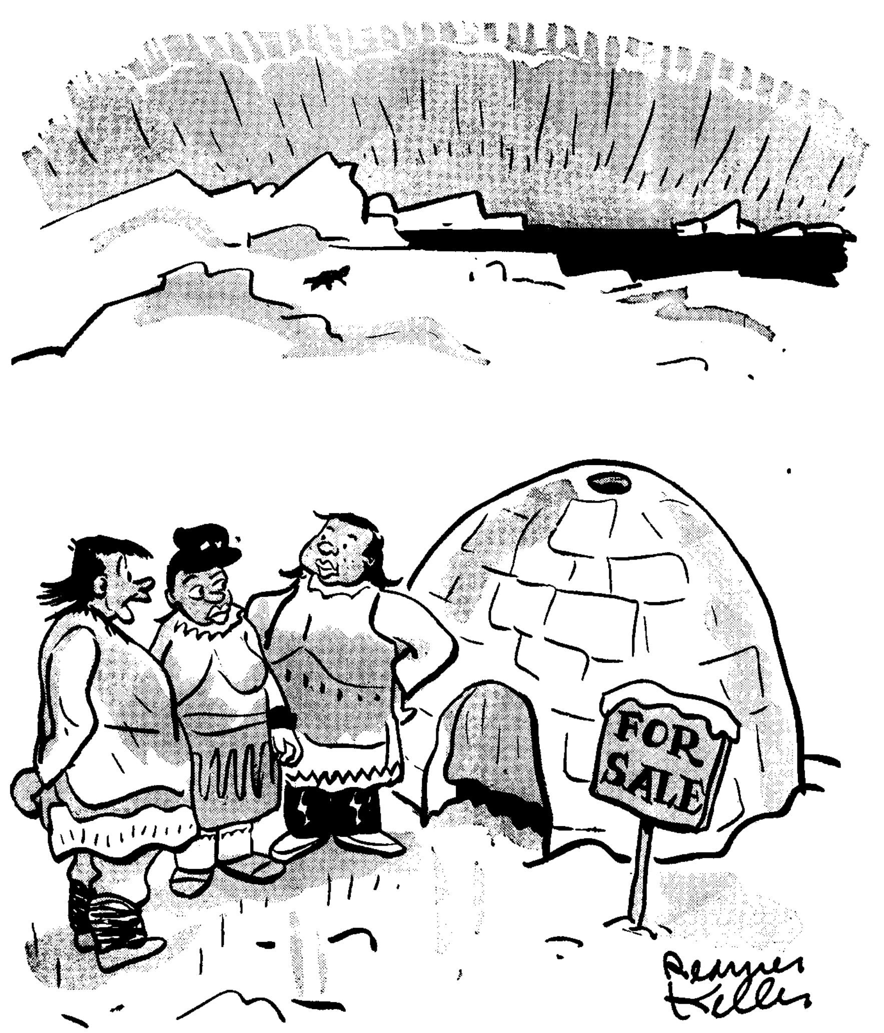
As they followed the trail out of town, they passed a file of Tibetans moving up and down the mountainside like ants, carrying off the remains of their wrecked plane. They could see the broken fuselage lying in a clearing, almost completely stripped by now. One engine had been hurled clear and was frozen solid in a pond; fifteen natives were trying in vain to pry a propeller out of the ice, unaware that a ton of motor was attached to the other end. Spencer saw one native dragging away the plane's radio. The native took an ax and chopped it in half so he could carry it more easily.

The Forbidden City

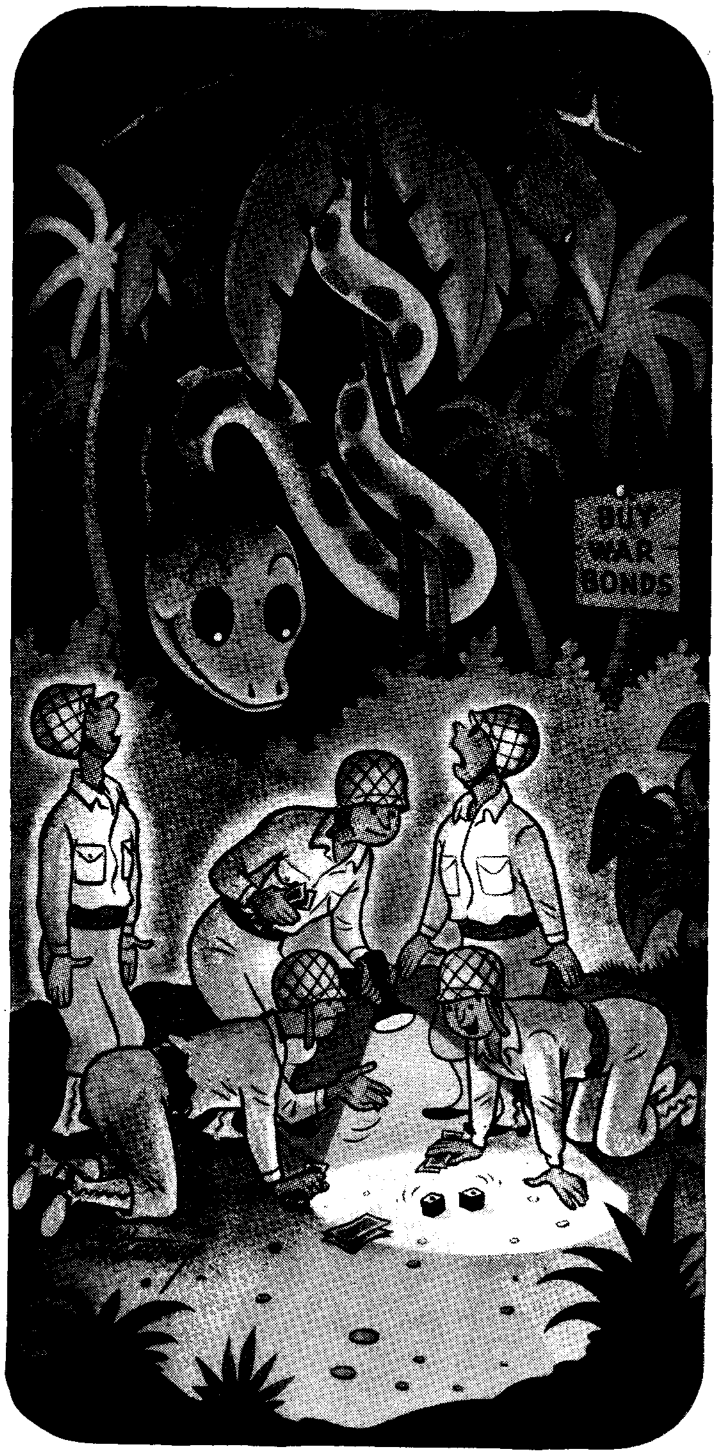
Hour after hour they climbed the narrow path toward the divide; the ancient stone steps had been hacked out of an almost vertical ledge, and the horses stumbled uncertainly along the very edge of space. Sometimes a rock would be dislodged, and drop a sheer mile straight down. They had to rest the horses every few minutes, due to the lack of oxygen and the extreme cold. When they stopped for a lunch of cold goat's meat, it took three men to help McCallum back into the saddle. Little Doc Bo kept urging them on—"Only one more mile to go"—and at last, at 18,900 feet, they reached the summit, and below them in the valley they saw a winding river and, beyond the river, in the distance, the fabulous domes and turrets of the Forbidden City glinted in the thin white sunlight.

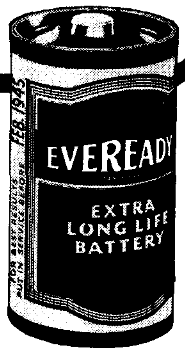
Somehow Doc Bo had sent word ahead of their coming; they never knew how. A huge silk refreshment tent was pitched on the riverbank, and inside it was a scene out of the Arabian Nights: rich Persian carpets on the floor, a long banquet table laden with silver and exquisite china, exotic cakes and sweetmeats, barrels of a strong Tibetan barley beer called *chung*, bottles of brandy, and a Chinese *saki* wine that had the potency of 100-octane gas at that altitude.

They filled silver flagons and drank a *gambai*—bottoms up—to their hosts, and they filled the flagons again and they gambaied Doc Bo, and they gambaied Tibet, and



COLLIER'S "We're going to hold off buying until after the war. Houses are going to be radically different" REAMER KELLER





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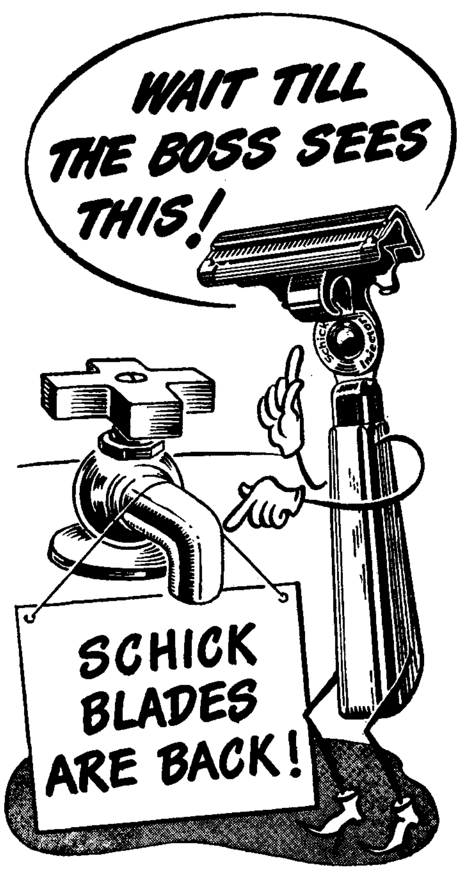
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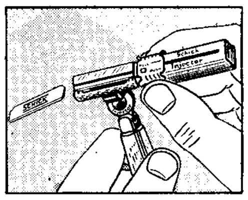

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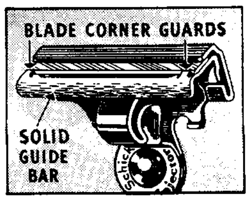

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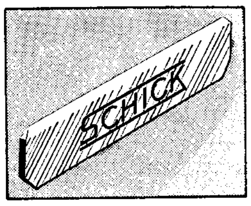

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

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they gambaied America, and they gambaied the Dalai Lama, and they gambaied President Roosevelt, and Spencer gambaied Rockville Center, Long Island, and about that time they noticed that the tent was revolving around and around thêm at considerable speed, and a blurred succession of Doc Bos kept suggesting that maybe they should be on their way, and somehow they were back on their horses again and setting out for Lhasa in a lovely daze, rolling from side to side in the saddle and singing Home, Home on the Range. . . .

They did not remember much about their entry into the Forbidden City. There seemed to be thousands of people lining the streets, they said, and women with jeweled nose rings smiled at them from balconies, and native brown children and white donkeys skittered out from under their horses' hoofs, and they had an impression of the Dalai Lama's great marble Potala, towering five stories high above the rest of the city and topped by glittering gold domes.

Huge mastiffs on chains lunged at them as they passed, and occasionally the nightmare face of a fierce Tibetan guard would swim toward them out of the mist, and then suddenly their horses had halted before the British Government House, called the *Dinkilinka,* and a British major was rushing forward with hands outstretched and saying: "Come on in and have a drink. . . ."

They spent five days with Major Sherriff and his wife and, in some ways, that was the most incredible part of the whole adventure, they said. They had hot baths and shaves, and at night they slept in the first real bed in twenty-two days. They ate homemade ice cream, and played ping-pong with Mrs. Sherriff, who was the former Betty Hughes, one-time contender for the Wimbledon Cup, and one evening Major Sherriff got out a projector and showed an old Laurel and Hardy film. "We laughed till we cried," Crozier said.

They wandered through Lhasa's narrow, winding streets, devoid of wheeled vehicles of any kind, and they were relieved to find the Tibetans so friendly. They had been afraid the citizens would resent the fact that they had flown over the city—Tibetans believe that no human being should venture higher than the Dalai Lama—but evidently the local priests had pointed to the wrecked plane as awesome proof of what happens to an offender, so the populace seemed to be satisfied.

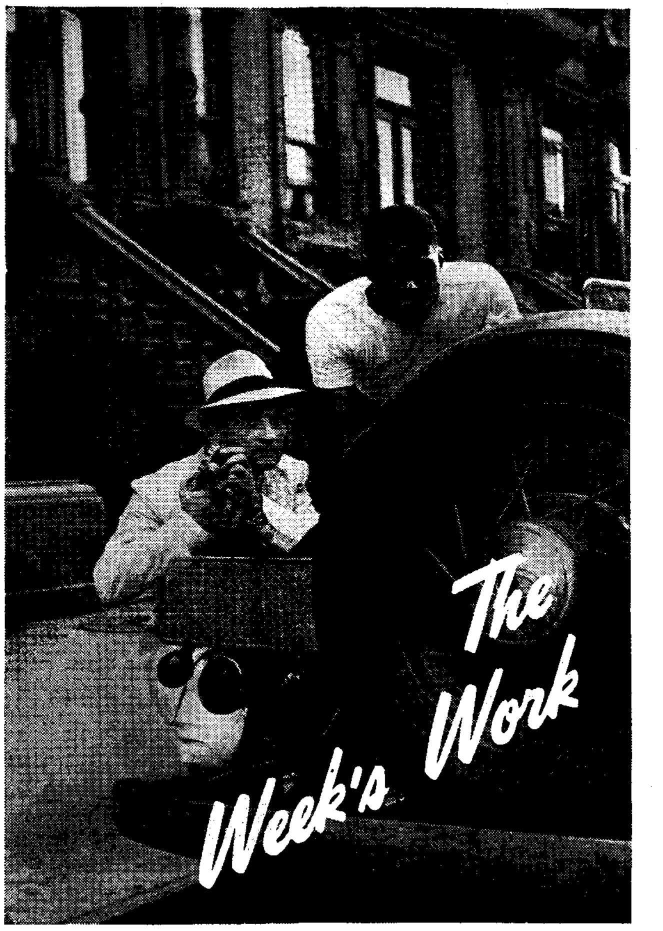
Meantime, Mr. Rangang, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Tibetan government, was arranging for a caravan to take them to the border; and at last, on December 19th, they started the long trek back to India. They had done what no other American had ever done, they had flown where no fliers had been before; but with every mile the whole thing was growing more and more unreal, and already their glimpse of Shangri-la was only a movie they had seen. It was like coming out of a matinee into broad daylight, as they trudged south toward the dull realities of heat and the monsoon and flying the Hump again.

They spent Christmas Eve along the trail at the small Tibetan outpost of Gyantse, with a single British officer named Captain Davis who was stationed there. The captain broke out his only bottle of whisky for the occasion, and they sat around and sang I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas, and Captain Davis said he wished he had a harmonica so he could play a tune like that once in a while when he got homesick. You can get homesick even in Shangri-la. . . .

Corporal Spencer remembered about the harmonica. As soon as he got back to India, he wrote his father in Rockville Center, Long Island, and asked him the next time he was downtown he should stop by the stationery store and buy a harmonica and mail *it* to a Captain Davis in Tibet that had been so nice to Corporal Spencer when he spent Christmas Eve there. The address created a small sensation in the local post office. The postmaster, having searched through all his books in vain for the zoning rate, shoved back his glasses at last and shook his head.

"I bet you one thing, Mr. Spencer," he said defensively. "I bet your son's the first person that ever visited Tibet from Rockville Center."

THE END



KNOPF—PIX

Harlem hoodlums don't care for cameras, Photographer Knopf discovered. Knopf, left; city patrolman, right

THE intrepid photographer who took the pictures to illustrate Walter Davenport's article about Harlem hoodlums (p. 11) is H. J. Knopf, and intrepid is what he had to be, because the bad boys of Harlem do not care for people who point cameras at them, and they have been known to smash such cameras and take pot shots at the fellows trying to operate them.

The city assigned Patrolman Bowman, a Negro experienced in Harlem ways, to protect Knopf while he did his job.

Knopf, somehow, always draws the toughest picture-taking assignments at Collier's, more often than not in connection with Davenport's articles.

"Good luck, boy," Davenport always says. "You're a fine photographer and it was nice to have known you."

MAJOR RICHARD POWELL ran across the idea for his serial, Lay That Pistol Down (beginning on p. 14), in the course of his War Department Public Relations job.

Major Powell says, "For over a year down here in Washington, I rambled around with an infantry major, a veteran of the first World War, who was slowly chewing his desk and swivel chair to sawdust because they said he was too old to go out and take a few beachheads. Since nobody would give him any modern firearms, he did the best he could with antique firearms, and I picked up the idea for the background of the story from him.

"Then it was merely a matter of reading everything on the subject in the Library of Congress, plotting, writing, revising—and suddenly, in six months, there was the completed story.

"The last I heard of my friend the infantry major, he had outtalked somebody and was on Bougainville with, I hope, a pocketful of grenades and an M-3 submachine gun."

Powell, a native Philadelphian, and a Princeton graduate, class of 1930, claims he once was the outstanding authority on the literary style of editorial rejection slips, having collected them for two novels and about 50 short stories between 1930 and 1936. "In the latter year," he says, "The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company shattered my record by taking three short stories. One went in Collier's, one in American, and one in Woman's Home Companion. I prepared to retire, to buy yachts and catch broadbill swordfish—and didn't sell another line for a year."

Since then, Powell has sold his works with great regularity for a man always employed on regular jobs with highly irregular hours—jobs with the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, the N. W. Ayer Advertising Agency and the War Department.

The author's household includes two small blond children and a tall blond wife, Vassar '30. "It was a college romance," Powell says, "and has worked out excellently, due to a delusion on my wife's part that you have to put up with anything when you marry a gu who wants to be a writer."

THIS should be designated Army Week i Collier's, for we have with us not onl the major who authored the serial, but also lieutenant, a sergeant and a corporal. No that we have a thing against privates.

Lieutenant Robert Meltzer eschews the grin side of the war in France and tells a chucklin tale in Normandy Interlude, p. 24. But h fighting job with the Rangers is grim enough and his earlier Army spot, with the paratroopers, was real and earnest, too. When he joined up, Meltzer left behind him a very satisfactory Hollywood career. He has worked as a writer, and sometimes as assistant director, with Orson Welles and Charles Chaplin

After he suffered various broken bones in a parachute jump, the Army was willing to retire him to some softer Army job, but Meltzer got himself accepted by the Rangers.

THE author of Handle It With Strategy p. 28, Sergeant Irving G. Neiman, is a control-tower operator with the Army Air Forces in Vichy, Missouri. "It's one of those jobs," he explains, "that lead people to say, 'It's too bad you can't be a pilot, but I suppose someone has to do whatever it is you do.' It's a post that involves the endless repetition of the word 'Roger,' and the constant prayer that you won't land one ship on top of another. My outfit is the Army Airways Communications System, a relatively unknown but vastly impressive organization that handles air traffic around the world Our boys were pleased when Collier's ran a piece about the AACS recently."

Sergeant Neiman lives with his wife in St James, Missouri, and exercises a borrowed typewriter "whenever I get some time a overcome a monumental lazy streak."

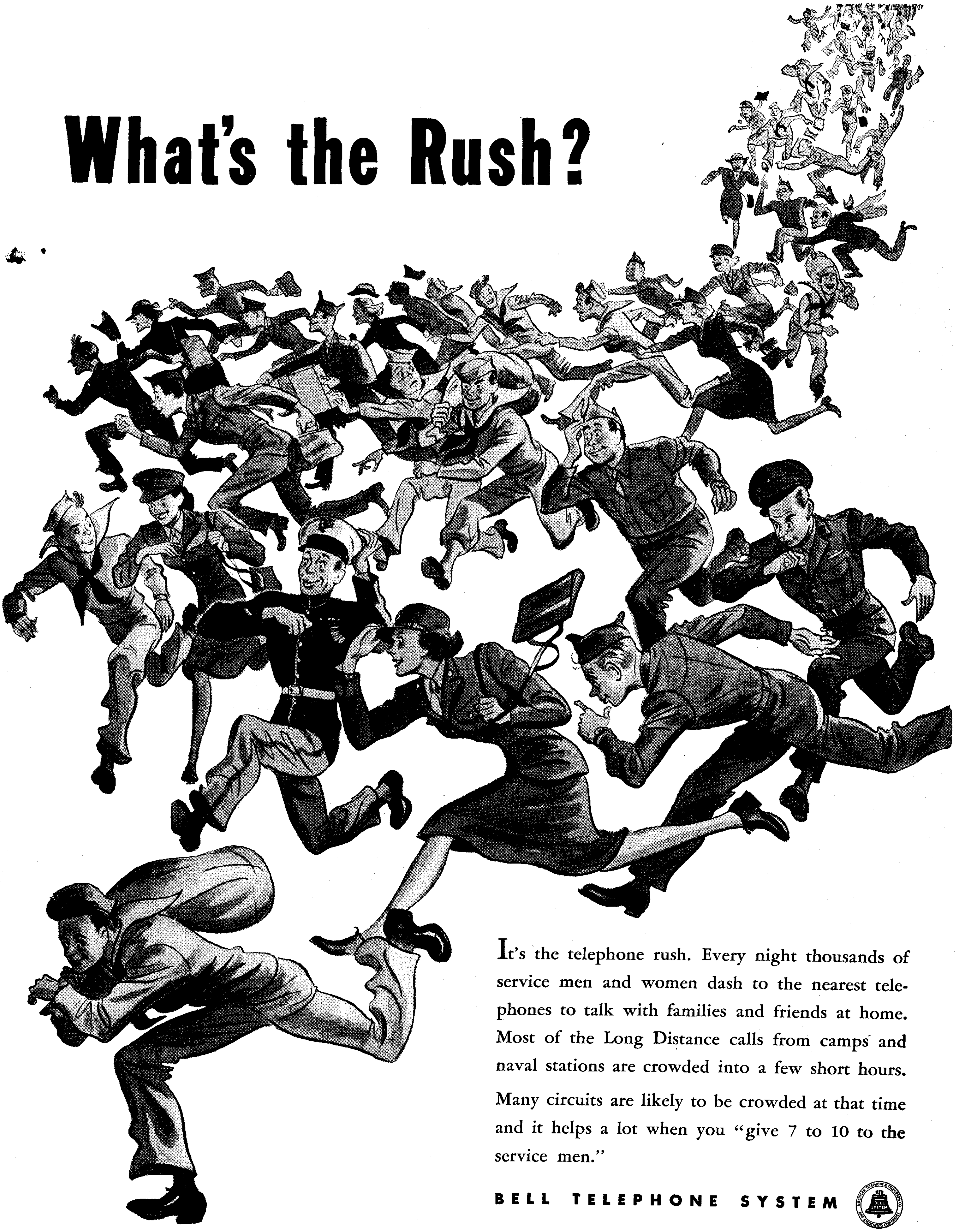
HARRY J. ESSEX (Kelly and the Bur master, p. 20) graduated from writing stories, plays and movie scenarios to a writing job "for the greatest producer in the world—Uncle Sam. And I'm a corporal, too. I've got a run-of-the-show contract—no options," Corporal Essex says. . . . A. P.

Major Richard Powell

Sgt. Irving G. Neiman

HOFFMAN

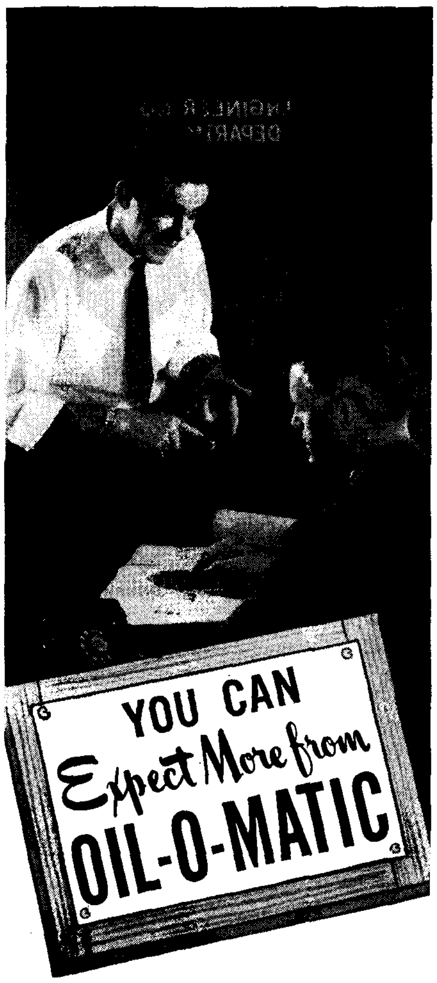
What's the Rush?



It's the telephone rush. Every night thousands of service men and women dash to the nearest telephones to talk with families and friends at home. Most of the Long Distance calls from camps and naval stations are crowded into a few short hours.

Many circuits are likely to be crowded at that time and it helps a lot when you "give 7 to 10 to the service men."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



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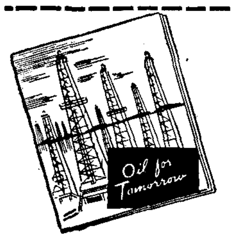

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Lady ON A SOAPBOX

BY ROBERT ARMSTRONG

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SARRA, INC.

Helen Gahagan was terrific on Broadway, so she decided to quit the stage and become an opera singer. While singing in Vienna, she ran across some of the nastier aspects of Nazism. That and an acquaintance with California's Dust Bowl refugees made her a politician

WHEN Helen Gahagan spoke from the platform at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, she seemed to misjudge her oratorical strength, but that slight mishap will scarcely keep her from being a congresswoman from California. In that polyglot district in Los Angeles where she is running, they care very little for the subtleties of diction. If there's to be orating, they crave it big and bold.

Speaking this way of Mrs. Douglas (she is the wife of Melvyn Douglas, screen star and now a captain in the U.S. Army in India) does her an injustice because she has a pleasant speaking voice, trained by years in the theater and on the concert stage. Why somebody in Chicago didn't introduce her to the sound engineers is a mystery. They could certainly have convinced her of the power of the ether waves and saved her from thinking that if her speech was to go three thousand miles, it must start out with plenty of power.

But that is past history, and Miss Gahagan must be considered hereafter as a possible new influence in Congress. Because she comes from the stage, and Clare Booth Luce writes for the stage, a great something has been built up about their forthcoming clashes on the floor of the House. Admittedly there have been occasions when an actor could gladly murder a playwright and, even more, when a playwright could happily garrote an actor, but the people who have been envisioning a feud between Luce, the Republican champion, and Gahagan, the Democratic slasher, are almost certainly going to be disappointed.

"Now, why would I want to go around baiting anybody?" asks Miss Gahagan. "I hate quarrels and I'm not good at fights. I just say what I want to say and then I keep still."

But what Helen doesn't seem to know is that Congress on occasion can take on the aspect of a bear pit. Casual visitors to the House gallery almost invariably go away thinking that democracy has collapsed. If it isn't Ham Fish bellowing into the microphone, it is the Reverend Dewey Sh[illegible] of Missouri or the ineffable Mr. Cox of Georgia or the thin and biting Mr. Rankin of Mississippi or the unbelievable Mr. Hoffman of Michigan.

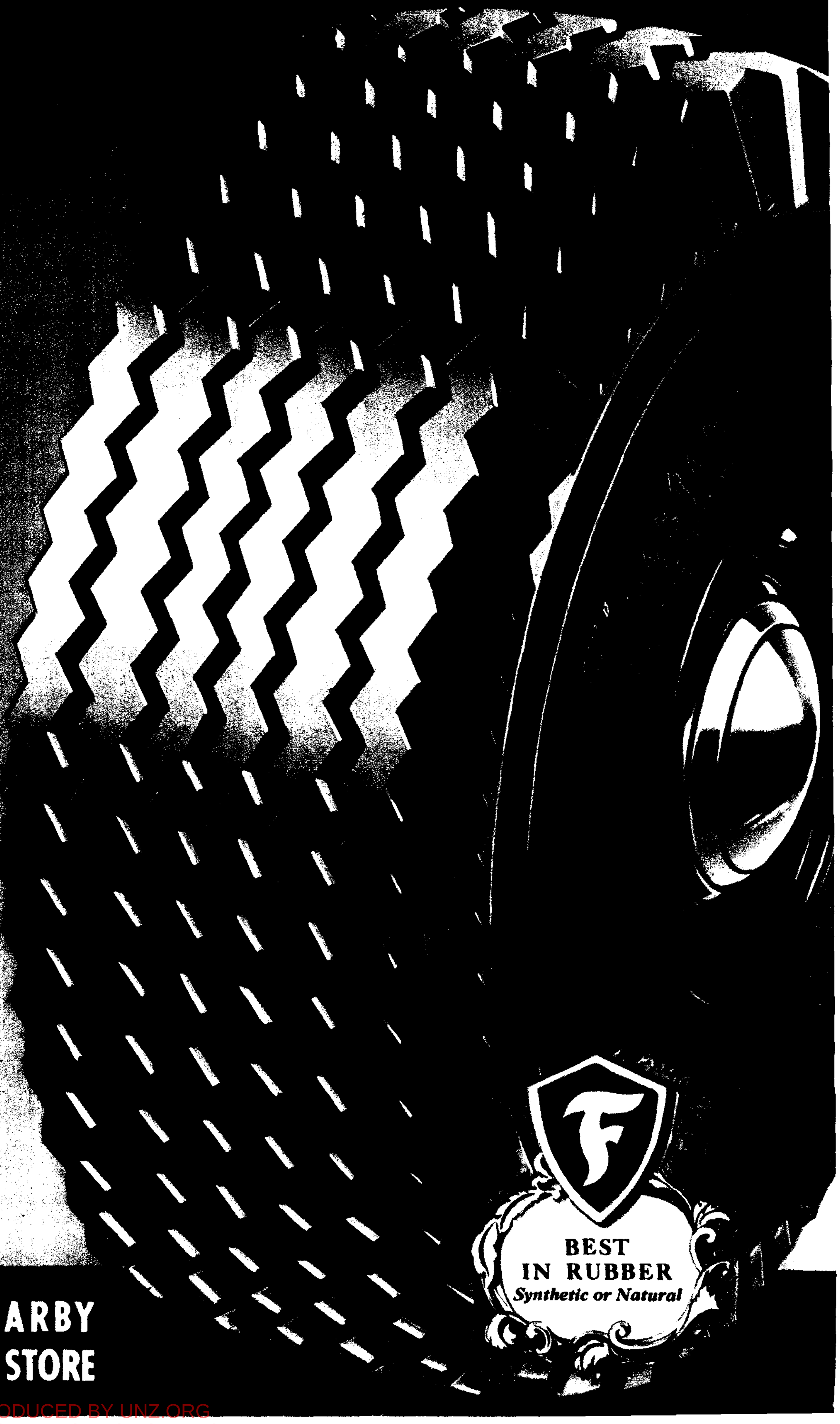
Miss Gahagan will find that Congress is a great deal like the Broadway stage where she was a star for years; you either learn to protect yourself in the clinches or you aren't around long. The fact that she conquered Broadway seems to prove that she learned to climb over prostrate bodies with the best of them. The further circumstance that she quit Broadway at the top of her fame to become an opera star would indicate that she has courage. She made that transition in two years. Her next change made her an astute politician. As an aside to Mrs. Luce and everybody else: Don't take Helen too lightly.

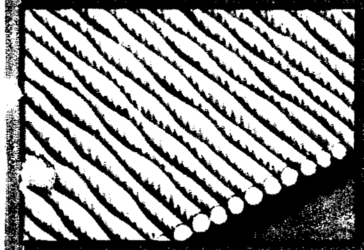
On a quick guess, there probably aren't twenty members now in the House who are better posted on politics, economics and foreign affairs than Miss Gahagan. She is not only essentially a smart woman; she is also a student. She never intended being a politi-

Firestone

DE LUXE CHAMPION TIRES

STAY SAFER LONGER





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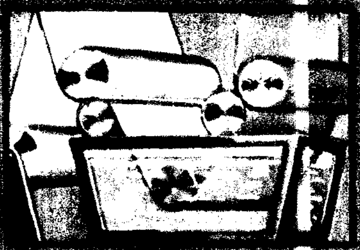

[illegible]—A Firestone [illegible] cord in the [illegible] against fric[illegible] providing [illegible] against blowouts.

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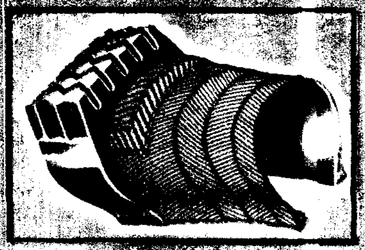

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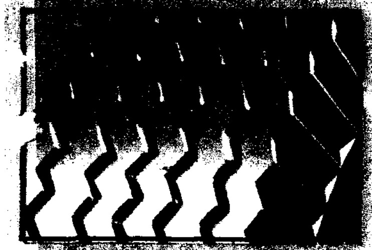

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cian but she happens to be a good one. In California she is known as an excellent stump speaker and in her district she not only rings doorbells around Election Day but she follows her clientele right into the saloons and warehouses.

She isn't quite clear as to how she got into the political racket but it seems to have started when she and her husband were crossing the country by car in the early depression days and ran into the first of the Dust Bowl refugees wandering forlornly over the West. When she reached Hollywood and began telling about the experience, her friends, with the gently tolerant smile of the smug, said, "Oh, now, Helen—" That bothered her and she got a further shock when she tried to interest some of her newspaper friends.

"I had the silly notion that if there was a fact and you could see it with the naked eye, you'd have to believe it. But I took people out to see the migrants living in squalor, and they'd see them and then come back and say they either weren't there or it wasn't important, anyhow."

Guests at the White House

It took John Steinbeck's The Grapes of Wrath to convince the country that there was a migrant problem, but in the meantime her own observations got Miss Gahagan thoroughly steamed up over the situation. They also led to the friendship with Mrs. Roosevelt that now makes the Douglases guests at the White House when they are in Washington.

During the depression, Miss Gahagan worked for the WPA community services, and Mr. Douglas served on various boards in the administration of Governor Olson of California. This brought them in contact with civic workers and politicians, and eventually made Miss Gahagan Democratic National Committeewoman from California. When Tom Ford resigned this spring after twelve years in Congress, he asked Helen to run in his district. He had never had a machine and she had none, but she won the primary easily, and is expected to win in November.

She was born in Boonton, N. J., in 1905, the daughter of a wealthy contractor whose boast was that in his time he had filled in practically all of Long Island. Helen attributes a lot of her social thinking to her grandmother, Hannah Gahagan, who scandalized Troy, Ohio, in 1870 by demanding that women be allowed to use the public library. The previous theory was that women would go to the library not to read but to flirt. Grandma won that fight, and it was taken as a revolutionary victory.

Helen attended private schools in Brooklyn and Massachusetts and was in her third year at Barnard College in New York when she gave it up to go on the stage. Her success was so spectacular that after doing a small part in a play called Shoot, she was given the lead in Owen Davis' Dreams for Sale. She followed this with a succession of hits, including a revival of Trelawney of the Wells in which she starred with John Drew, and eventually she did Tonight or Never. This was David Belasco's last show, and the leading man was Melvyn Douglas, whom she married. Soon after this, she decided to drop the stage and become an opera singer, a move which threatened to drive everybody but herself crazy.

"Why, Helen," said her friends, "you can't *do* a thing like that. It's—it's insane."

But Helen did. She cut herself off entirely from her old life, took a room in New York and studied and practiced ten to twelve hours a day. In that period, she saw nobody but her teachers. At the end of two years, she was singing opera in Europe. In her life, she has made the Atlantic crossing twenty-nine times, the last being to keep concert dates in Vienna and Salzburg in 1937.

Helen got her first inkling that things had changed when her manager asked her rather apologetically to eliminate certain songs by Jewish composers. She sang at Salzburg and then went on to Vienna for a season of opera. It was there that she met a dignitary who suggested very delicately that since such Aryans as Gahagan and himself had a duty to defend the "superior" races against all tainted peoples, she might look around in the United States for bits of news to send back to him—in short, do a bit of spying for the Nazis.

"My tongue dried up in my mouth, and I thought I was going to be ill," she says. "It was as if something cancerous had taken hold of me, and I couldn't look at the man. At that moment it came over me gradually that I was never going to sing again. I don't want to be too dramatic about it, but it did something to me in a psychological way, and I've never sung a note professionally since."

During the 1940 campaign, she went to the National Convention as a delegate and made 156 speeches in California and other states for the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket. She has been outspokenly for Wallace ever since and she led the movement among the Western delegates for him at the recent convention. What really set her solid with the party was her work as vice-chairman of the state committee. In that job she ran an educational campaign for women voters, which delivered the votes at a time when they were badly needed. It was in 1942 when an early national sweep by the Republicans seemed to show a collapse among the Democrats. The California Democrats abruptly turned that tide by gaining four Congressional seats and losing only two. That progress still seems to hold.

"There's not going to be any Republican trend out here," says Miss Gahagan flatly. "This state is going Democratic, and nobody knows it better than Governor Warren, who gently withdrew as Republican Vice-Presidential nominee because he knew how the wind was blowing."

The truth is that southern California is a hotbed of politics. It is strongly Democratic and holds the balance of power in the state. People much given to scorn of Hollywood wouldn't know the place now. The Hollywood democratic (small "d") committee is organized to the hilt, ready to smack any head in sight, Republican or Democratic, which doesn't measure up to office. What they did to Dem. John M. Costello, present congressman and member of the Dies Committee, was a caution.

With Captain Douglas in India, Miss Gahagan lives with their two children and Captain Douglas' mother in their house in Outpost, an exclusive section of Hollywood. The house is on the side of a mountain with a view over most of southern California, and for three years Helen has done the housework herself. There are no maids or cooks, and the only time she gets a break is when she has a party for labor people; they have members in good standing in the cooks' union who are happy to serve on such an occasion.

Keeping Posted While at Home

In addition she has a political secretary and outside researchers to keep her up on affairs. There is a swimming pool in the back yard, used mostly by the children. She always refers to "our" family and is very devoted to the children. They are Gregory, 18 (now training for the Merchant Marine), a son of Captain Douglas by a former marriage; Peter 10; and Mary Helen 5. They have two dogs, a Doberman pinscher and a pointer. Helen reads a great deal, writes her own speeches in longhand and dictates to a stenographer. Her mail is very heavy.

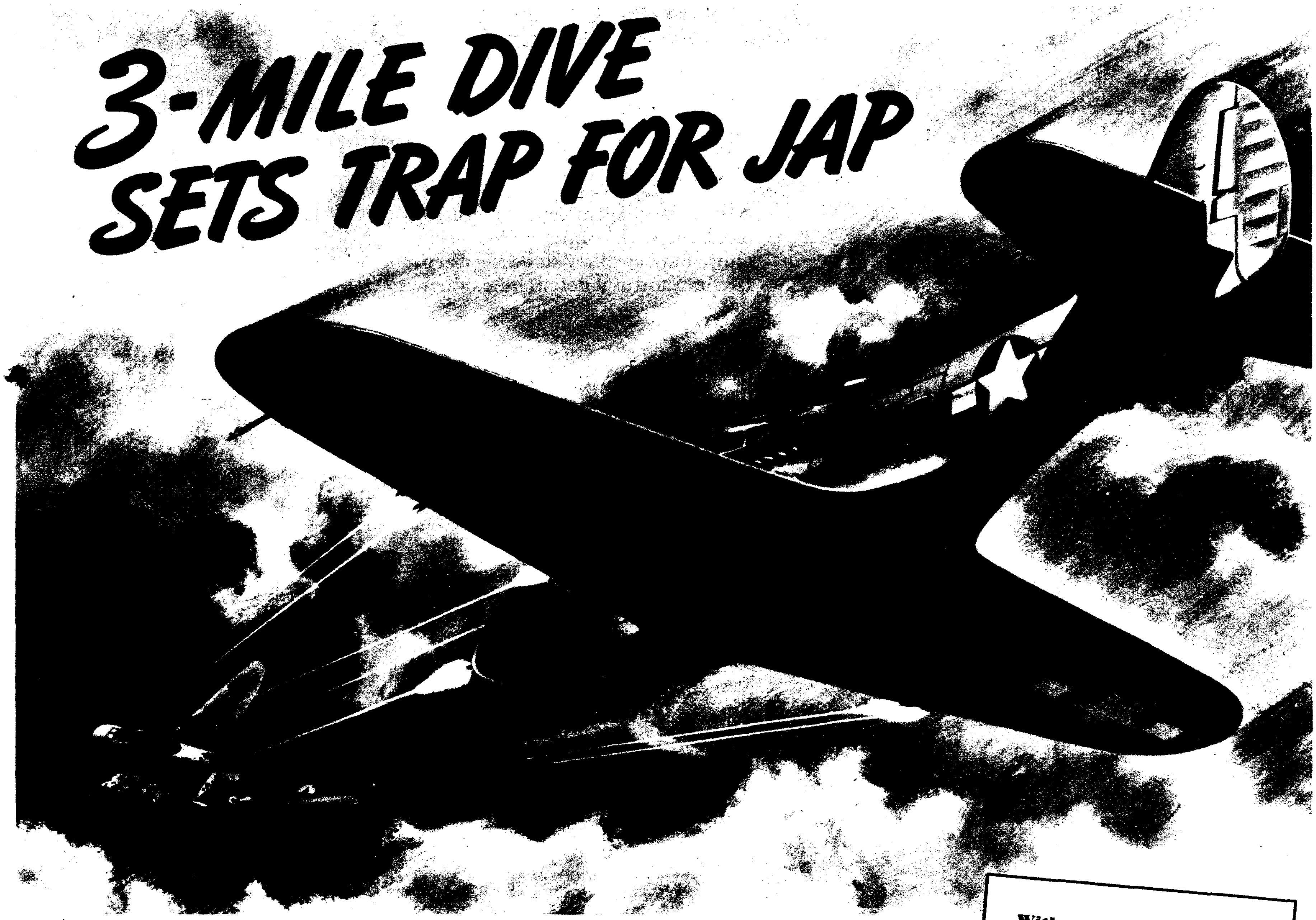
One of her chief worries is about the postwar period: "Millions of men back from war, fighting for their jobs with those who have them. It might get serious in places like Los Angeles and Detroit."

Her best friends are Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles; she gets exercise by hiking over the mountains back of her house and by swimming with the family. Her Congressional District, the Fourteenth, is made up of every race and nationality under heaven—Greeks, Negroes, Jews, Gentiles, Mexicans, Italians and Irish. She doesn't live in the district, and her opponents refer to her as a "carpetbagger," but it doesn't worry her—mostly because the voters liked her well enough to give her the nomination and will almost surely elect her.

"I know it's all right when they yell 'Hi, Helen' at me. When they start getting polite, I'll know it's time to go back up on the mountain and listen to the coyotes howl. If you think they don't, come up some night."

THE END

3-MILE DIVE SETS TRAP FOR JAP



With a Zero on his tail *at 16,000 feet, the American lieutenant put his Airacobra into a dive . . . but despite evasive action, the Jap clung to his trail. Then, only 500 feet over the Pacific, the U. S. pilot pulled out in a 180-degree turn . . . zoomed through a cloud bank . . . roared in behind the Jap. One burst of his guns, and the Zero, one wing gone, plunged into the sea.*

—Incident reported from official War Department release

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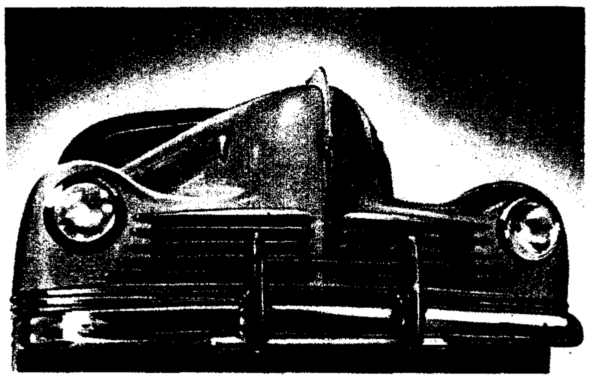

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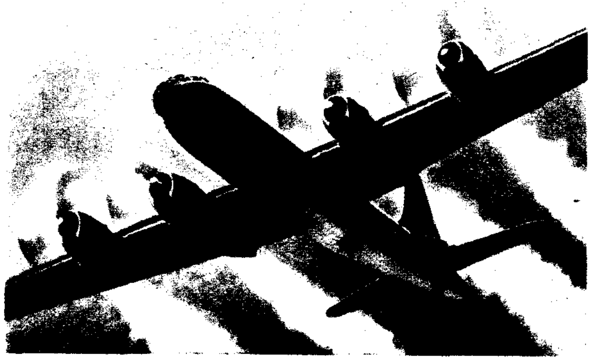

The giant B-29 Super-Fortress has struck . . . *and will strike again and again at the heart of the enemy. As another major war task, Hudson is in volume production of outer wings, and three large fuselage sections constituting nearly half the 98-ft. length of the B-29.*

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PARSON SAND'S ANSWER

BY BARBARA WEBB

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A bird may seem an odd instrument for divine intervention, but only a barn swallow stood between Parson Sand and defeat by a sinner

LATE in the afternoon of the third day in his new parish, Gilead Chapel, the Reverend Jehu Sand entered the church, knelt in that rear pew for which he felt special affection and gave himself over to doubt, fatigue and petition. A fire siren screamed. A cruising police car roared past the church. Parson Sand, striving through the doubt and fatigue for effective prayer, heard the sounds so vaguely they seemed only an echo of the tumult within himself. Engrossed in his struggle he remained oblivious also to the entrance of a boy—thin, sharp-featured, shrewd—who walked with controlled haste to the head of the pew in front of the one where the parson knelt.

"Hiya, Parson," the boy said presently.

Parson Sand raised his head. The words of his petition were still written on his mind. He saw them as lettered in light upon a black background. "Give help, O Lord, for Thy work." His eyes, dimmed by the shade of his hands for the past quarter-hour, focused slowly. A ray of sunlight slanting through a broken window cast a blaze upon the face of the boy. For a moment, the face became that of Parson Sand's own son Jesse, reflected across a dozen years. But never, thought the parson, malnourished and calculating as the face of this child is. And then he thought, seeing clearly, phrasing the idea with certitude: I love this child. Without knowing his name, or what he wants from me, I love him.

He said aloud, "How do you do?"

"Hiya, Parson," the boy repeated, and then: "Need a little help around here, don't you?"

Parson Sand hoisted himself to a sitting position. "Yes, I do. Most assuredly."

The boy slid into the pew by which he had been standing, twisted to face Parson Sand and said, "The name's Rusty Blair. Reckon you've heard about me."

"Yes," said Parson Sand, "I have. I have heard quite a lot about you, Rusty."

"Thought so. I got quite a reputation around here. I been hearin' about you, too."

"We might," Parson Sand proposed, "exchange information and thus correct any—er—misapprehensions about each other."

Rusty grinned. "Yeah, they told me you talked in four-buck words. Well, I heard you was a widower with one kid who's on the missing-in-action list over Europe. So when you got the word, you sort of went nuts and come on here from your job in Baltimore to Orion to be a teacher in the college here. So instead of goin' over to the college, you come wanderin' around here and come into this dump and said some sort of prayer that made you feel better. So then you got the idea of takin' over this church and offered the guys that had it five thousand berries. But these guys give it to you for free if you'd fix it up."

"That is substantially true," said Parson Sand.

"So now," Rusty continued, "you can't get [illegible] guys to come in here to work, and nobody much wants a church started up again in here anyways, which you found out by pushin' doorbells up and down the street these last three days, and it wouldn't surprise nobody much if you handed the whole business back to the guys that handed it over to you."

As this was the very temptation which assailed Parson Sand increasingly, he denied it with vigor. "I have no intention of giving up," he said. "None. I admit that I find the task more difficult than I had anticipated. But I shall not give up."

"Okay," said Rusty. "What you heard about me?"

"That you are the instigator of all the mischief in the neighborhood."

"Yeah," said Rusty, "that's me. I broke most the windows in this here church. I slep' in here a lot of times, too. Mom works nights and she don't care whether I sleep in or out. I reckon I'm in trouble most the time."

"You lead others into trouble, too," Parson Sand remarked.

"Check. What I do the other kids mostly try to do, too."

"That," said Parson Sand, "is a large responsibility."

"Ain't it?" The siren sounded a second time. Rusty waited until it stopped, then said, "The police are lookin' for me this minute."

Parson Sand's heart stirred. Once the church, any church, was sanctuary for the hunted. He asked gently, "What have you done, Rusty?"

"This time," Rusty answered, "nothin'. They's an old shed burnin' down a couple of streets over. Some kids I know set it afire by accident, but the cops'll blame me."

"If you reveal the names of the boys responsible . . ."

"I wouldn't rat," said Rusty. "I was there, after the fire started. The kids come fer me when they couldn't stop it. They all run on home then. So if the cops git me, why then . . . I reckon it's the reform school for sure this time, unless . . ."

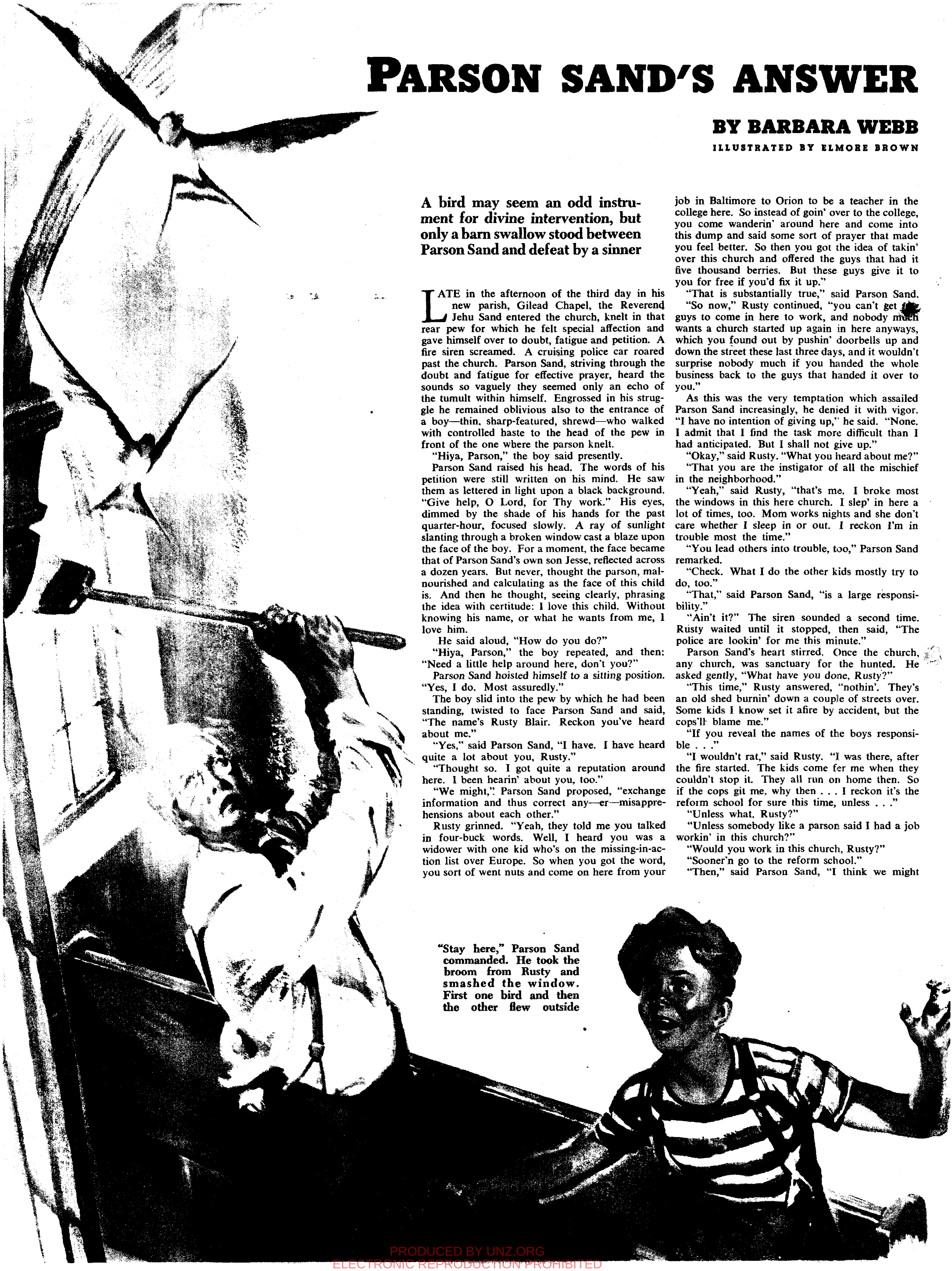
"Unless what, Rusty?"

"Unless somebody like a parson said I had a job workin' in this church?"

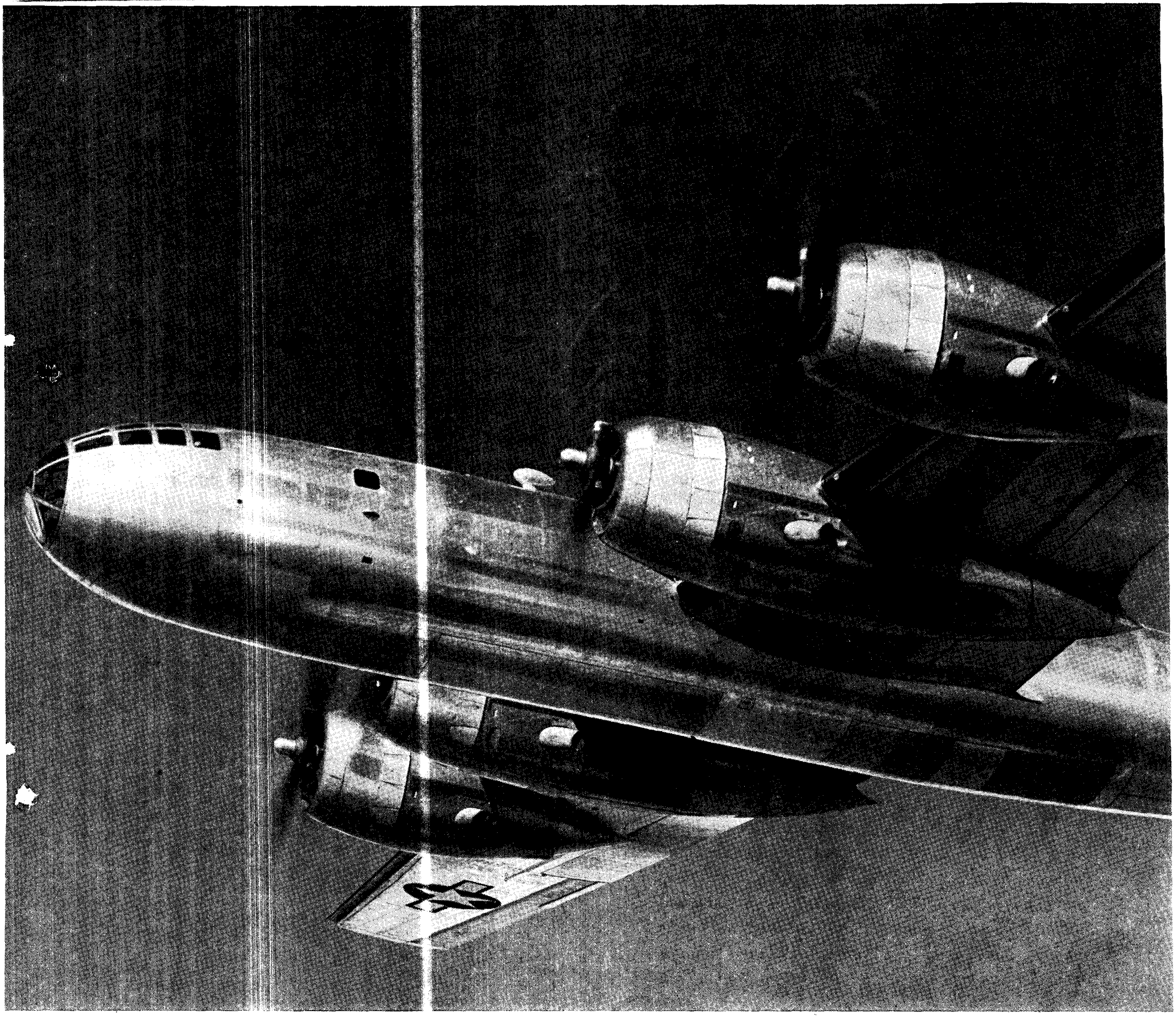
"Would you work in this church, Rusty?"

"Sooner'n go to the reform school."

"Then," said Parson Sand, "I think we might



"Stay here," Parson Sand commanded. He took the broom from Rusty and smashed the window. First one bird and then the other flew outside



Buy War Bonds – to Have and to Hold

The story behind the Boeing Superfortress

Remember back to January, 1940? The war in Europe was not yet five months old and war with Japan still two years away, but the U. S. Army Air Forces even then determined they must have an airplane *that would carry a heavier bomb load farther, faster and higher* than any the world had ever known.

Leading aircraft companies were invited to submit designs.

In February, thirty days before Hitler invaded the Low Countries, the Army issued a supplement, radically increasing its specifications. Those new requirements made the design problems still more difficult. But Boeing – with its unequaled background of 4-engine experience in building such planes as the Flying Fortress, the Stratoliner and transocean Clippers – was in the best position to solve them.

Wind-tunnel tests of the Boeing model so impressed the Army that Boeing was authorized to build three experimental airplanes. And then – even before the first of these had been completed and flight tested – the Air Forces decided that *this* was the world's number one bomber! Quantity production was ordered – *one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever put behind any weapon of war.* This program eventually included the Bell and Martin plants as well as three Boeing plants and literally hundreds of sub-contractors.

This placed a tremendous responsibility upon Boeing, not only in successfully engineering the design but also in getting it into production.

A master plan had to be created . . . factories built . . . new tools designed . . . co-ordination of production arranged in all participating plants.

So sound was the basic design that not one major change had to be made when actual flight tests got under way.

And approximately a year and a half later the first production models were bombing Japan.

Superfortresses are taking their place along with the famous Flying Fortresses in Boeing's effort to provide the Army's great bombing crews with the best possible airplanes to accomplish their hazardous and important missions.

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begin with a survey of the work to be done. Suppose we list the windows to be reglazed. Here are notebook and pencil." He transferred these articles from his pocket to Rusty's hand. "Let us start down near the altar and thus be occupied if the police officers arrive."

SO IT was that when Officers Quarles and Fowler looked into Gilead Chapel, they found their culprit at the elbow of the preacher about whom the whole town of Orion had been talking for several days.

"There he is!" said Fowler.

Parson Sand turned at the sound of the voice, took a step which placed him between Rusty and the door, spoke to the boy over his shoulder, "List the glass we need for the top sash now, please, Rusty," and to the officers, "You gentlemen wish to see me?"

"We're lookin' fer that kid back there, Rusty Blair," said Fowler.

"He's wanted for arson," said Quarles.

Parson Sand came toward them, his hand outstretched first to Fowler then to Quarles. He introduced himself. They introduced themselves, and all the while Rusty made marks in the notebook.

"Now, then," said Parson Sand comfortably, when the ceremonies were concluded, "I seem to have heard you say something about a search for young Blair. As you see, he is employed here and has agreed, in fact, to assist me with the various labors connected with the repair of the chapel for some time to come."

"How long's he been workin' for you?" Quarles demanded.

"His employment is of short duration," Parson Sand admitted, "but you will observe that he is diligent." His glance led that of the two officers toward Rusty.

"Yeah," said Fowler. "Just how much duration? Since three o'clock, f'r instance?"

"N-no. Perhaps not that long. It would be difficult to fix the exact length by hours." Parson Sand felt a slight moisture on his brow.

"I'll bet it would be difficult," said Quarles. "Come here, Rusty, we got a couple questions to ask you."

Rusty strolled toward them.

"You know about Jake Fuller's shed burnin' down?"

Rusty nodded.

"You know who done it?"

Rusty made neither sound nor movement.

"You done it yourself," Quarles went on. "Didn't you?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Parson Sand. "Rusty was not concerned in the burning of Mr. Fuller's shed."

"How'd you know?" Fowler bellowed.

"I had the fact from Blair himself."

Both officers laughed. Fowler said, "I bet all he done was try to put the fire out."

"That is quite correct," said Parson Sand mildly, but with such conviction that a change of tactics occurred.

"See here now," said Quarles. "This boy is a bad one. He's so durn' bad he prob'ly walked right in here from that fire and sold you the idea of giving him a job to cover up what he done."

"I didn't start that fire," said Rusty, saving Parson Sand from the quicksand of truth and half-truth.

"Okay. Then answer this one: Who did start that fire? You just give us them names, and we'll leave you to go right on with your work here."

Rusty set his lips, opened them, "I ain't tellin'." His whole face closed obstinately.

THE two officers looked at each other. Fowler nodded, "Then you'll come along nice and quiet. Couple days in the jug'll loosen your tongue, or it'll be the reform school for you."

"Go with them now, Rusty," said Parson Sand. "I'll make arrangements for you to be released in time to report for work tomorrow."

Rusty walked out of the chapel between the two officers. Parson Sand stood on the steps to watch them go. He lifted his hand in farewell to Rusty who answered only with a shrug of his thin shoulders. . . .

The probation officer whom Parson Sand located through friends on the faculty of Orion College was a Miss Mary Knight. He found her to be a short, sturdy woman, thirtyish, with an air of brisk efficiency and a smile that lighted her face with kindness.

"I know a lot about you, Parson Sand," she said. "I've read your editorials in Modern Faith for years. And I'm tremendously interested in your having come to the Gilead Chapel parish. That community is a civic headache, housing juvenile delinquency," she paused, "but you came to discuss the keystone of that problem."

Parson Sand explained his plan for Rusty.

"There are three weeks more of school," Mary Knight observed.

"He can work after school and Saturdays. If he is needed at home, I shall arrange suitable hours."

She shook her head. "He won't be needed at home. I have a file here on Rusty." She touched a folder lying on her desk. "It dates back to 1941, when Rusty was eleven. His father left to work in the Norfolk shipyards. His mother got a night job in the Orion welding plant. There is no home supervision. He's adequately fed and clothed. When I telephoned Mrs. Blair at the welding plant that Rusty was in jail again, she said she wasn't surprised and would take him down some things if he were still there tomorrow. If he gets out, he'll find food at home in the icebox. If he's sent on to the reform school, she'll send him candy and pocket money."

"And when he comes back," said Parson Sand, "there'll be food in the icebox. I see that you know Rusty well. Can you tell me his outstanding characteristic? The thing that makes him both a leader and a problem?"

"Destructiveness; it gives him the limelight—that and the fact that he never really gets caught. In all his record, there is just one piece of incontrovertible evidence against him. I have it here. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes. But first give me the background."

SHE opened the folder, fingering its sheaf of papers as she talked. "I've tried everything with Rusty. Threats, punishments, rewards. He's not lazy. He's not stupid. But he seems to be incorrigible; he's a menace to too many other boys, as well."

"Does anyone love Rusty?" Parson Sand asked. "Has he ever had anyone near him who loved him and had faith in him?"

Mary Knight smiled. "I suppose not. It isn't easy to love any human being who continually uses that love as a means to his own ends. Rusty would work for you, work well, but all the time he would despise you."

"I believe," said Parson Sand, "that the love I feel for the boy is of the sort that beareth all things."

Mary Knight considered this a moment. "Even so, there is this: You want to rebuild the Gilead Chapel congregation. No single thing you could do would so hinder that work as taking Rusty under your wing. People are a little afraid of Rusty. He is too smart, too sharp. Shouldn't you consider the needs of the greatest number, rather than those of one boy?"

"'How think ye,'" asked Parson Sand, "'if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?'"

"You have an answer for everything," said Mary Knight. "But I wonder what you will answer to this?"

She took from the file an enlarged snapshot which she passed to Parson Sand. It showed Rusty, knife in hand, slashing at the spare tire of a truck.

"Does Rusty know you have this?" Parson Sand asked.

"Yes. And he knows that Judge Walters has seen it. We gave Rusty one more chance. Things were quiet for a few weeks, then came a series of small fires, grass, trash cans set burning . . . and now this shed."

"The boy really did not set that shed on fire, Miss Knight."

"I know that. Otherwise, I'd not have seen you. The boys who did it have owned up, the damage is covered by insurance, Jake doesn't want to prosecute for what is clearly an accident. But isn't it significant that when they had this accident, the boys sent for Rusty who had proved, in small, deliberately set fires, that he could both start and stop them quickly?"

"You have your answers, too," said Parson Sand.

"Yes. I wish they were better ones. Parson Sand, if ever I saw—not heard about, but witnessed with my own eyes—Rusty doing a single, generous, constructive thing, I'd have hope for him."

"If you will have Rusty released to work for me," Parson Sand said, "you will see that thing happen. At some unpredictable moment, known to God, Rusty will turn from evil. I know it."

"Now I shall prophesy," said Mary Knight. "You shall have Rusty. For a while he will be, outwardly, all you could ask. But when the moment suits him, he will let you down, completely, destructively to himself and to you."

Parson Sand stood up. "Can I get him out of jail tonight?"

"No, but you may go to see him. Judge Walters must sign the release order in the morning. The picture, Parson Sand, is confidential, its existence known only to Officer Fowler who took it, the judge, Rusty and myself."

"I prefer it that way," said Parson Sand, and made his farewells.

AT THE town jail, the turnkey led the way through a sour-smelling corridor to cell 14 and Rusty. Parson Sand stepped inside.

"Howdy, Parson," said Rusty. "Take a pew."

Parson Sand sat on one end of the cell cot and stated the results of his interview. "I'm sorry you must remain here overnight, Rusty," he concluded.

"I ain't surprised. You couldn't stop 'em from bringing me here. That Knight dame's out to git me. You want to git me, too, don't you?"

"I don't understand." Parson Sand looked at the boy. There was a subtle insolence in his manner that sent a chill to the parson's heart.

"Oh, I don't mean just gettin' work done in the church. You want to git at me inside, don't you?"

"Getting at people inside is a parson's business, Rusty. But it isn't the parson who gets at them, really."

"God gits 'em," said Rusty, in a tone of such contempt that Parson Sand felt the wind of pure evil fan his eyelids.

But he said evenly, "Yes, God gets them."

"He won't," said Rusty, "git *me.* Nor you won't git me neither."

Parson Sand waited through a pause that seemed long.

"After that," said Rusty, "maybe you'd ruther let me go on now to where I'm goin' sometime anyways."

"I think," said Parson Sand, "that perhaps the God you reject is in the honest, even brave resistance you have just expressed."

Rusty's reply to this was an underbreath obscenity which Parson Sand ignored. But when he knelt that night, the obscenity was loud in his memory, joined with the contemptuous "God gits 'em," and the picture of a boy engaged in wanton destruction.

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy child," prayed Parson Sand, including, earnestly, himself in the petition.

Morning, Rusty's release from jail, the purchase of tools, the arrival at Gilead Chapel, and agreement on a program of work pushed the ugly shadows back. Without any expression in words, there was evident to Parson Sand's understanding a shift in Rusty's attitude. He was responsive. He worked hard and at noon he proposed that he recruit some of the gang for sweeping, scrubbing, and getting the yard cleaned up.

They went outside to inspect the weeds and rank grass, the broken fence, and presently Rusty, looking up, said, "I tell you, lemme set that old cross up straight first thing this afternoon."

Parson Sand looked up. The wooden cross which topped the false gable forming the façade of Gilead Chapel leaned sidewise from its base. Two things moved into place in Parson Sand's mind. The first was that he wished the cross set upright as an announcement that all was in readiness within the church, the other that the time had not yet come for Rusty to lay hands on that symbol. He told Rusty only half of the matter.

"When everything is sightly, we shall straighten the cross to let people know the church is ready for them," he said.

"But, lookit," Rusty argued, "the cross now. It's the main thing about a church, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is, Rusty."

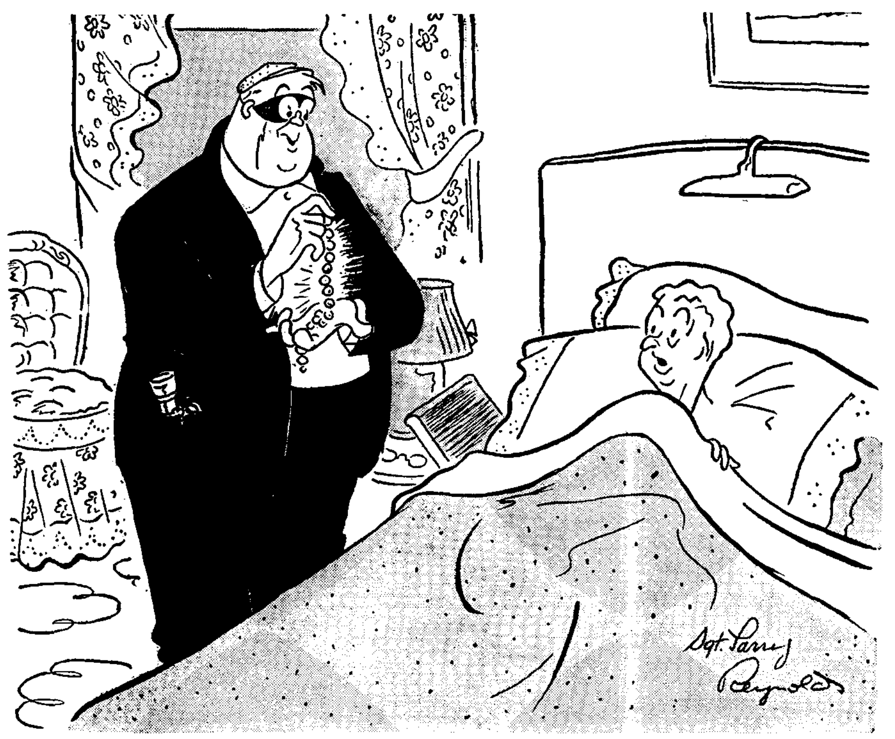
"Then I think it ought to be set straight first thing, that's what I think, and I think you better let me do it right away."

Parson Sand shook his head, "Not yet, Rusty. The cross has stood through two thousand years of trial and triumph. The one we are looking at has been awry for a long time. A few more days will make no difference to its power in any life we know."

"It ain't got no power in *my* life," said Rusty, "and I think a guy like you's nuts to have that crazy-lookin' coupla sticks stuck up on top his church." He waited for no answer to this, but set off with a sullen face to collect his gang.

By midafternoon four boys were at work in the yard, three others inside the church. An hour later, only two remained. They

BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



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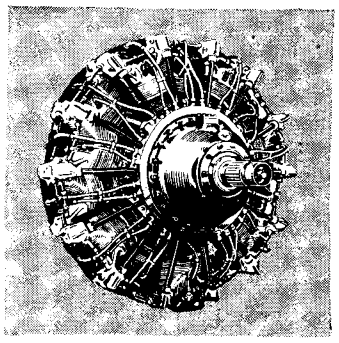
Such an attitude—and it is one Buick shares with thousands of others—is paying off. It is paying off not only in the greater volume of American equipment, but in better performance which helps to reduce human sacrifice and suffering.

So when the final victory is sounded, our real pride will not be in how much we have built for war, but in how well we have built for victory.



Through quantity production, Buick works to put more planes in the hands of our flying crews. Through constant insistence on quality, Buick labors always to help bring more of them safely home again.

BUICK POWERS THE LIBERATOR*

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS ★ INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS

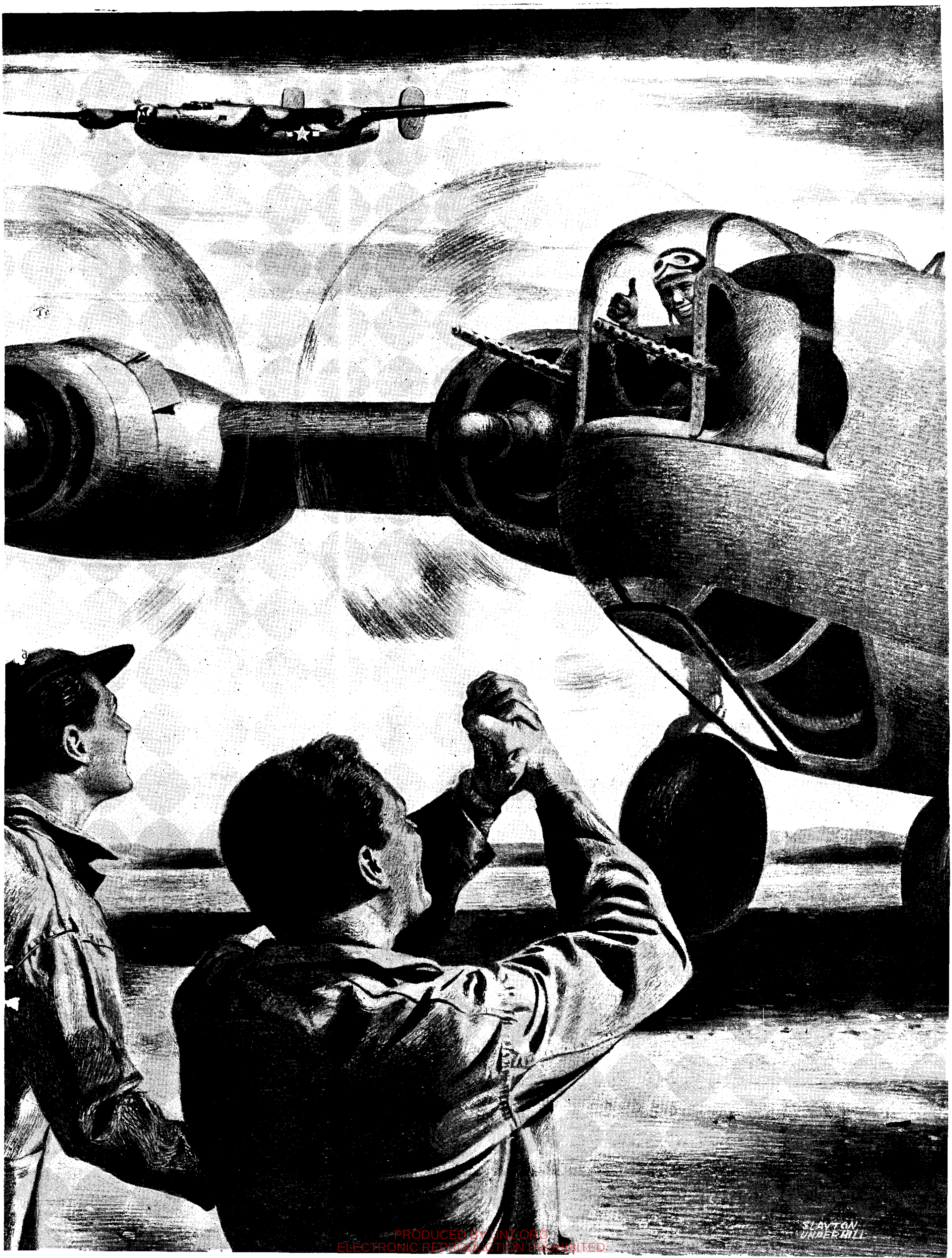
ARMY E NAVY

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over all Buick plants.

**As of September 1, 1944, Buick has built more than 55,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines.*

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

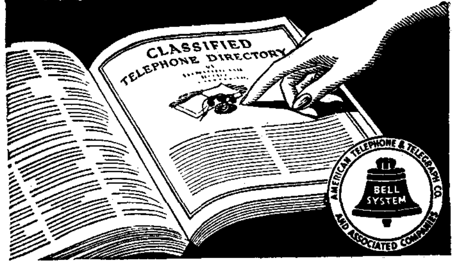

SLAYTON UNDERHILL

SHOULD YOUR WASHER STOP OR STICK...
LOOK IN YOUR CLASSIFIED AND PICK
THE MAN WHO'LL MAKE IT START TO CLICK!
R. TAYLOR

MORAL: *For appliance repair or care for your hair... "Look in the Classified."*

The Classified section of the telephone book is a big help today when things need attention for more wartime use. Busy women save time and steps by turning first to the Classified for answers to problems of repair...for dealers in trade marked products and services.

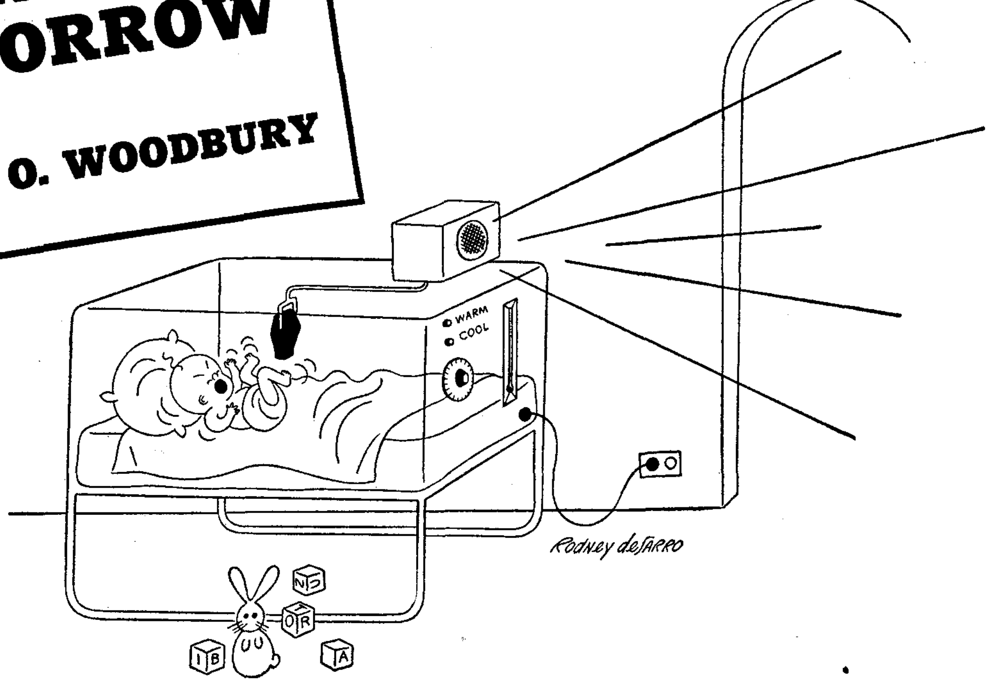
MAKE THE CLASSIFIED YOUR SERVICE GUIDE


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY DE SARRO

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



Future babies will sleep in something quite different from the crib of today. It will be a miniature bed, entirely surrounded by an unbreakable plastic box, air-conditioned and temperature-controlled inside. The plastic will be transparent and of any color to suit the baby's room. The crib will be soundproof, but can have a microphone and loud-speaker attached if the mother wants to know when the baby cries.

For Greater Tire Mileage

Anything that will add miles to our tires, now or in the future, is bound to be important. The only present way to prolong the life of the hard-pressed rubber that rolls the nation to work is to keep tires fully inflated and turning slowly enough, so that the continual bending of the side walls will not generate rubber-destroying heat. The worst problem is faced by the truck and bus companies, whose huge tires must be loaded beyond capacity to keep men and materials moving. But now Goodyear engineers have come forward with an extremely simple new device that reduces the flexing of tire walls so much that mileage is increased as much as 18 per cent.

The invention is nothing more than a new design for the side ring that holds the tire to the rim, giving the tire a wider base. Research in the rubber industry has just disclosed the fact that tire base width must be 70 per cent of tire diameter to give the least possible flexing. Present standard rims are only 60 per cent of tire width.

The new ring will fit many of the wheel rims now in use, though in future all rim designs will need to be standardized according to the new figure. Besides saving the tire from excessive "squashing" under load, the invention holds the tire more firmly on its wheel, reduces sidesway and makes steering more positive. It will be especially valuable as more and more synthetic rubber is used. Excessive heating is one of synthetic's worst limitations.

Knock-Down Airports

One of the most useful gifts the war will make to the postwar world is a method of constructing "quickie" airfields in any part of the globe, using standardized parts. Required to build landing fields in every climate and terrain, engineers have developed the trick of prefabricating all necessary equipment except the concrete runways themselves and packaging them for fast delivery anywhere.

There will be four sizes of airports to choose from, complete with main buildings, hangars and all supplementary equipment. The smallest size will be a tiny outfit suitable only for emergency landings in unpopulated territory. Size two will be a small service field intended for regular use in isolated places where only a few planes will come and go in a day. Such private operators as ranches, mines and dam contractors will need this one. The third size will be a feeder port, adequate for small towns which intend to become permanently hooked up by taxi or branch service to main airlines. Size four, the largest, will be for large towns and cities that actually are on main airways but not important enough to justify special building work by the airlines themselves.

Each style of prefabricated airport will be kept in stock, crated for immediate shipment. No detail, even to radio control and plumbing, will be omitted, and operation can begin as soon as they are put together. Besides the four general sizes, packaged airports will be classified according to terrain and climate—polar, temperate and tropical. All designs will have received exhaustive development tests in actual war service. When a private owner or community decides to go on the world air map, a manufacturer's engineer will look over his site, order the right outfit for him and have it set up in a few weeks, at a cost far less than an individual airport could be built.

A New Stove for Your Home

Seventeen million U.S. families—nearly half the population—heat themselves with "parlor stoves." There are 278,000 of them in New York City alone. Soon after war's end, there will be a new kind of heating unit for these families, the "bungalow furnace," working on a new principle. Burning soft coal entirely without smoke or gas, it is expected to heat a five-room dwelling on two thirds of the fuel today's stoves use. It will cost close to $60 and will pay for itself in three winters.

Research by the bituminous-coal industry and 27 stovemakers produced the new stove, basing it on the principle of the locomotive firebox, with firebrick lining, air-jet oxygen supply and a "hot spot" for consuming the products of combustion. This latter feature does away with smoke and utilizes every available heat unit in the fuel. The ash residue is a third less than in the old-fashioned stove.

The successful experimental model of the bungalow furnace is three feet high and two feet square. It includes a coal magazine that will hold fuel enough for three days' burning. Automatic feed and control keeps the stove going without attention during the whole time. It will operate efficiently on any grade of soft coal, even on the run-of-mine unscreened variety.

A kitchen range using the same combustion principles is another outcome of the research and will be marketed at about the same time as the room heater. This one will burn either coal or wood with the same high efficiency and without smoke.

Future Scientific Skill Assured

For the first time in history, tomorrow's scientific genius is deliberately being sought today. While the giant planes and streamlined ships of the future are still hazy outlines on the drawing boards, the engineers who will create them are already being discovered in embryo. The old hit-or-miss method of waiting for talented young people to turn up is too risky for the new world we plan. The best that the nation affords must be found—now—and trained to meet the staggering problems of peace through scientific research.

By means of a nationwide "science talent search" in the high schools, one manufacturer has started a small, steady stream of brilliant boys and girls on the way to designing board and laboratory. The plan has produced such excellent results that it will unquestionably be adopted by industry everywhere, and possibly by the government itself.

Some 15,000 high-school seniors with scientific inclination have been tested. They were subjected to a complicated written examination that eliminated all but a few hundred, and these in turn were boiled down to forty finalists by more written tests, interviews with scientists and careful selection according to scholastic record.

From this ultimate group, there will be chosen ten boys and girls who will be given four-year scholarships in leading technical schools. With constant attention from their sponsors they will receive every possible advantage in special training in their chosen fields, and will be assured good jobs in industry as soon as they are ready. They will be the young Edisons of the new day.

Besides the vital importance of the plan to future technical advance, educators believe it will prevent the tragedies of poverty from robbing talented young people of their rightful chance to help in shaping the postwar world. ★★★

"Young man — you have it!" said the Wizard of Menlo Park

It is a warm August evening in 1896. Around a banquet table on Long Island sit Thomas A. Edison and the country's leading men of the electrical industry.

The talk swings naturally to politics, to Bryan and McKinley and the Cuban situation—then back again to business. There is high discussion about storage batteries to drive America's "horseless carriages". Someone points to young Henry Ford, Chief Engineer of the Detroit Edison Company, and says: "There's a man who has built a *gas* car!"

At once, Edison eagerly begins to ask questions—and to listen. "How do you explode the gas in the cylinder? Do you do it by contact or a spark?"

On the back of a menu, Henry Ford sketches the details of his engine. Edison in his enthusiasm thumps the table so hard the glassware tinkles.

"Young man, that's the thing—you have it. Keep at it. Your car is self-contained — carries its own power plant—no fire, no boiler, no smoke, and no steam. *Keep at it!*"

Here was just the challenge and encouragement which Henry Ford needed most. It was something he never forgot. And through the years, keeping-at-it has remained a firm tradition of the Ford Motor Company as it has moved forward in the creation of 30 million reliable cars and trucks.

It is this keeping-at-it in research, in engineering and production, that has made the Ford name a synonym for smart, comfortable, economical transportation, priced to serve the needs of the greatest number.

In the peaceful days ahead, the new Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars will reflect all the established Ford skills and inventiveness. Their advanced styling will match their famous quality leadership, and they will benefit by the newer knowledge of materials and techniques being achieved as Ford *keeps at it* in making the tools of victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"
Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur
TRADE MARK REG.

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

RETURN EMPTY BOTTLES PROMPTLY

Repairing War-Cracked Minds

Continued from page 23

the most important—aids in treating these patients is music.

For over a generation psychiatrists have been suggesting that music might have the power to iron wrinkles out of a disordered mind. It contains a number of stimuli. Military marches stir emotions and string quartets soothe. Jive induces a kind of epileptic convulsion—or at least it looks that way. Since music had this power, mightn't it exert a powerful and beneficial effect on a deranged mind? Mightn't it coax a man out of his seclusion, relieve tensions and give him contact with reality?

While dozens of people suggested this idea and prophesied a beneficial effect from music, no one did anything about it. No satisfactory all-inclusive program for actually measuring effects had been devised. Then, recently, Miss Frances Paperte laid a well-planned research project on the desk of Major General Shelley U. Marietta, head of Walter Reed Hospital in Washington.

Determining the Value of Music

Miss Paperte, once a singer with the Chicago Opera Company, and a pioneer in putting good music on the radio, proposed a carefully controlled experiment. One group of PN—psychoneurotic—patients would get routine therapy. A second group would get carefully prescribed doses of music. Results would be compared. They would show whether music had value in treatment.

It was apparent at the outset that all people don't react to the same music in the same manner. A Boston Brahmin would find a twangy hillbilly song hard to take. And a hillbilly might get out his shooting iron if he had to listen to Wagner's brassy thunder for very long. One patient put it nicely. "You shouldn't serve champagne music to beer minds," he said. So the first job was to classify patients according to their music levels.

Types of music likewise had to be determined. It was obvious that boogie-woogie would be bad for highly excited patients—but it might be the very thing for the depressed.

After selecting the types of music which would be used, the next problem that faced Miss Paperte was selecting musicians. They had to play *for* patients, not *at* them. "We are trying to rehabilitate patients, not musicians," she says.

Thus, a star concert performer is not always the best possible selection for this kind of work. This was brought out by a temperamental pianist. He wove his way through the intricacies of a Beethoven sonata. When he finished, the patients sat glum and expressionless. The pianist developed a fine case of sulks. Finally, one of the patients rose, came gravely up to the pianist and patted him on the back. "Don't take it so hard," he said.

The ideal musician for such work is one who has some background in psychology. Preferably, the musician has a pleasant, extrovert personality. The player has to sense the mood of the patients, and watch carefully for favorable reactions—then follow them up with the type of music that is getting results. Finding musicians who answered all these qualifications was a big job. To get the six who were wanted for the resident staff, Miss Paperte had to audition 120 musicians.

Since individual attention to patients is essential, groups are held to six men. Daily sessions run to 45 minutes and are held in tastefully decorated rooms, where patients lounge about in easy chairs.

Visit one of these sessions. You'll note that the patients, wearing maroon hospital garb, seem engrossed in their own worries. Their eyes are vacant, expressionless. They barely look up when the woman pianist enters. She has a pleasant, confident manner. She sits down, starts casually playing a song from a light operetta—possibly Rose Marie.

There is a flicker of interest in one patient. Then another. Then a third. The mental ice is broken. A lanky boy with an intelligent face asks for a certain selection. He moves over to the piano and starts humming.

By the end of the session all the patients are grouped around the piano, singing. They are relaxed. They have gotten momentary release.

At the end of the program the musician makes a complete record of all music played. She notes reactions of patients to each piece, placing particular emphasis on the tunes that got best results. Here is music that is medicine.

If things work out well, the present experiment will indicate the types of music that are good for certain mental conditions. Then there may be a Mairzy Doats pill, or a Chopin nocturne pill. The idea seems giddy, but it would be a boon.

For the present, all work is with live musicians. They can sense moods and change programs to suit immediate needs. But when enough experience has accumulated it might be possible to achieve good results with canned music. Then recorded music in prescribed doses could be administered to a whole ward of selected patients.

This work is altogether too new for a critical estimate of its value. Psychiatrists who are watching results won't say that it is good. And they won't say that it is bad. They simply do not know, yet.

In the manual used by the Army for neuropsychiatric guidance, there is a section on the misconceptions regarding mental ill-health in the soldier:

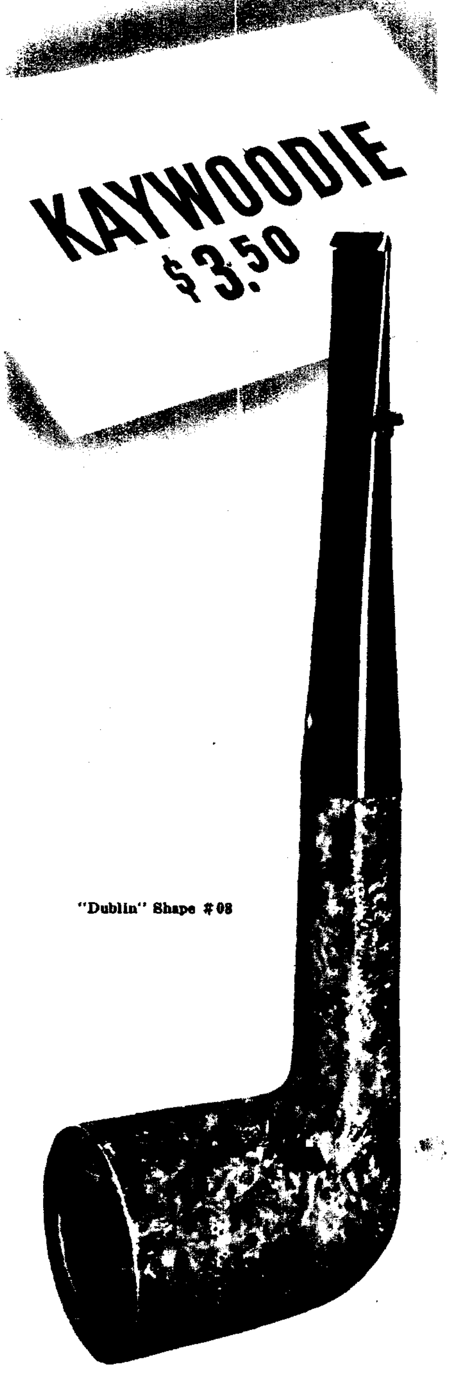
1. A neurosis is an illness. Neurotic reactions in the Army are no different from those in civilian life.
2. Neurotic symptoms are not confined to abnormal or predisposed people. All individuals at times show such symptoms.
3. One neurotic or psychotic illness does not permanently incapacitate an individual. Many people who have had several mental illnesses recover entirely. The recovery rate even for cases sent to our state hospitals runs as high as forty per cent.
4. Threatening or punishing a neurotic soldier will only make him worse; he is incapacitated as much as a physically ill soldier.
5. It is not true that all soldiers with neurotic reactions should be discharged. Many neuroses are mild in nature, and the man recovers from the disabling symptoms. Approximately fifty per cent of soldiers breaking in combat can be returned to full duty if treated early and effectively.

Reaction to Set in Later

The real job will come after the war. Doctors Grinker and Spiegel state that: "We are convinced that the so-called 'well' personnel differ from those whom we diagnose as sick and in need of definite psychiatric cure only by the quantity of emotional disturbances. One may expect for many years after the war that soldiers outwardly well, but carrying hidden weights of psychological conflicts and anxiety loads, will break under the stress of some trivial difficulty, some last straw. However, we believe that narcosynthesis (the use of a sedative to get a man talking) and dynamic brief therapy (the employment of a short and quick form of psychoanalysis) will successfully function even after long periods of time have elapsed."

The problem is great, but just as superhuman efforts are being made in wartime to combat it, so will the 3,500 psychiatrists of this country work on it in peacetime. A great deal has been learned about the subject by medical men who have previously had no opportunity to practice in this field. Both the Army and Navy have given wholehearted support to mental hygiene treatments. Any doubts about the efficacy of psychiatric treatments have been dissipated in the heat of war. Thousands of men have been returned to normal life and even to combat life by uses of the new therapy.

THE END



The Flavor of Home

If you aren't smoking a pipe now, may we suggest that you try a Kaywoodie? There's an advantage, when you start doing anything, in having the very best with which to do it, and that's just what Kaywoodie provides for you. And there are three good rules to follow, if you wish to begin smoking a pipe: (1) fill it only half full, for a while (2) smoke it *very* slowly (3) keep it clean.—If you've been unable to find Kaywoodies lately, it's because these pipes are in great demand by men in the Armed Forces. We're sure you'll agree that we must serve our fighters, first! Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. *630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*

KAYWOODIE BRIAR

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ALMOST all our mail is on the acid side this week. For example, Mr. Ben Orderly of Tucson, Arizona, having looked over the results of recent primaries, has this to say: "From Senators Holman of Oregon, Clark of Missouri, and Smith of South Carolina, on down the line, all these members of Congress goosed back to civilian status in the primaries blame the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee and the Communists. I have yet to read where some slap-down says that maybe his constituents just didn't want him any more."

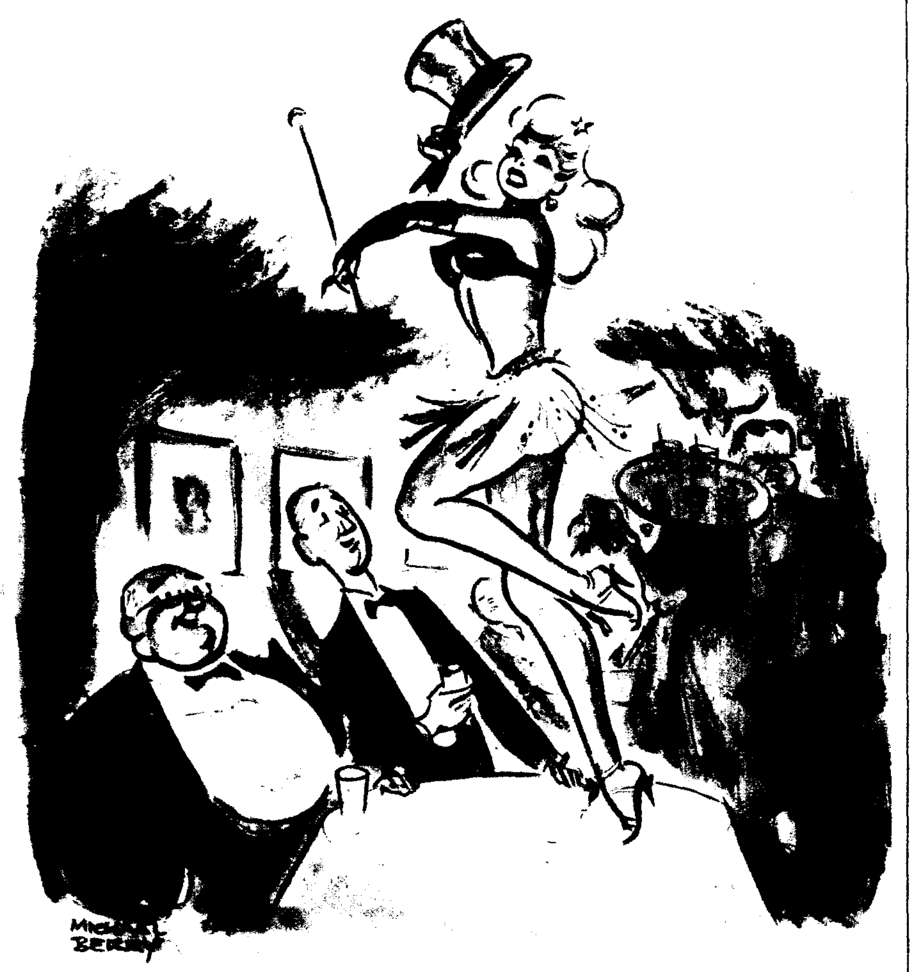
ANYWAY, we've just received Vol. 1, No. 1 edition of The West Brandywine Bulletin. Martin Klaver, Jr., is editor and publisher, etc., etc. Mr. Klaver is thirteen years old, too. It starts off with the following bit of information which the enemy can use and be damned to him: "Mrs. Plumley and Allen went to Washington for a month's visit with their relatives. Mr. Plumley will take care of the house and animals while they are there." Also without the sanction of the OWI, Mr. Klaver announces: "Hester and Ann Rhodes are visiting the Rhodes for the summer."

MR. ALVIN S. McCOY of Kansas City, Missouri, reports discouragingly that there is a gentleman in Kansas, running for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who advocates changing both our language and our system of mathematics. Mr. McCoy tells us that the fellow has no chance. He is now looking for a man in Kansas City who has invented a collision-proof motorcar "with absorbent bumpers and mousetraps that save cheese." Also from Missouri comes word that St. Louis workhouse prisoners have struck because Warden E. P. Loesch failed in his civil-service examinations and has been replaced.

THIS story is about a nice, expensive luncheon given by a fellow who has enjoyed millions of dollars' worth of war contracts and hasn't lost a cent. The luncheon was given to selected influential individuals in Washington, uniformed and civilian. It was decided that for the entertainment and edification of the guests, a war hero should be present to tell his story and express his appreciation for the patriotism of the war contractor. They found one such—a young Army officer to whom almost everything unpleasant had happened. He was shy one leg and—but never mind. He met the distinguished guests. He ate distinguished food. He had a few distinguished drinks. He listened to three eulogies of the distinguished contractor. Then he got up, slowly scanned the distinguished gathering, thumbed his nose at them and limped out—back to the hospital.

A COUPLE of our Washington scouts have just been in saying that they'd be doggoned. It seems that they got invitations to three or four buffet suppers and lost no time in getting to them. They were all pretty mysterious at first, but the food was sumptuous, the liquor plentiful and prewar, and the women dazzling. Our scouts hadn't any idea what it was about, but managed to keep themselves under control. Then, after the last cold lobster had been polished off, and the crowd settled down to the brandy and champagne, it became clear that supper number one was a Latin-American hurrah, number two was a Spanish plug, number three was British, and finally there was one Pan-Ally affair whereat it was earnestly hoped that the United States would not forget her duty to the rest of the world when peace returns. Our scouts seemed a bit cynical about all this, but we reproved them. After all, some nations have postwar plans even if we haven't.

WE WERE mentioning this to our fellow worker Herbert Asbury. Mr. Asbury thinks that postwar planning suffers from planner senility and that the whole thing should be turned over to young fellows. His nephew Sam, for example. Mr. Asbury saw Sam recently. Sam was celebrating his seventeenth birthday, and his father told Mr. Asbury frankly that Sam was a smart lad, crammed with ideas. Sam hastened to agree. "Ideas?" he shouted. "Why, Uncle Herb, I got ideas that I haven't got around to thinking of yet." . . . W. D.



"Too bad the wife isn't here—she'd get a kick out of this!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

GREASE

FOR GUNPOWDER

but not for SHAVING

Grease is essential for explosives, but it's *non-essential* in shave cream...men *hate* to put it on their faces. That's why so many men are switching from ordinary brushless to Mennen—it's a cream, not a grease.

This is one reason why more dermatologists buy Mennen Brushless than any other brand...more than the next *two* brands combined. These facts were revealed in a nation-wide poll...real evidence of the superiority of Mennen Brushless.

When buying shave cream for your own use, follow the lead of America's highest medical authorities on skin care. They give you the secret of *easy shaving*.

It's a Cream, Not a Grease

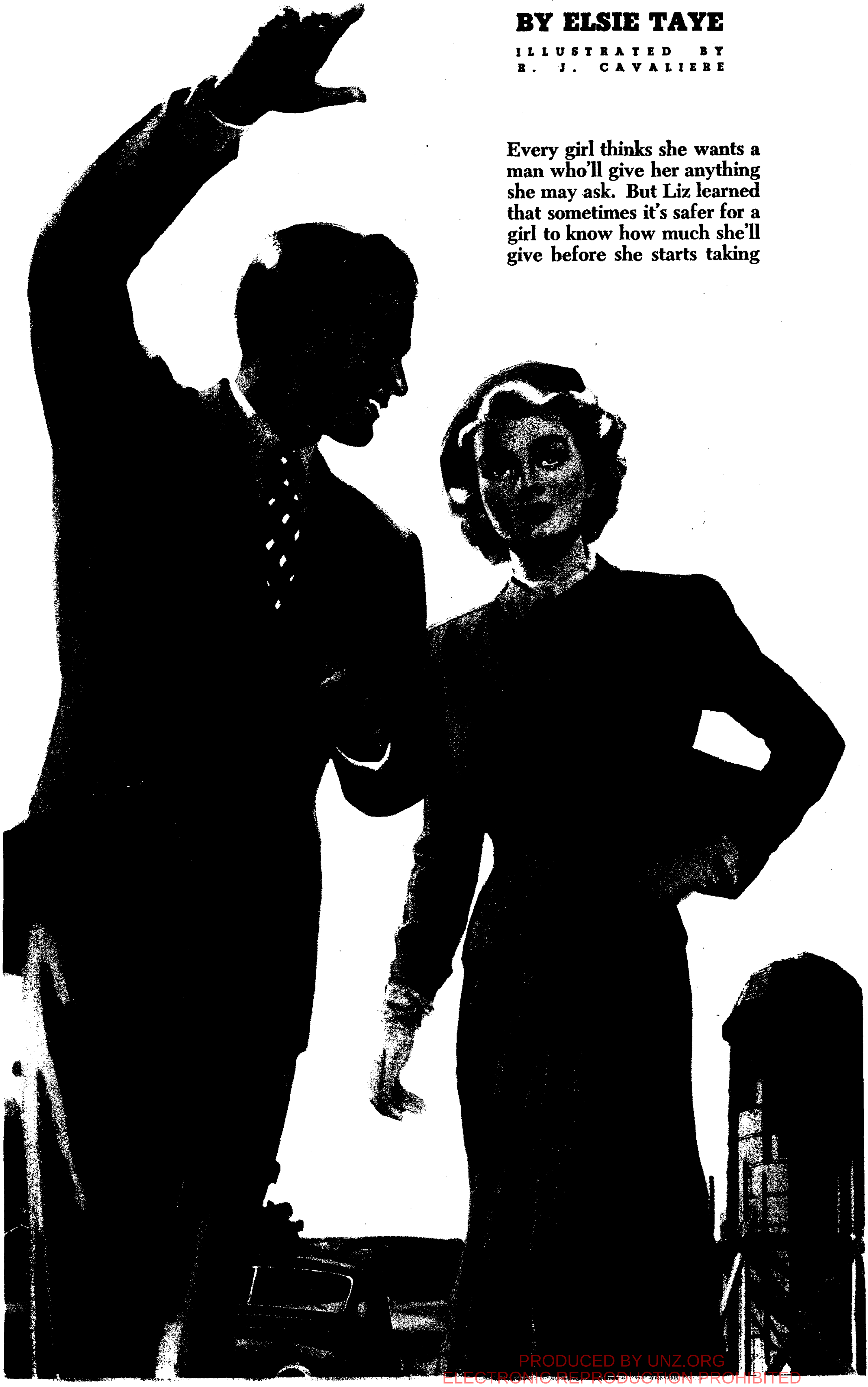
MENNEN *Brushless* SHAVE

Upstate Girl

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. J. CAVALIERE

Every girl thinks she wants a man who'll give her anything she may ask. But Liz learned that sometimes it's safer for a girl to know how much she'll give before she starts taking



Adrian pointed out the fields that were his, and then Elizabeth asked why a closed-up barn looked so empty

THE doorman liked the way she got out of the taxi; he liked her gray suit and the way her pale hair, without ordered ringlets or pompadour, curled up around her small hat.

Elizabeth was late. Few people kept Carter Humphreys waiting. But he was inside waiting for her, his six feet four towering above the man he was talking to.

"Sorry," she said, her hand in Carter's, sweetly sure she was forgiven, as she always had been—a girl with the world at her feet and not a penny in the bank. Her look changed to one of excitement as she noticed the man with Carter. "Adrian King!"

"Hello, Liz," said Adrian.

She had missed him, she said—and was he glad to be back! "Hell, no," Adrian answered and they laughed.

He said no, thanks, to Carter's suggestion that he join them for dinner, but he lingered, his amiably malicious green eyes going from Carter to Elizabeth.

"You two going steady now?" asked Adrian.

Elizabeth looked at him. Carter answered easily, "No such luck, but thanks for the compliment," and turned his tall back on Adrian. Adrian said, "Watch it," and went away.

Feeling the immediate need for tact, Carter said, "Hear anything more about your office closing?" as he and Elizabeth stood for a moment in the doorway of the dining room.

"Yes. The first of November. Mr. Seidel wants us all to go to the factory in Boston."

"Don't go."

"All right." Wishing he was sure she meant it, Carter smiled down on her.

The headwaiter gestured, one hand placed on the small table he had reserved for Mr. Humphreys as though the table would be snatched if he moved an inch from it.

Walking through the room ahead of Carter, Elizabeth said, "Hello, Marj," to a model she knew, nodded to two men she had met somewhere, and before she sat down, she had recognized an illustrator, three actresses, and the newest voiceless singer. This was the atmosphere she loved—the best and the most expensive.

"Adrian limps," she said, unbuttoning the jacket of her gray suit over the severe yellow blouse.

One winter she had worn little round white collars with everything. That was because people said she looked like a choir boy, with her wide, deep-set blue eyes, her beautiful high cheekbones, her long slim neck.

But Hester had said the round collars were overdoing it, and Elizabeth avoided them now. Hester, the girl she lived with, knew about things like that.

"Very becoming to him," Carter said dryly. "As good as a decoration. And one he can wear with civilian clothes."

"Don't be bitter. You tried."

"I will be—whenever I'm reminded that I was too old."

"Ho, hum," said Elizabeth.

Absorbed as he was in opening a new pack of cigarettes, tearing a corner neatly, she watched him. He was one of her best friends and she was proud of the friendship.

Hollywood would have delighted in Carter Humphreys. They would have placed a ten-gallon hat reverently on his long, lean head, a nail-studded belt about his thin waist, and he would never, never have appeared without spurs. The faintly cowboy air that his expensive clothes achieved was not entirely accidental. Carter had spent a delicate adolescence in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, and he liked to say that it had blighted his life, that he would never be happy any place else.

Not a handsome man, but an attractive one and one who looked important. He *was* important. At thirty-eight he had been called to Washington to form one more committee on postwar conditions, and he was leaving very soon. Then she would not be seeing him. It had been an excuse, not perhaps a good one, but an excuse for seeing Carter Humphreys too often now.

"He's a funny duck," said Carter offering her a cigarette.

"Adrian? Well—good-looking—"

A waiter had leaped to light their cigarettes. When he was gone Carter said mildly, "Adrian likes you, too. He stuck around after I said I was waiting for you."

Elizabeth laughed. "What do you mean—too?"

If Carter's smile was a trifle acid, that was all right. A little jealousy is always nice. And Adrian *had* liked her once. She knew the symptoms. He used to make a point of coming to her table or of pushing in next to her at bar when he saw her around at night. And once he had asked her for a date.

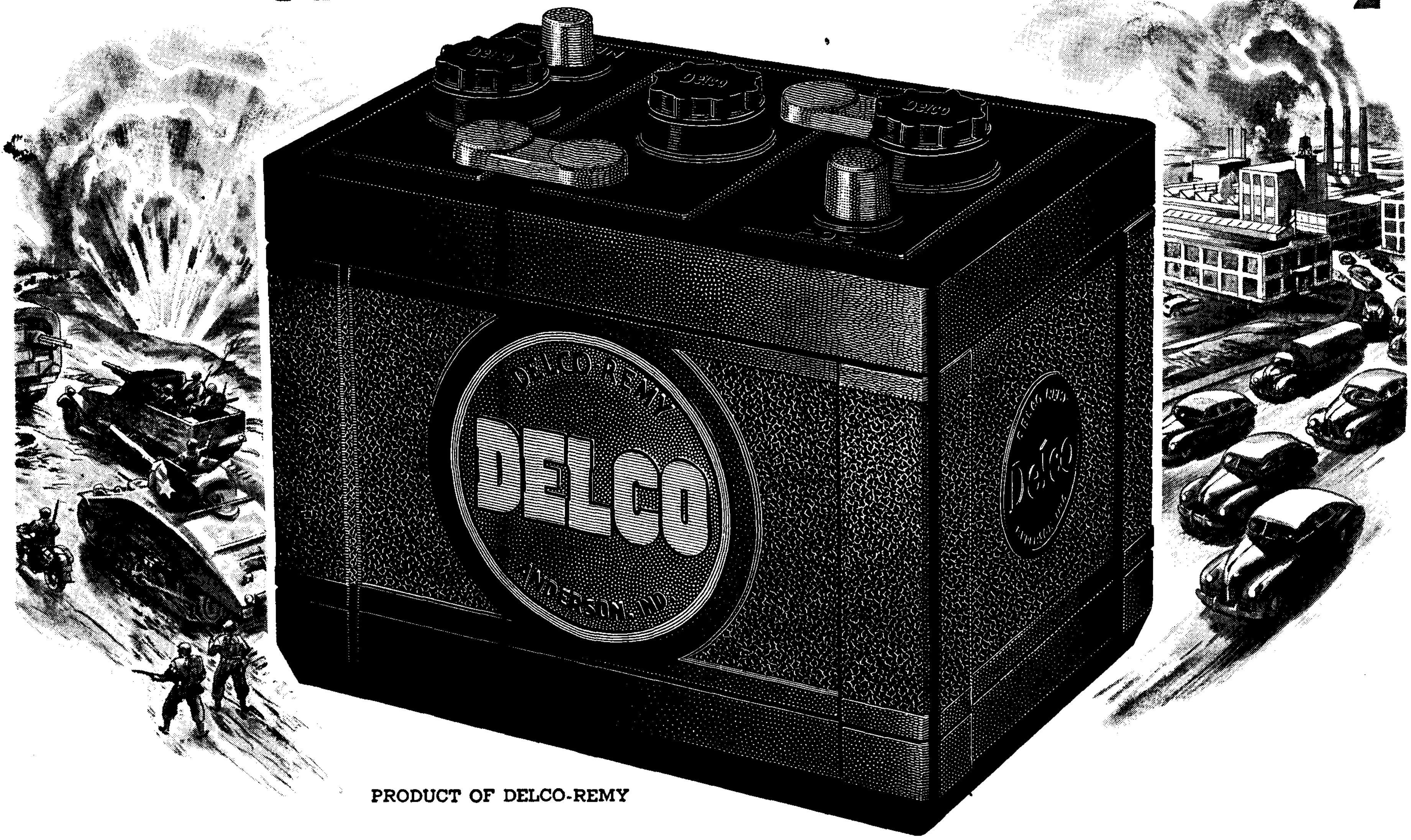
Picking up his cocktail, Carter said, "I mean he's different. He was the boy wonder before he got into uniform. He was in the big money and on his way to being one of the outstanding distributors in the country."

"He'll certainly be in the right business when the war is over—with everybody needing everything."

"That's just it." Carter raised a hand in greeting to one of the actresses. "I happen to know a couple of outfits that want him—he could name his own price. And when I mentioned the fact that I knew about these offers, all he said was, 'Amazing, isn't it?' "

(Continued on page 85)

Starting Military Vehicles on the Road to Victory



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

Starting Essential Cars on Their Wartime Jobs

The 3 Fundamentals of BATTERY CARE

1. Add water regularly
2. Keep connections clean and tight
3. Recharge when necessary

Delco batteries are today meeting the needs of the armed forces—in planes, tanks, combat cars, trucks and other military vehicles.

Millions more are helping to maintain essential transportation at home—in cars, trucks and buses.

This double responsibility means that every Delco battery built today has an important assignment to carry out on the fighting front or the home front. It gives every civilian car owner this urgent command:

Don't waste battery life by neglect . . . don't squander it by buying a new battery when your present one is still dependable.

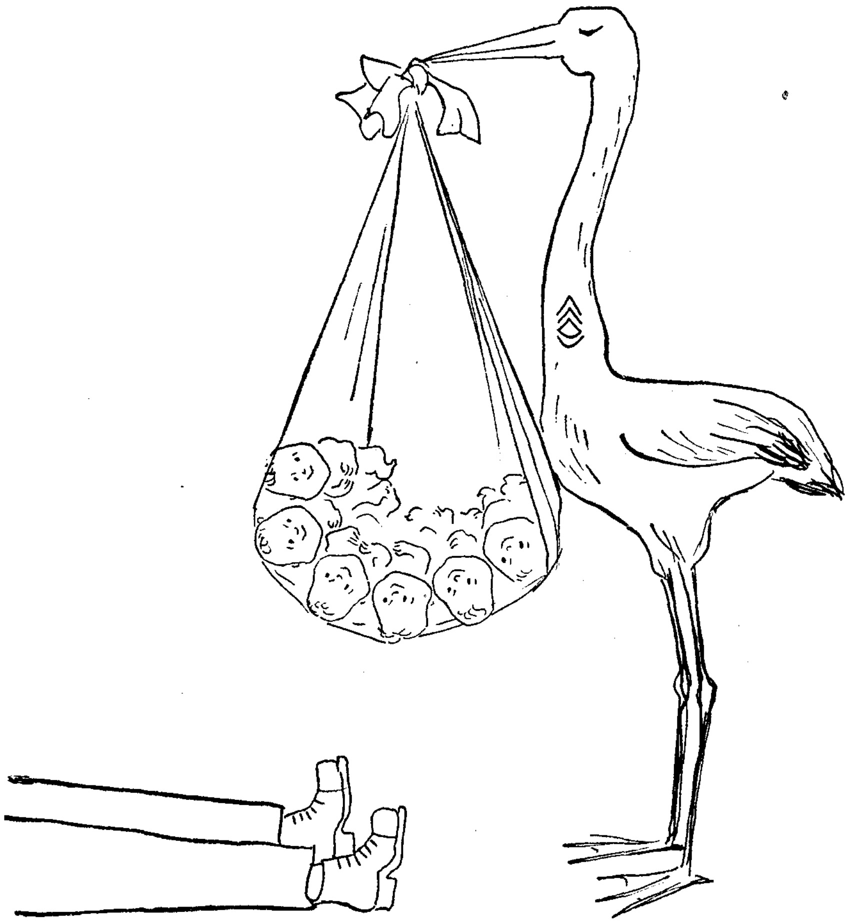
See your Delco battery dealer every two weeks for inspection and service. His good judgment will tell him when your present battery has outlived its usefulness. *Your* good judgment will tell you to replace with a Delco battery . . . for extra starting power, for long life, for dependability.

When You Must Replace
REPLACE WITH A
DELCO
BATTERY

Delco batteries are built for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses and tractors. They are sold by 40,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ ***DON'T LET UP, OR YOU'LL LET A FIGHTER DOWN—KEEP ON BUYING BONDS*** ★

DELCO-REMY ★ WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN



Oh, what a lovely allotment!

What G. I. wouldn't faint with joy at sight of such a windfall? Half a dozen babies, all in one bundle, would mean money in the bank these days. At current army rates, they'd add up to the fat sum of $180 per month on one of those official family allotment checks.

But if you're entertaining any rosy visions of shattering the birth records with sextuplets, perhaps we'd better warn you right now that the stork is pretty stingy about matters like that.

In fact, he only passes out six-of-a-kind once in every 401,027,327 trips.

That's what it says in our biology book. We don't set ourselves up as scientists, so we'll take its word. It also says that friend stork's activities follow a pattern that can accurately be charted in actual *figures.*

Business and industry chart their production patterns in figures, too. But they need something more than natural law to help do the job. They need facts, clearly presented, and they need them fast. They need an economical means of getting them. They have both in a machine that Management regards as downright indispensable.

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COMPTOMETER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Adding-Calculating Machines and Methods

N. W. AYER & SON

Lay that Pistol Down

Continued from page 15

out. Didn't you suspect that leaving our address puts us right in the middle of a very queer racket?"

"Oh, Andy, you wouldn't put down a mystery novel after the first chapter, would you?"

"Nope. Before the first chapter. I don't like books or people to breathe clammily on the back of my neck. Where is the pistol?"

She lifted a neat package she had been holding under her arm, almost hidden by her big pocketbook. She gripped it firmly, as *if I might snatch it.*

"Don't worry," I snapped. "I won't try to throw the thing away. Getting rid of a pistol, even an old one, is about as easy as abandoning a body. And, anyway, our visitors wouldn't know we had thrown it away."

"What visitors?"

"The ones we'll be having tonight, or maybe the next night."

She gave a delighted shiver. "You ought to thank me, Andy. You seemed interested in that redheaded girl. Maybe I've given you a chance to meet her."

"I would just as soon," I said, "meet the business end of a blowtorch."

"There's nothing dangerous about a blowtorch," she cooed, slanting her eyes at me, "as long as you hold it properly."

"Women," I snarled, "are like hand grenades. There isn't any right way to hold them. *The only right thing is to get rid of them . . . fast.*"

WE CLIMBED on our bus at the Virginia terminal at Twelfth and Pennsylvania. Ordinarily I do a lot of grumbling about the time it takes to get from Washington to the Pentagon, but right now the bus trip couldn't be too slow for me. I didn't want to go home. I wanted to get off in the concourse and cancel my leave and sleep on a desk for the next two months. Of course I knew that Arab wouldn't go along with that.

"I've been wondering," she said. "Might that scene between your redhead and the little man have been cooked up? To get a higher price for the pistol?"

"But they didn't get a much higher price, and they lost a couple of grand on the rest of the auction because it seemed so tame after the pistol business. It doesn't add up. Just in passing, lay off that *your redhead* business. I am not a guy who mixes either drinks or women. And I already have a blonde."

She snuggled against me, and murmured, "Andy, why did your—*the* redhead—fail to come back? Why didn't the little man come back before the auction ended?"

"All I can do is guess. She went after him as if she either wanted to carve him into hors d'oeuvres or hold him for the law. If he got away, he might have been too scared to come back. She might have caught him and yelled for a cop, or lost him and gone on hunting. Either way she wouldn't get back."

"Thank you, Andy. You always make things clear."

"I hope I make it unpleasant, too. Because that's what it's going to be."

We arrived home and found everything peaceful. I mixed an old-fashioned for my nerves, and a fruit salad type of drink for Arab, who doesn't know any better than to like the things. Then I hung around within sneering range while she opened her package. She went "ooooh" and "aaaah" until I couldn't stand it any longer and had to look at the pistol.

"What do you make of it?" she breathed.

"It is," I said, "a late eighteenth-century double-barreled English coach pistol. Flintlock. *Complete with flannel case and a dozen* rounds. Just the thing to hang over your grave."

"Oh, Andy, don't be so difficult! Doesn't it just ooze mystery?"

"Sure. Note the secret staircase built into the right barrel. Observe the trap door in the powder pan, leading to a pit filled with pit vipers. Glom onto the map of Cap'n Kidd's treasure carved in the stock."

"All right, *be* difficult. But if we're in for trouble, the best way to stop it is to find out what the mystery is."

"Correction: The best way is to hang this rod up on our porch with a spotlight on it and a sign announcing TAKE ONE."

"Look at it, Andy. Pick it up."

I don't like pistols. Usually I handle them the way I'd brandish a porcupine. My fingers touched the butt . . . and I almost yelled. The thing seemed to jump into my hand. It sat up like a trained cobra. I looked down horrified as the browned barrels swayed back and forth, back and forth. Both serpentines were at full cock, and the bits of flint in them gleamed like fangs. Some trick of balance made you want to squeeze the butt and single trigger.

"How did those serpentines get cocked?" I asked hoarsely. "They were okay when I picked it up."

"You did it, darling. I saw you. As you picked it up, your thumb reached out automatically and cocked them. The same thing happened to me. And it's more than just perfect balance, Andy. I've handled a lot of pistols. This one has the balance of a ballet dancer but that doesn't account for it."

"Wait a *minute. It's not mysterious.* We're just victims of psychology. We expect this hunk of iron to pull deadly tricks and so it does them. This thing needs to be debunked."

I laid it down carefully, watching my thumb all the time, and located a long pencil. The first thing to do with a gun, even an old one, is to find out whether or not it is loaded.

There was no powder in the priming pan of this pistol, but it is possible to ignite a main charge in other ways and I was taking no chances. I put the pencil down both barrels in turn, measured how far it went, and compared the measurement with the distance between muzzles and touch holes. They matched closely, which they wouldn't have done if there had been a charge in either barrel. I examined the pistol closely. The *single* trigger fired both barrels at once when both serpentines were cocked; if you wanted to fire one barrel you merely cocked one. The steel was browned to prevent rust. I couldn't check the sear assembly without going into the tedious job of taking it apart, but the mechanism worked smoothly and seemed to be in fine shape.

THERE was no chasing or ornamentation except for one thing, which had been hidden previously as the pistol lay in its case. On the left side a small silver plate had been set into the walnut stock and fastened with silver pins. The auctioneer hadn't thought to look at the plate through a magnifying glass. I studied it through a glass and saw an aged tracery. There was a date: 1791. And there were two words. They came whispering out of the past with a cold, deadly message: *Spare Naught.* I put the thing down. I could feel sweat coming out on my body.

"What did you find?" Arab asked breathlessly.

I told her, and explained, "It might add ten or twenty bucks to the value, as far as the average collector is concerned. As far as I'm concerned, it makes me willing to pay somebody ten or twenty bucks to take it away."

"That's your psychology again. But haven't you found out anything about the mystery?"

"Nope."

"Then we'll just have to wait for visitors, won't we?"

From the edges of my eyes I saw a goblin face smear itself against a front window. I would have yelled, but the yell met gulps coming down my throat and the traffic jam almost strangled me. The choking gave me a moment to think, and I realized that even lovely faces look odd when puttied against a window. The face was a girl's, and had been framed by hair the color of live embers.

"We won't have to wait long," I said. "Did you see that?"

Arab jumped to the door, yanked it open. The redhead's hand was lifted to knock and so she almost announced herself by rapping politely on Arab's nose. It didn't get the girls off to a good start.

"How do you do," Arab said. "Please come in."

"Thank you." The redhead's voice had warm cello notes in it, and she walked into the room as if modeling chinchilla. "I hope I didn't startle you. I wasn't sure I had the right place."

"It's quite all right," Arab said. "I'm afraid the window left a smudge on your nose."

"I shouldn't have done that, should I?" She dusted her nose with a handkerchief, stared at Arab's print dress, and cooed, "So sorry to break in on you when you're not dressed for company."

"I do look frowzy," Arab said. "And I was admiring your outfit at the auction. You looked so nice in it . . . as if you'd just stepped out of a bathtub and hadn't quite reached for a towel."

I cleared my throat and said, "May I referee?"

"Why, Andy, whatever do you mean? Miss Uh, this is Captain Blake. I'm Mrs. Blake."

"I'm *so* glad," the redhead murmured, as if the relationship was a great surprise.

"Did you think we weren't married?" Arab snapped.

"My *dear!* Did you think I meant that? I meant I'm so glad to meet you and Captain Blake. I'm Katharine Hawley."

"Maybe," I said, pointing to part of Arab's arsenal hanging on the wall, "maybe I should just load two of those things for you, and leave."

"What *are* you talking about, darling?"

"Yes," Miss Hawley echoed. "I hope you haven't misunderstood us, Captain. I did come to talk about a gun, by the way."

"What a coincidence," Arab said. "We were just talking about one. Could it be the same?"

Our visitor walked to the table and touched the *Spare Naught* pistol with a finger. "It's this one. You weren't bidding on it while I was at the auction, Mrs. Blake."

"That's right," Arab said.

"But it doesn't really mean anything to you, does it?"

"Not yet."

"It's terribly important for me to have it. And it wouldn't be important to you. Won't you sell it to me?"

"Why," Arab said, "was that little man bidding on it . . . just to spoil your disposition?"

"I'll pay you the two hundred dollars I had bid for it."

"Put it in War Bonds," Arab said. "You have some information. We have the pistol. Would you consider trading?"

"But . . . but, Mrs. Blake, it's a very personal matter!"

"I could forget all about it afterward," Arab said in a wheedling tone.

Katharine Hawley gave an embarrassed laugh. "Well, all right," she said. "But it's one of those family stories that sounds unbelievable. My family is from Warrenton. The Hawleys of Warrenton, Virginia."

Arab said brightly, "You went to school up north and lost your accent, didn't you?"

"The Hawleys have no Southern accent," the redhead said coldly. "We consider it provincial. We've been there, oh, a frightfully long time and the pistol has been in our family for most of that time. We came to think of it as the Luck of the Hawleys."

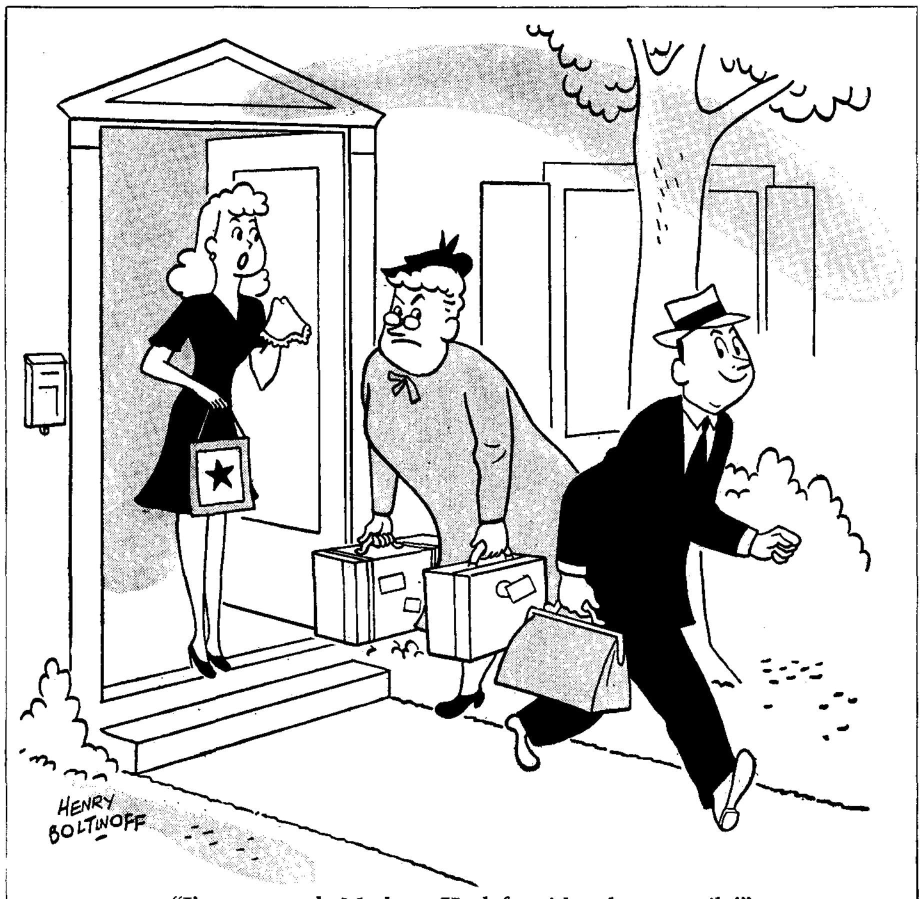
"Good or bad?" I asked.

SHE gave me a stare of the type usually reserved for the field hands. "Good luck, of course," she said. "My father believed that nothing could go wrong while he had the Luck of the Hawleys. He became involved in a very bitter business feud with another man. This other man—I won't mention his name—knew of Father's superstition. He arranged to have it stolen, by that rabbity man you saw at the auction."

Arab said, widening her eyes, "And, of course, your father thought his luck was gone!"

"Exactly. He lost his confidence, made mistakes. Then, somehow, the pistol got into that auction and a friend of ours recognized it a few days before the sale and telephoned us. I came here to buy it, but that nasty little man had heard of it, too, and tried to outbid me. I lost my head when I recognized him. I wanted to have him arrested. . . ."

She paused and lowered her eyes for just



"I'm so proud, Mother He left with a brave smile!"

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WHEN IT CAME TO LAXATIVES, Dick used to go off the deep end! He claimed he needed something *powerful,* but that terrible-tasting stuff he took acted just like bottled dynamite! It left him feeling weak as a kitten.

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!

LATER DICK WENT to the other extreme and began to experiment with a "panty-waist" laxative that was supposed to be very mild. It tasted awful, too, and only churned him up inside without giving him proper relief.

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO MILD!

FINALLY, DICK LISTENED to reason and agreed to try Ex-Lax — the laxative *I've* always used. Right away, Dick raved about its fine chocolate taste. And Ex-Lax worked just as effectively for him as it always has for me . . . Gave him real relief — *comfortably!* Not too strong, not too mild . . .

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the right length of time. Then she said, "You *will* sell me the gun, won't you?"

I sneaked a glance at Arab; she was yawning. I said in a rather hopeless way, "A mighty touching story."

"Yes," Arab said. "It touched everything but *the truth.*"

"How dare you!" the redhead cried. "I ought to—"

I said, "Let's be sensible about this. Sister, we gave you a break on your performance. We stayed for the whole show. Most people would have walked out in the first act."

Kit Hawley looked at me and suddenly smiled and sat down and hauled out a pack of cigarettes. "Was I that bad?" she asked cheerfully.

"You were awful," Arab said.

"*I* thought I was pretty good," Kit said, "for such short notice." She snapped a wooden match alight with a perfect fingernail and said, "Well, you two want me to lay it on the line now, don't you?"

"Yes," Arab said, "and make this good. Why did you hand us all that fruitcake?"

The redhead crossed her legs, and I found a spot on the ceiling to watch . . . just to keep peace in the family. "I thought maybe a sad story would save me money," she said. "You might not have had the heart to play bandit to a flower of the Old South. The real yarn is straight business and it gives you a chance to take me for plenty without feeling like heels. I work for a dealer in New York. Art, antiques, and all that."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"I'd rather not use names. Do you mind?"

"I mind," Arab said suspiciously. "But go on."

Kit said, "We have a client who goes for guns. Guns that have a history. He'll pay almost anything. We ran down this one for his collection. By itself the pistol isn't much. But we have papers, old letters and things, that trace it back to Dick Turpin."

Arab said, "Dick Turpin was an old-fashioned Dillinger, wasn't he?"

"Uh-huh. Back in the stand-and-deliver days in England. He worked the stagecoaches."

"Then that," Arab said, "accounts for your interest in the pistol. But how about the little man?"

Kit said, "If you know anything about antiques and art, you know that a lot of jockeying goes on among dealers to nail down rich collectors. One dealer in New York has been doing nip-ups trying to steal this client of ours. The little guy works for him. I located a Colt that Jesse James used, and bought it and was carrying it along the street and that little rat grabbed it right out of my hand and beat it. Later it turned up in our client's collection. We could have squawked, but it might have made our client sore. That was the first time I saw the little guy and today was the second. I don't know what I'd have done if I had caught him, but I didn't."

"I never heard of any collection like that," Arab grumbled.

"There are plenty of collections of all kinds that never get publicity," I said. "Less publicity, less taxes to be paid."

"Do I get the pistol?" the redhead asked.

ARAB stood up and kicked the leg of her chair. "Oh, heck," she said. "I suppose so. But wait a minute. I have to go upstairs."

She left us, and I heard her feet scuffling the stairs like the feet of a little girl sent to her room. This was tough on her. She had built up an exciting mystery about the *Spare Naught* pistol and now it turned into merely a little dirty work between dealers, and a long-dead bandit. Arab wouldn't want a bandit alive or dead. She'd want him alive and shooting.

Kit Hawley moved to a chair beside me and leaned close and placed a hand on my knee. It was meant to look like a confiding gesture and to send small throbs up through my body. It did. "Captain Blake," she said, "you *are* going to let me have the pistol, aren't you?"

"Sure. Arab's the only one you had to worry about. By the way, I like having my knee squeezed but it isn't part of the price."

She sat up. Her eyes looked as green and watchful as the eyes you sometimes see at night in the woods, casing a campfire. "You don't believe me," she said.

"Look. You want the pistol. You have *my* vote. Do I have to believe you, too?"

"Why do I have your vote if you don't believe me?"

Heels clicked on the stairway. Heels sounding as gay as castanets. I had been feeling pretty good but now my stomach took an express to the basement. Arab had found out. I should have known that she went upstairs to peek in our Encyclopedia Britannica, which we keep beside the bed to settle the arguments Arab likes to start while I'm trying to go to sleep. She skipped into the room and handed Kit Hawley a slip of paper.

"Thanks for the bedtime story," Arab said. "Kindly do not slam the door as you leave."

Kit looked at the paper, shrugged and stood up. "I'll give you a call now and then," she said. "Maybe you'll change your mind. By the way, have you any children?"

"Not yet," Arab said.

Kit opened the door, smiled at us. "That's good," she said. "I always think orphans are so pitiful, don't you?" She closed the door quietly and the sound of her footsteps faded away.

Arab waited a minute, then said, "Andy?"

"Um?"

"You didn't ask what was on that slip of paper I gave her."

"Gosh, I forgot. I was so busy trying to ward off a chill that I forgot."

"Andrew Blake, if I thought you knew all along, and were going to let her have the gun on a phony story . . ."

"What an idea," I said in a hurt tone. "You shouldn't have ideas like that. How did you trap her?"

She got a pad of paper and a pencil, scribbled something, and handed it to me. "That's what I gave her," she said proudly.

I read: Date on Pistol: 1791. Dick Turpin: 1706-1739. "That's swell," I said. "It couldn't have been owned by Dick Turpin because it was made fifty-two years after he was hanged. You're a smart girl, thinking of that. Are you smart enough to have bought a shovel?"

"A shovel? What for?"

"On account of," I said gloomily, "they come in handy for digging foxholes."

Arab did her best to cheer me up. She cooked an excellent dinner and hovered over me like a prison chef over a condemned man. She chatted lightly about ballistics and trajectories and hollow-nose versus steel-jacketed bullets . . . anything to take my mind off my worries.

During the evening she kept bringing me firearms from her collection as hopefully as a puppy bringing bones. She brought me snaphances and a hand cannon and a rare ducksfoot pistol that shoots in four directions at once. She dug up a double-barreled coach pistol and coaxed me to notice how closely it resembled the *Spare Naught* job. She cleaned guns and practiced aiming them and snapping triggers until I almost yelled.

AT TEN o'clock I checked the doors and all the windows and went up to bed. I was in bad shape. I was so beaten down that I didn't even squawk when Arab joined me and sneaked her feet, icy as usual, into the small of my back. A little tune began dancing through my head—a tune I'd danced to, way back in prep school. Only I wasn't using the regular words. My brain had worked out the beginning of a new chorus. It cheered me a little.

"What on earth are you humming?" Arab asked.

"Just an old song."

"It sounded like Say It with Music."

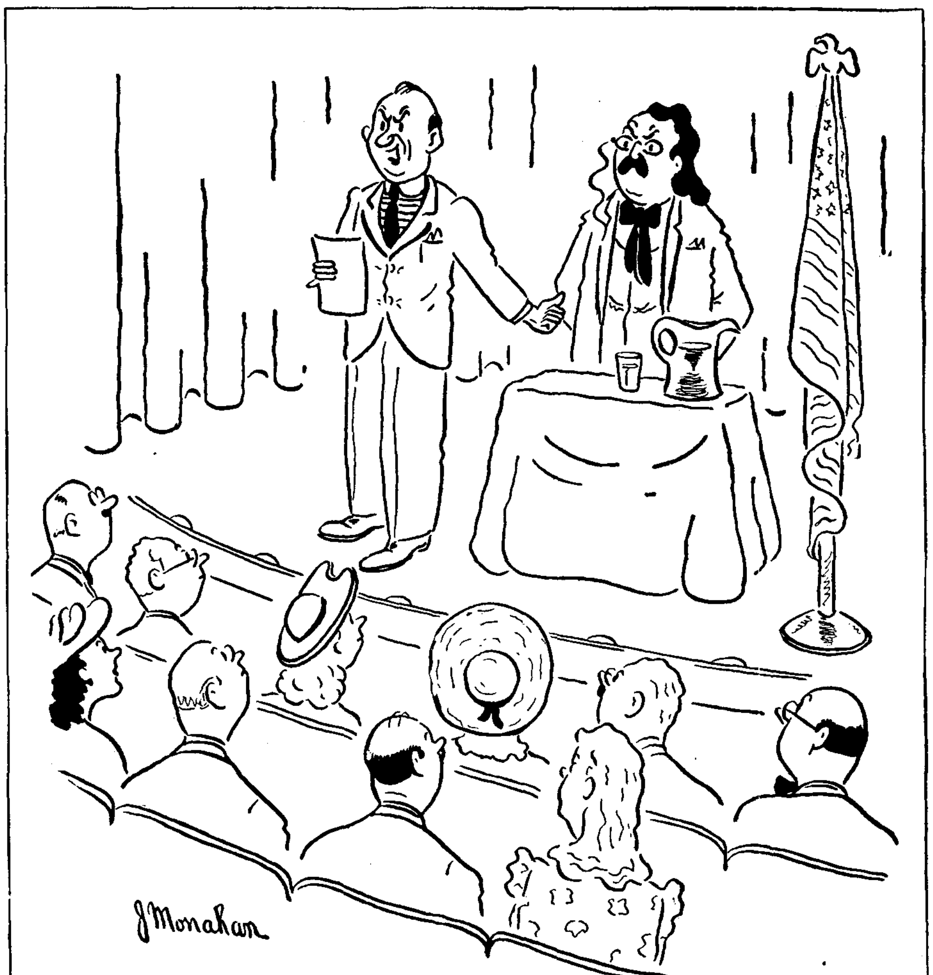
"Uh-huh. But I have some new words. I dedicated them to you. Want to hear them?"

"It sounds lovely and romantic," she said, snuggling closer. "Sing it."

My voice doesn't quite have the timbre of an old violin. More like an old cigar box, I suppose. But now it rose to the occasion. I crooned:

"Say it with bullets
Steel-jacket bullets
Somehow they love to be tolt
To the bang of Luger and Colt—"

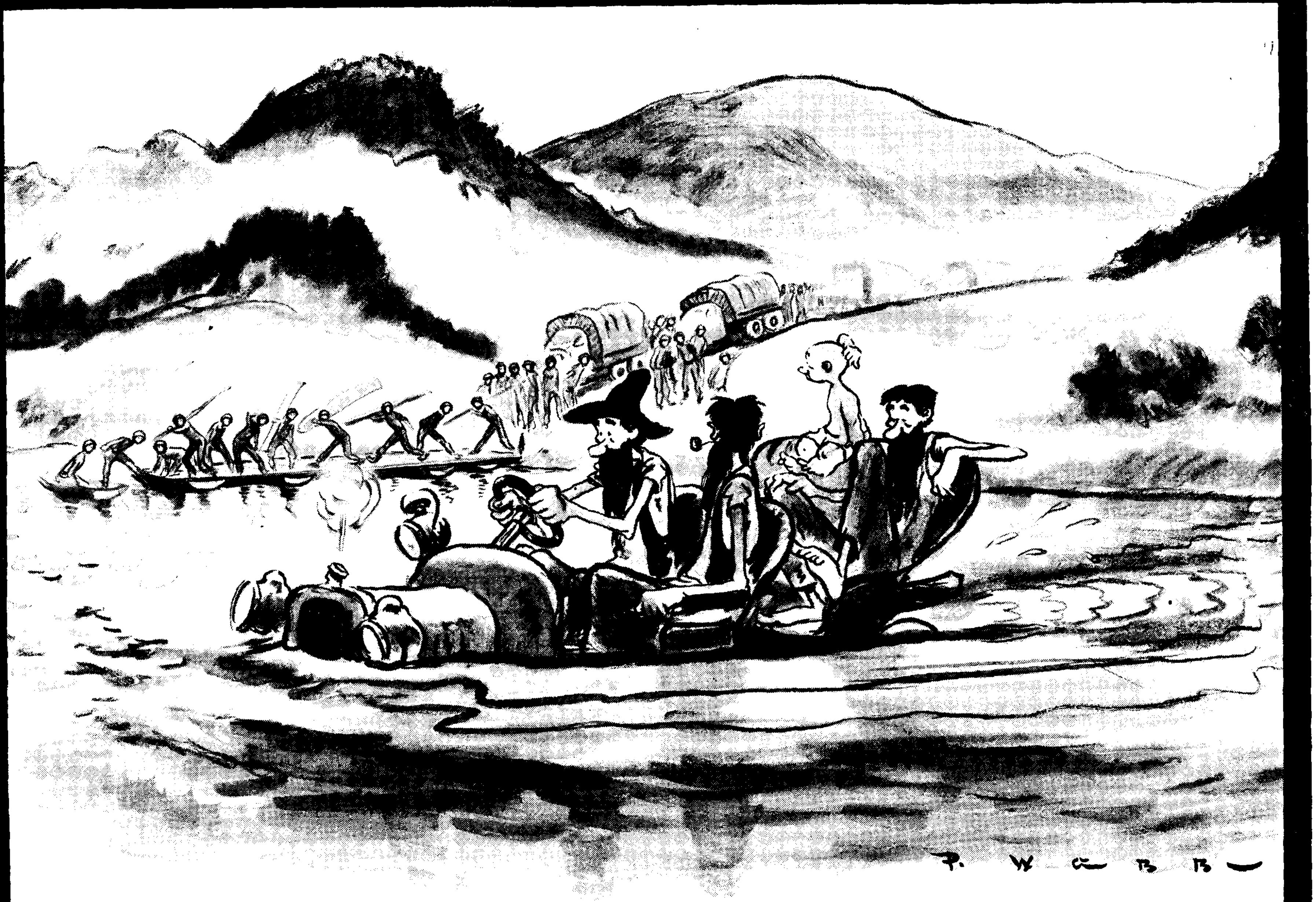
"You're crazy," Arab giggled. "Is there any more?"



"Doctor Benedict will discuss comparative or historical grammar, which accepts language as a changing and fluctuating phenomenon. So make with the ears"

COLLIER'S JEFFREY MONAHAN

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



" 'Pears like them Army fellers is buildin' a bridge . . . wonder what fer?"

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"I got stopped there. I couldn't fit Winchester or Remington into the meter."

"You aren't really worried, are you, Andy? We can handle any trouble that comes along."

"I don't want to handle trouble. I don't even want to touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"Oh, well, probably nothing will happen," Arab yawned. "Good night, Andy. It's been a lovely day."

I shuddered, but not enough to jar the mattress off the bed. After a while I drifted off to sleep and had one of those dreams in which you shoot and shoot at burglars without any effect except to make them peevish.

Sometime after midnight I awoke. Arab was nudging me. "Andy," she whispered, "there's a noise downstairs."

I listened. Definitely there was a noise. It could be almost anything, however. "Wind," I said. "Rattling windows."

She pointed to the curtains in front of our open windows. They were not moving. "Just a ground-floor wind, hmmm?" she said.

"Mice, then. Lots of mice in these old houses. Big ones."

"Andy! If you're not going to look into it, I *am!*"

I got out of bed angrily, jammed my feet into slippers. "Okay," I growled. "Don't wear black too long. It doesn't become you."

"Wait a moment," she said, rummaging in the bedside table. "You'd better take this."

I looked at the weapon she held out. It was a .45-caliber Colt military model. Ordinarily I would have had no part of her artillery but this time I needed it to make a plan click.

"Cartridge in the chamber?"

"Yes. Just cock the hammer. And please be careful, Andy."

"A fine time to think of that. You'd push a guy off a diving board and then tell him not to get wet. All right, where is that burglar?"

"Not so loud, Andy. He'll hear!"

"He'll hear plenty!" I shouted.

I LEAPED to the bedroom door, wrenched it open. I yanked back the slide of the big automatic. The ejector spit out a bullet. I didn't really have to do it but the slide of a Colt makes a nasty and unmistakable noise. There was a laundry hamper on the landing. I tipped it downstairs and charged after it with scalping yells. I thundered into the living room, switching on the hall light as I passed. A window was open and the burglar had had plenty of time to get away through it.

I ran to the window, yelled, "Come back here!"

I shoved the big Colt through the opening, turned my head away and began squeezing. My arm leaped and bucked to the recoil, and bellows of sound went barreling away through the night. Petals from Arab's rosebushes fluttered like moths in the moonlight. The hammer clicked. I leaned against the sill, panting.

A small voice quavered down from our bedroom, "D-did you kill him, Andy? Oooh, I shouldn't have got you mad!"

"He got away," I yelled. "Through the window."

"Oh, Andy, I'm so glad. I mean I'm glad you didn't hurt him. I'll throw on a few clothes and come down."

Bare feet padded over my head as she went to the closet. I grinned, thinking how I'd won myself a reputation at a bargain price both with Arab and with the burglar. Probably he was only touching ground every third step. I turned away from the window and saw a pair of muddy shoes against the wall of the living room near the entrance. They were cheap sports shoes of fake alligator. There was nothing remarkable about them, except that inside them were feet.

I forced myself to see what went with the feet. Pin-stripe trousers, bagged and shiny at the knees. Blue pin-stripe coat, tight over a skinny frame. Polka-dot bow tie. A neck that would take maybe a size twelve collar if they make such things.

Under the snap-brim hat were handle-bar ears and a thin sparrow face. It was the little guy from the auction. A flashlight dangled from one limp hand. From the other hand a blackjack hung by a leather thong. The way he was shaking he would have the wallpaper rubbed down to plaster in another minute. I walked over to him, took the jack from his limp fingers and tucked it under the waistband of my pajamas. I patted him and made sure he had no pistol.

Then I stepped back and said, "You got me."

He put up a shaking hand, stammered, "Oh, no, pal. Oh, no, I ain't. I wouldn't lift a finger, so help me. Don't put the slug on me, pal."

This had only taken a few seconds, so far, but already I could hear Arab's feet clicking around in mules. "Keep your voice down," I snarled. "I tell you, you got me! What do you want, that coach pistol?"

"I don't want nothing, pal. I haven't took nothing. I wouldn't even of slugged you, pal, so help me."

"You came after that coach pistol," I growled. I got the case from the mantel, made certain that the pistol, powder flask and bullets were inside, and shoved it at him. "Take it!" I ordered.

"It's a frame," he said hoarsely. "Are you gonna drill me and claim I was heeled?"

ARAB'S footsteps were in the hall now. "I *will* drill you," I whispered, "if you aren't out of here in five seconds."

His tongue flicked over blue lips, and he scooted across the room. One of his feet skidded and I shut my eyes and waited for the crashing fall that would give everything away. But he recovered his balance and whisked silently out through the open window.

Arab was clattering down the stairs now, and I called, "I'm afraid he got that pistol you bought."

She ran into the room, hair streaming like flames in a breeze, and flung herself against me. "You were so brave," she cried, "and I was heartless sending you down. And I don't care about the pistol as long as you're all right."

Her negligee wasn't fastened and her body felt warm and sleek and vibrant under its sheath of silk. My blood started to surge through arteries in irregular pulses, like a conga line. Her body seemed achingly soft and childish . . . except in one place. Something was digging into my lowest ribs.

"You must be losing weight," I said. "One of your ribs is jabbing me."

"One of *my* ribs?" she murmured.

We both investigated at the same time. My fingers touched plaited leather. I gulped, and for a moment my mind went blank and all I could do was say feebly, "It seems to be a blackjack."

Arab took it and moved away from me and twirled it slowly by its strap. She looked at me in a speculative way, and said, "It does look like a blackjack, doesn't it? He must have dropped it and you picked it up and forgot."

I laughed. It sounded like a pebble rattling in a tin can. "That's right," I said.

"Well, well. Then you've just been accessory before and after the fact of burglary. Probably you even coaxed him to steal that pistol."

"One thing I didn't do," I grumbled, "was invite him here. You did that when you bought the pistol. Now maybe we can have some peace."

Arab's eyebrows arched into tepees. "Peace?" she said. "How interesting. It was my impression that war had just been declared." She turned and marched upstairs.

I shut the window sadly. The lock had been jimmied open and wouldn't hold now, but it didn't matter. The *Spare Naught* pistol was gone. There would be no more trouble from outside the house but there would be plenty from inside. I clumped upstairs and tried to coax Arab to speak to me, and failed. She wouldn't even look at me.

I AWOKE the next morning with sunlight hurting my eyes. A blue jay was perched on the window sill practicing to be a calliope with the circus. For a minute I lay there, my back turned to Arab, working up indignation. I had saved us plenty of grief by getting rid of the pistol. I had no reason to feel ashamed. I was going to make Arab be sensible. I practiced saying "This nonsense has got to stop" under my breath until I achieved the proper forceful tone. Then I turned over and said it aloud, violently. The blue jay did a back flip off the sill but that was the only reaction. Arab wasn't there . . . and a most ominous-looking note was pinned to her pillow. It announced:

Dear Andy:
I know you aren't interested in helping me get back my pistol, so I'll have to do it myself. I thought of a good lead and I've taken the car to run it down.
Love . . . ARAB
P.S.—It's now four-thirty A.M., or 0430 as we say in the Army. Will telephone you by ten.

My stomach came out of a half-loop and flipped over in an Immelmann. The note hadn't been quite what I had expected but it was just as bad. When I first saw the note I thought she was headed for a divorce court, and it was no consolation to know that she was merely aiming at a morgue.

I took as long as I could over dressing and breakfast, but the minutes until ten o'clock went by with each second feeling like the throb of a headache. Finally the phone rang.

"Hello, darling," she crooned.

"What are you trying to be," I growled, "a one-woman suicide squad?"

"Oh, Andy, I'm having such a lovely time!"

"Arab, you come home. And fast," I said grimly.

"What? Just when it's getting to be fun? Oh, no! And I've located one of our parties already and I'm going to be finding out lots and lots of things."

"Where are you and what have you found out?"

"I won't tell you a thing," she said gaily. "You'd just try to spoil my plans. Goodby, darling. I'll keep in touch with you."

I yelled into the mouthpiece and rattled the receiver but she had hung up. I took a deep breath, sat down. It would do no good to play she-loves-me-she-loves-me-not with tufts of my hair. This called for my brain to start a program of setting-up exercises. I had to find Arab, and the only way was to locate the trail of her playmates. Two groups were interested in the pistol, not counting the Blakes. There was the redhead, who might or might not be working alone. There was the little guy, who was obviously not working alone. Back of him somewhere would be a crooked dealer or a crooked collector. Hunting for a crooked dealer would be the best idea because he would be easier to find, and because, if a crooked collector were involved, he would be likely to have a shady dealer working for him. It didn't seem too hopeful but it was all I could think of.

I looked through Arab's collection for something that would bring out the larceny in a crooked dealer, and finally found what I needed. It was the prize of her collection: one of the rare pistols with which Mr. Samuel Colt, Paterson, New Jersey, had launched the quick-firing era in the eighteen-thirties.

Arab had paid seven hundred bucks for this man-eater. Probably she hadn't been stung, either. Paterson Colts have been known to bring as high as two thousand dollars. If a crooked dealer was operating in the Washington area, the Paterson Colt ought to locate him for me.

But that wouldn't be enough. I might find a crook who wasn't my man, and so I needed another test. That was tougher. The best I could think of was a plan for using the second coach pistol Arab had shown me last night . . . the one resembling the *Spare Naught* weapon. I wrapped each pistol in a cloth and stowed them in a brief case, collected a list of antique dealers from the yellow section of the phone book and headed for the bus stop.

I HAD no fun during the next few hours. Washington was hot, and the brief case dragged at my arm, and dealers were scattered all over the downtown area. Most of those to whom I talked knew nothing and cared nothing about antique firearms; in a dozen stops I found only one who identified the pistol as a Paterson Colt, and he was honest.

"If you're interested in antique guns," he said, "there's a dealer just outside Alexandria, in Virginia, who does maybe half his business in guns. I'll give you his address."

I tucked the slip of paper into my pocket, and forgot it, until I was given the same advice four dealers later. By that time I had finished my downtown list, and it was easier to get to Alexandria than to most of the suburban Washington dealers. I walked to the Virginia bus terminal . . . and began to have a breath-taking feeling that I was being tailed; my senses told me that something had been repeating like a pattern wherever I had been, and though I suspected that all this was the result of my imagination being drunk and disorderly again, I couldn't sober it up.

On the way to Alexandria I studied the

There ain't no justice

THE LOCALE	THE INJUSTICE
Williamsport, Pennsylvania	A truck driver picked up a hitchhiker and was fined for overloading his truck by the weight of his passenger.
Paterson, New Jersey	A woman helping out in a charity rummage sale had her $90 coat sold by a clerk for 75¢.
Peekskill, New York	The judge in an assault case was asked to disqualify himself for prejudice by both the defense and prosecution.
Woonsocket, Rhode Island	A toothless man was fined for biting a policeman.
Ocean City, Maryland	A man who took off his trousers to plunge into the ocean and rescue a swimmer found his wallet gone when he returned to the beach.
Tallahassee, Florida	A man who contracted typhoid from a flea bite while on his job was disallowed compensation because he did not actually see the flea bite him.
Kirkland Lake, Ontario	An attorney defending a thief was shocked to find his own watch in his client's loot.

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TAKE A TIP FROM ME
TRY "BC"
FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
HEADACHES
NEURALGIC AND MUSCULAR PAINS

other passengers without spotting anything oddly familiar. The best my imagination could do was to draw my attention to traffic behind the bus. Far to the rear, sunlight seemed to be making a familiar pattern of flashes on the windshield and chromium trim of an auto. The car was too far back to identify.

The bus dropped me a half-block from the antique shop, a one-story affair of white clapboard, just big enough for a showroom and office. I walked toward it slowly.

A sleigh bell tinkled as I entered. Inside it wasn't as bright and cheery as I had expected; light filtering in through the green jalousies gave me the feeling of walking into an aquarium. A thin man in his sixties came up to me, drying his hands on an invisible towel. He had been skimped on features; his eyes and nose and mouth huddled as if for mutual comfort in the middle of his face.

"I'm interested in old firearms," I said, opening the brief case and pulling out the heavy Colt.

He shuddered faintly and moved back. "I'll get Mr. Stuart, the proprietor," he said. "I really know nothing about weapons. Mr. Stuart likes to handle that."

He went up three steps in the back of the shop and entered the rear office. He didn't like weapons and I didn't blame him, considering what he had to live with. The right-hand wall was covered with weapons: matchlocks and snaphances and flintlocks and percussion pieces. The steel of hammers and frizzens and triggers had an oily gleam, as if they were ready to shoot. Scattered among the firearms was the nastiest lot of cutlery I've ever seen outside of a surgery. There were swords and knives in nightmare shapes, honed until the edges had almost phosphorescent shininess.

One of the long blades had been forged in a flat S-curve, like a snake coiled to strike, and its point was divided into two jagged fangs. I touched it. The razor edge made a whispering sound on my thumb.

A voice behind me said, "A most unusual one, Captain. It is an East Indian torture sword. You would pick and scrape the victim with the jagged points until you wearied of it, then behead him."

I turned away from the obscene weapon, and said, "If I owned that thing I'd have it made into can openers."

"Yes," the man said, "we Americans do not understand weapons like that."

I TOOK a good look at him. He was apparently the proprietor, Stuart, and he was quite a lad. There were almost seventy-two inches of him, and none of them looked soft. His body had the tapering lines of the head of an Indian war arrow. He handled himself nicely, judging from the silent way he had approached. His hair was blue-black with faint ripples and he wore a Gable mustache.

He frowned a little as I studied him, and he said, "You are interested in firearms?"

I handed him the Paterson Colt and explained, "I found this in an attic at home. Thought it would make a good fireplace decoration, if I could pick up another like it. One pistol would look unbalanced over a fireplace."

His slender fingers curled around the pistol sensuously.

"Do you know much about antique hand arms?" he asked. "Do you know how difficult it is to match them? Gunsmiths didn't turn these out on assembly lines."

"I don't know anything about old guns. All I know is they make nice ornaments."

He almost sneered at me. "Ornaments?" he said. "This pistol will kill as fast and as far as one of your tommy guns . . . and more cleanly, if you know how to handle it."

"Maybe so," I said. "But who knows how to handle old guns now?"

He smiled and said, "I have fired every one of the firearms you see here. Many of them have better balance than modern weapons. If I were going to kill a man I would take one of the flintlock pistols in this showcase. They shoot straight, you can reduce the charge so that they make little noise, and if you wrapped the bullet in a greased patch there would be no marks on the bullet to identify the pistol. How much did you expect to pay for a mate to your pistol?"

"Well, I don't know much about prices on old guns, but I wouldn't want to go over thirty bucks, I guess."

He was silent for a moment, and I couldn't decide whether his blank black eyes were staring at me or off into space. The guy knew firearms. He knew what a Paterson Colt was. In a few seconds he was going to label himself as an honest man or as a crook.

"Captain," he said, "if I had a mate to this you could have it for . . . well . . ."

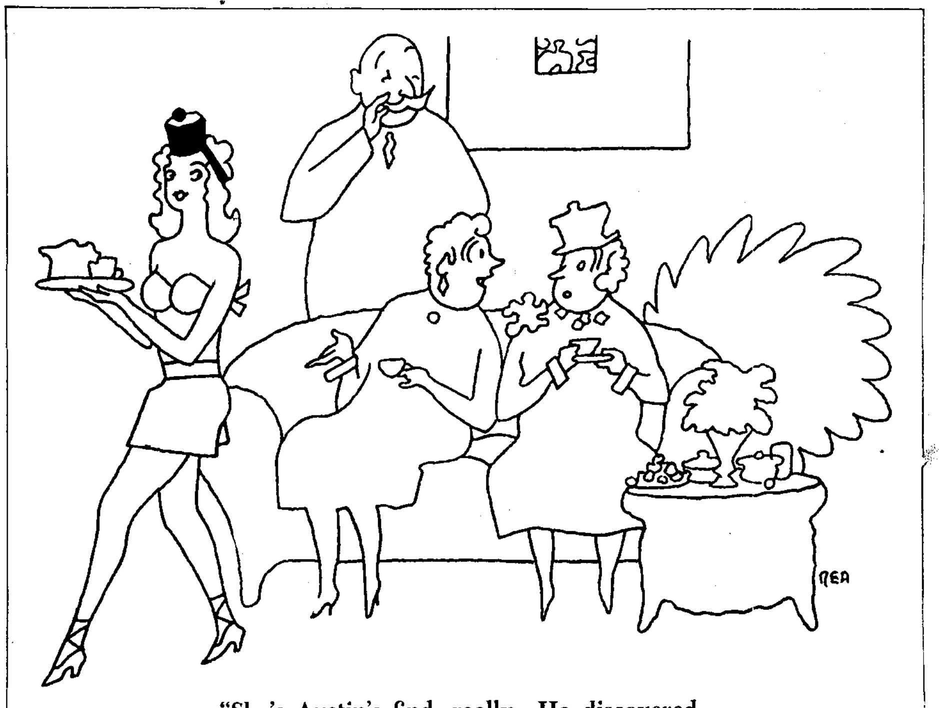
I tried not to hold my breath.

". . . for your thirty dollars."

A tingle went from my scalp to my toes. Under my breath I crooned, *Hello, crook.* Aloud I said, "But you don't have one like it?"

"Unfortunately, no." He pushed the pistol toward me, and said, as if he had just thought of it, "If you want a pair for your mantel you could have these." He reached into the showcase and brought out a brace of Colt revolvers. They were long-barreled babies stamped U.S.M.R., for United States Mounted Rifles, and they had been made in Hartford sometime after 1850. The condition was merely fair, and they might be worth forty bucks.

"What would they cost?" I asked.



"She's Austin's find, really. He discovered her in one of those curb-service places"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"You can have them for thirty dollars and that pistol we can't match."

"Thanks," I said. "I guess not. This gun must have been in my family a while. Probably it has a history. I wouldn't want to let it go."

His lips were a shade tighter than before. "I'm really giving you a bargain, Captain," he said. "When you match two pistols you increase the value of each. So these dragoon pistols are really worth more than double the value of your Colt."

"I can understand that. But I don't know why you should give me a bargain."

"When a man starts collecting old firearms he usually doesn't stop with two. I'm giving you a bargain to start your collection. And if you start a collection you'll be coming back to me."

"Thanks again," I said, "but I feel sentimental about this one."

He laughed flatly and gave up. I had to hand it to him, he was no amateur cheat—an amateur would have started raising his bid. "Just as you say," he murmured.

"By the way," I said, "I have another gun maybe you could match." I dug into my brief case and brought out the coach pistol that resembled the *Spare Naught* piece. "How about this?"

He looked at it without a flicker of expression. "Perhaps I can," he said, and walked toward his office leaving the coach pistol on the counter.

I almost picked up the weapon and slunk out. If his face had revealed anything, or if he had taken the coach pistol into the back room, I would have been sure I had my man . . . and while we had been discussing the Paterson Colt he had seemed like a promising candidate. He was crooked but obviously he was the wrong crook. Now I might even have to buy an unwanted mate to this coach pistol. I felt jittery with disappointment.

HE RETURNED from his office and placed another coach pistol beside mine. "Fifty dollars," he said.

I got out my wallet with nervous fingers and paid him. "That's fine," I said. "I'll just stick it in my brief case. And thanks."

"Thank you, Captain. And if you change your mind about your Colt . . ."

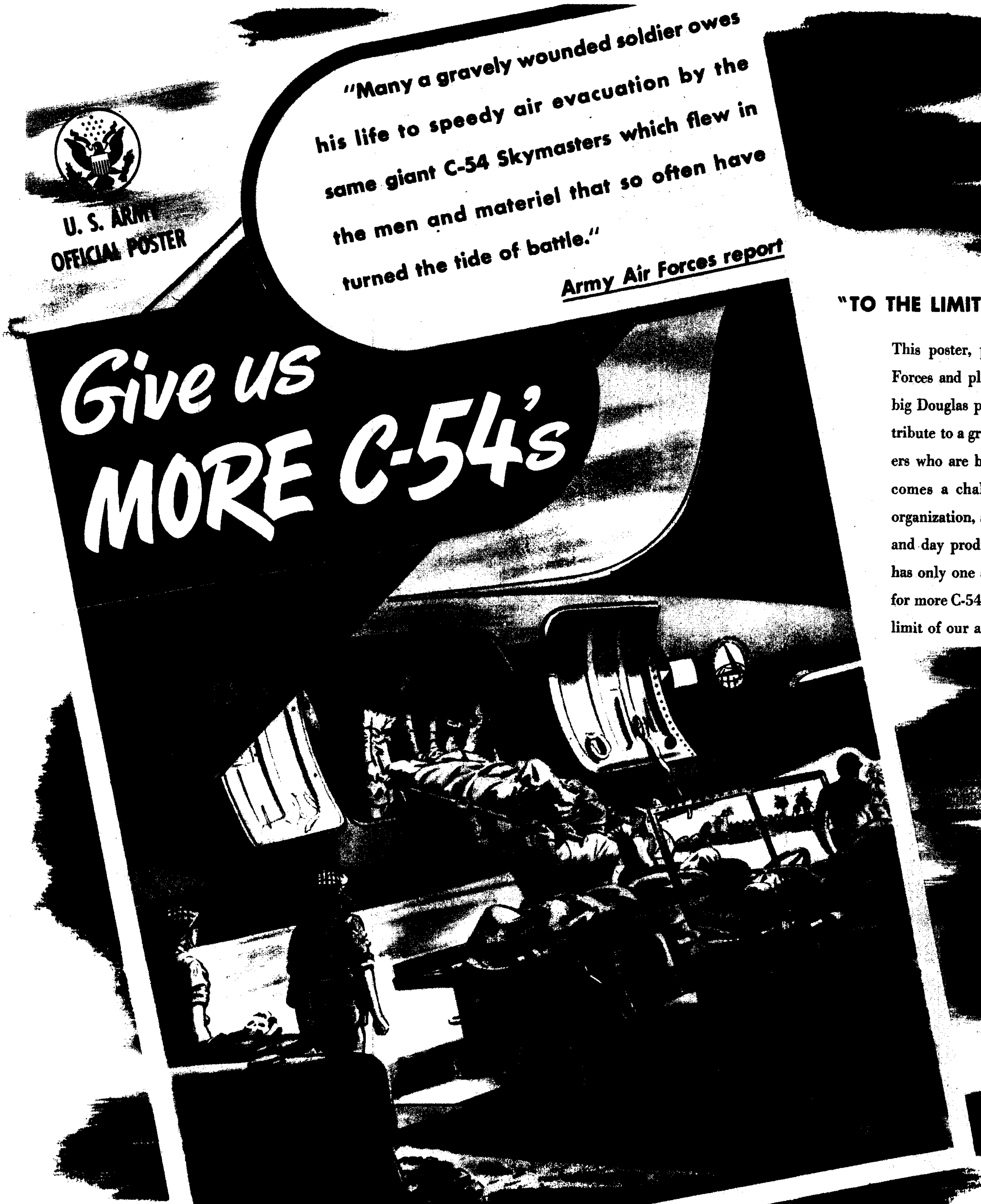
"Yes. Yes, sure."

I backed out of the door and walked rapidly down the street. My legs were trembling. The pistol I had just bought was a job that sat up in your hand like a pet cobra. It had a small silver plate on the left side of the stock. You couldn't read the plate with your naked eye but under a glass I knew you would see the whispered phrase: *Spare Naught. . . .*

All kinds of wild ideas went gibbering through my head as I tried to account for what had happened. That pistol had been taken last night by the little guy. It had turned up in Stuart's shop seventeen hours later. Almost certainly the little guy worked for Stuart and had given him the pistol. But how could you account for the fact that people fought and lied and stole to get the pistol one day, and had no interest in it the next?

The only answer seemed to be that Stuart had wanted something from the pistol, and had obtained it. So now the pistol had become merely an antique weapon like any other in his stock; something to be sold at the best price possible. He had sold it to me because it was the type I wanted. There was no reason for him to be suspicious of me. He didn't know me by sight or name. The purchaser of the pistol at the auction had been a Mrs. Arabella Blake, not an Army captain, and the little guy who had jimmied our window had seen me in pajamas, not in uniform.

That reasoning took care of one of my questions, but not the main one. I had found the trail Arab had hit. Now I had to follow it until I spotted her. I wandered down the street trying to think of a good spot from which to watch the shop, and the only solution I could think of was to loiter at the bus stop. It was within sight of Stuart's shop and might be next best to being invisible. People don't notice you when you're doing anything as normal as waiting for a bus. I waited there, turning away whenever a bus came, while the sun drifted lower



"Many a gravely wounded soldier owes his life to speedy air evacuation by the same giant C-54 Skymasters which flew in the men and materiel that so often have turned the tide of battle."
Army Air Forces report

"TO THE LIMIT OF OUR ABILITY"

This poster, prepared by the Army Air Forces and placed by them in each of the big Douglas plants turning out C-54s, is a tribute to a great airplane and to the workers who are building it. With this tribute comes a challenge. The entire Douglas organization, already engaged in the night and day production of planes for Victory, has only one answer to the Army's appeal for more C-54s..."it shall be done...to the limit of our ability."

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

and the long black tongues of shadows began lapping the sidewalk.

Seven customers entered the shop; four came out with purchases, three without. The elderly clerk walked down the street to a tearoom and returned with a package of sandwiches. If he had been on my side of the street I might have been tempted to waylay him for the food. In the dusk of nine o'clock the lights went out in the antique shop. The clerk started walking home and Stuart came out, locked the door and went around behind his place. A few moments later a yellow convertible nosed out from a side driveway, with Stuart at the wheel, and eased off toward Washington.

THE convertible slid out of sight . . . and then brakes squealed beside me. A voice cooed, "Going my way, soldier?"

I opened the door of the old green coupé and got in and slammed the door and growled, "The way you said that was much too practiced."

"That's a fine greeting," Arab said. "I come along just like the cavalry in the Westerns, and you call a rescue a pickup."

"My impression," I said stiffly, "was that I was trying to rescue you."

"I'm just teasing, Andy. You've been awfully noble and if you weren't so hungry you'd be glad to see me. There are sandwiches in the glove compartment." I grabbed them and began eating while we drove upriver. Arab said, "When you finish making small animal noises, please tell me what you've been doing. I've been dying of curiosity ever since I saw you go into the shop."

I briefed her on my activities. Maybe I built it up a little in the telling but I felt good about the job.

She gazed at me lovingly. "You're wonderful," she murmured. "I'm ever so proud of the way you're developing."

"Sure. If I keep on like this, after the war I can get a swell job repossessing cars."

"Andy, I wonder why he only sold you the pistol, and not the case and bullets and powder flask. Do you think those could have been what everybody was after, and not the pistol itself?"

"Dunno. He might have held back the case so that it would be harder for me to recognize the pistol as stolen property, if I saw an ad or a police circular on it. You don't want all the answers, do you?"

"Uh-huh. As soon as you can dig them up."

"Whoa. This thing is over as far as I'm concerned. Stuart has what he wanted, you have the pistol and I have you. That ought to make everybody happy."

"You forget," she said, "that your red-headed playmate isn't happy. She doesn't have anything . . . yet. This is like musical chairs. Somebody gets left out in the cold every time the music stops."

I stared ahead glumly, thinking over the truth of this, and saw the rear of a yellow convertible idling around a curve. "I wish you'd pass that guy," I said. "He'll think we're following him. He'll think—hey, we *are* following him!"

"Yes, darling." She saw me reach for the ignition key, and said rapidly, "That would only stop me for tonight, Andy."

"I wish," I muttered, "that the Chinese had invented a new method of wife-beating, instead of gunpowder."

"I know I'm an awful problem, Andy. Would it make you feel better to beat me?"

"Yes. But I'd get into trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Listen, you haven't told me how you ran down Stuart."

"That's a trade secret."

Something in the way she said it caught my attention. I stared at her and for the first time noticed what she was wearing. A pale blue print dress. A pale blue ribbon knotted in a bow over her bright hair. White shoes and no stockings. I had the answer now. That was the pattern I had been seeing all day. I hadn't actually *seen* it, of course. The pattern, whisking behind posts and people and into doorways whenever I turned, had merely registered again and again on my subconscious mind until I got the idea that I was being followed. And the car that had trailed my Alexandria bus was my own green coupé.

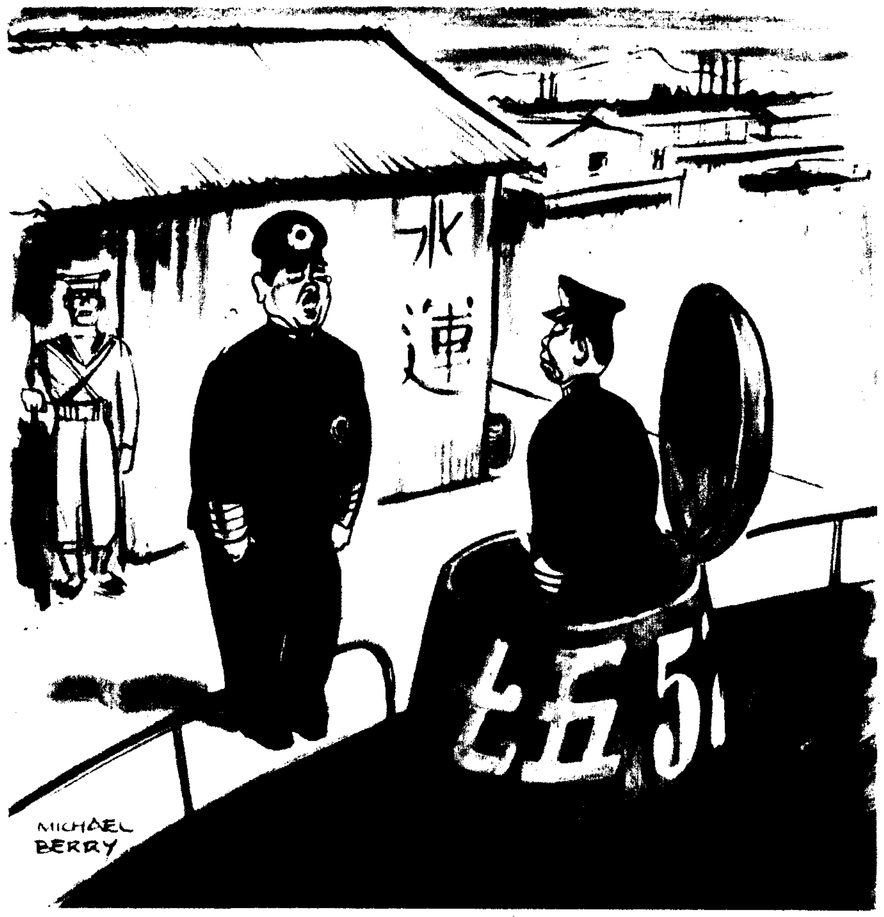
"On second thought," I said, "to heck with the S.P.C.C."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I bet you've figured out my trade secret."

"You hadn't found out anything," I said bitterly. "You just pretended you had, to make me play detective. And all you did was follow me!"

"It made you do more brainwork than you've done in a year."

"If one of these guns was loaded," I mut-



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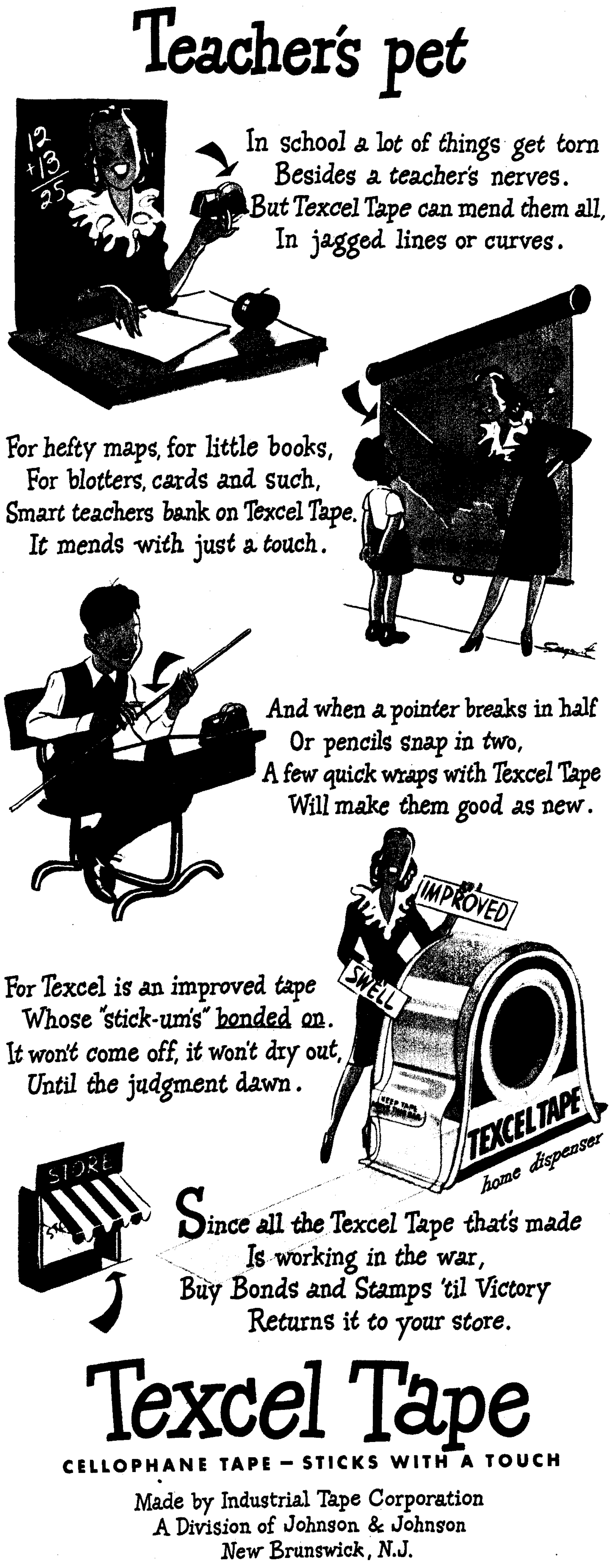

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tered. "I'd blow out my brains . . . if I could find anything to aim at."

"Are you awfully angry?"

"Just hurt, that's all. It discourages a man to find he has a mind as keen as a butter knife."

"Andy, I don't really think we can back out of this now. But I'll make a deal with you. Let me snoop around for two more days, then I'll quit."

I thought over her proposition. There wasn't much I could do. If I tried to play the heavy husband she would go right on anyway, and there was something in what she said about being in this too deeply to back out now. "Make it twenty-four hours," I offered.

"Forty-two?"

"Thirty."

"I'll split the difference, Andy. Thirty-six hours."

"Well, all right. Then you will only have wrecked half my leave. I'll have three days to recover." We shook hands gravely, and I felt better.

THE yellow convertible had been driving steadily upriver on Memorial Highway all this time, while we tailed it at a respectful distance. Now it swung right onto Fourteenth Street bridge, and Arab speeded up to keep it in sight. Across the bridge Stuart turned downriver and finally swung into the parking lot of a café near the Potomac. Arab pulled our car over to the curb, fifty yards short of the café, and stopped. "Let's wait until he goes inside, and then park in the lot, get a table in the café and watch what he does," she said.

"Wait a minute. The guy knows me."

"What of it? He may not even see you. And if he does, it's only a coincidence to see you again. He hasn't any reason to worry about you."

We argued about it for a while and I lost and Arab drove into the parking lot. We walked into the place and, of course, the first person who looked at me was Stuart. He was at the bar throwing down what looked like his third Scotch and water. He looked at me, nodded casually. He glanced at Arab. He looked at Arab. He stared at Arab. Then he slid off the bar stool and came toward me with outstretched hand. You might have thought I had just offered him the Paterson Colt for five bucks.

Arab had put on quite an act for him. She was looking at him from eyes as fluttery as blue pansies. Her lips were parted breathlessly. He must have felt dizzy and probably credited Arab rather than the three Scotches. I thought she was hamming the act, but that might have been because she wasn't putting it on for my benefit.

"Glad to see you again, Captain," Stuart cried, grabbing my hand and churning it as if he were trying to crank an engine. Still hanging onto it, he swung to Arab, and said, "The captain has probably forgotten my name. He bought an old coach pistol in my shop today. My name is Roy Stuart."

"I'm so glad to meet you," Arab said in a tiny, stricken voice. "I'm Arabella Reynolds. And did you say old pistols? I just love old pistols. I think it was talking about old pistols that started Captain Brown and me on the way to be friends."

Stuart returned my hand in a used condition and looked at me patronizingly. He seemed to feel that he was going to have no trouble hitting for the circuit. "Let's grab a booth," he said, taking Arab's arm.

I trailed after them like a pair of old shoes following a bridal limousine. We sat down and ordered drinks, Stuart and Arab across from each other. And they talked. They began with fifteenth-century hand cannon and worked up slowly through the history of firearms. In an hour they had only reached the arquebus. This was going to be a bad evening.

At about ten-thirty Stuart excused himself to greet somebody who had just come in. While he was away, I growled, "Do you have to keep looking at him as if you'd like to take him home?"

"Why, Andy," she said in an aggrieved voice. "I'm only trying to get him to drop some information."

I glowered at her and she kept on with the injured-innocence pose until Stuart slid back in beside me and said, "Sorry I had to break away. Told the man I'd meet him here and thought I'd better speak to him."

"Don't let us interfere with your plans," I said. "Please feel free to leave."

"Oh, Jake just does odd jobs for me. He'll be glad to wait and blot up a few drinks. By the way, Miss Reynolds . . ."

I lost track of his words as I turned to peer around the café. I hadn't liked the sound of that *man who does odd jobs for me.* There was a thin man perched on a stool far down the counter. I craned my neck, looking over the back of the booth, until I saw his face in the mirror behind the bar. Sweat frosted my face. Jake was the little guy at the auction; the jittery burglar who had visited us last night; he would remember me. All he had to do was to saunter down and look behind the partition that now concealed me, and I might be elected bull's-eye in a game of target practice. And if he identified me, it wouldn't be hard to place Arab as my wife.

I slumped down into my corner and tried to figure out how to warn Arab. Fifteen minutes went by and I couldn't get an idea. Finally Arab decided that I was sulking and tried to cheer me.

"This is awfully dull for poor Captain Brown," she said. "Would you like to dance, Captain?"

Dancing would mean getting up where Jake could see me. "No," I muttered.

"Please?"

"I don't feel like dancing."

Stuart got out a nickel and put it in the remote-control slot of the juke box. "Would I do?" he asked.

Arab glared at me, smiled at Stuart and said, "Of course."

THEY got up and started dancing. I hunted through my pockets. A fiction detective would have had a secret code book, a set of signal flags, a heliograph and a handie-talkie on him to take care of little messages of the kind I wanted to send. The only paper I had was a blank check, but I had no pen or pencil. I tried to beckon to the bartender but he didn't see my gestures. So I had to sit there like an idiot until the nickel's worth of juke box was finished. Stuart came back to the table alone while Arab went into the powder room.

"Fine girl," he said. "Lots of pep." He took another drink, looked at me from bright eyes that were not quite in focus. He was pretty well looped.

"The pep," I said, "is because of the coke."

"The what?"

"The coke. Cocaine. She's a sniffer. Went into the ladies' room to sniff some, I'd bet."

"You kidding?"

"So help me. You want to watch your drinks if you're ever alone with her."

"What do you mean, watch my drinks?"

"She likes company. Might try to hop up your drinks to make you an addict. Tried it with me once or twice."

He thought this over, slowly. Apparently he was the type of drinker who can put down a lot without much effect, except for a slowing of mental processes. "Very interesting," he said. "I suppose maybe she started when her family lost all that money, to keep up her spirits. She was telling me about it while we were dancing."

"Yeah, they lost everything. She hasn't a cent but she goes right on spending. Don't let her borrow from you. She's into me for over a grand."

"A girl like that," he said owlishly, "ought to get a job."

I stiffened. A chill did a tightrope act on my spine. So that was the game she was playing! She was working him for a job in his shop. I would just as soon she took up snake charming.

"You better lay off," I said. "She's on the blacklist of every store between here and Boston. Shoplifting."

There was a sudden glitter in his eyes, and I got the notion that maybe I was interesting him very much. Maybe he had some specifications that called for a girl like that.

I decided to backtrack about Arab, but it was too late. She was already coming back to the table.

"What have you been talking about?" she asked brightly—too brightly.

Stuart's lips smiled at her. "About fixing you up with a job."

"Wonderful! A nice one?"

"I need someone with brains in my shop. All I have is an old guy I dug out of moth balls."

I said, "You wouldn't like a job like that."

"I might. If Mr. Stuart has references."

"I thought the applicant had to bring the references," he laughed. "What kind should I have?"

"Oh, a nice bank balance. I don't like to work for peanuts."

He tossed down a jigger of Scotch—his eighth, I think—and leaned across the table. "Listen," he said, "there's money in this for a smart operator. There isn't anything small-time about my business. If I told you about a proposition I'm working on right now . . ."

"Well?" Arab said.

He laughed. "You'd know too much. How about another short one?"

I spotted a shadowy motion out of the corner of my eye, and shrank back into the corner of the booth. Jake was going past us to the men's room. Apparently he hadn't looked at me. Coming back, though, he would be facing me and couldn't miss getting a look.

The door closed behind him, and I stood up and said, "Let's go. I'm tired of this joint."

Arab pouted. "But I don't want to leave yet."

"You're coming right now!"

"Why, Captain Brown, the way you talk you might think we were married."

I wanted to scream. I wanted to set off signal rockets and fire alarm guns and ring the tocsin, and all I could do was stage what looked like a jealous scene. Jake would be returning any moment. "I won't argue," I said. "I'm going to leave. I'll wait outside in the car—and not very long, either."

Arab looked hurt and puzzled. I knew what she was thinking: that I was running out on the bargain I'd made with her. "I'll come when I'm ready," she said, almost tearfully.

STUART got up to let me out of the booth, and followed me toward the exit. "Look here, old man," he said. "You're being a little rough on her. The kid needs a job and I'm willing to take her on. I don't care about her record."

I took out my last ten bucks and handed it to him as we went outside. "Take care of the bill," I said.

He kept pace with me across the parking lot. I was a possible future customer, a customer who owned a Paterson Colt without knowing it. "I feel responsible for this quarrel, in a way," he said. "Maybe I did edge into your evening some."

I looked around the parking lot. My original plan had been to sit in the car where Jake couldn't see me, and wait for Arab to come out. If she forgave me and came to the car, I had no more worries. If she gave me the lifted eyebrow treatment and went in the yellow convertible, as she was really justified in doing, I could follow and make sure she stayed out of trouble. But the parking lot was appealingly dark. It might be simpler if something happened to Stuart out here. It would not only be simpler but also more satisfying. Then I could slip around to the kitchen entrance of the café and get somebody to take a message to Arab.

"Buddy," I said, "you didn't edge into my evening. I'd say it was breaking and entering and attempted larceny."

He was crossing me off his list of clients. "Yeah?" he said. "It wasn't really larceny. It was just like lifting a lollypop from a baby, including the squalls. You want to make something of it?"

I should have smiled sweetly and clipped him as I smiled. His face was hanging in front of me with a sneer on it that begged to be pried loose. Instead of smacking him I took the face in my open hand and tried to break the shotput record with it. I think I had some notion that it wasn't right to hit a drunk without warning.

As it turned out, he wasn't drunk. Not enough to help me, anyway. He staggered, then jumped back at me with a short right hook. It was too fast to block or slip. I jerked my head to ride the sting out of it. A shock lanced through my face and up into my right ear. I slumped forward, pawing at him. Shadows darkened in front of my eyes . . . and the lights went out.

(To be continued next week)

Jogging your Jargon

III

The following sentences are in the special argot (you can call it slang, jargon, lingo, vernacular or terminology, according to your personal taste) of seven different occupational groups using the English language. Can you tell—(1) to which group each sentence belongs; (2) what each sentence means? (Answers on page 87.)

1 Marie was to have been in a strip tearjerker across the board, but a scoutmaster axed it as offside, so she had to go back to canarying on the dawn patrol.

2 The Fort was flying a wet beam for rhubarbing, and it looked like a milk run, but a flaming onion caught Tail-end Charlie, and he went in the drink.

3 Although she was playing ten-twenty-thirt' stock mellers, the soubrette wasn't anxious to wed a Coal-oil Johnny like Bob Green, as her family were F.F.V.'s, while his people were considered codfish aristocracy.

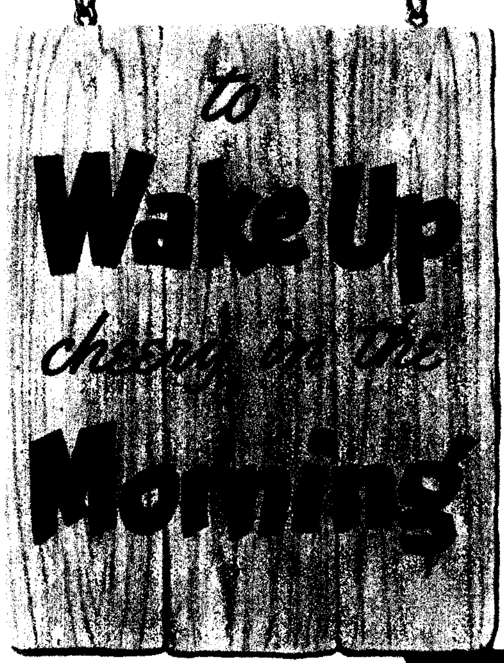
4 Herman's mouthpiece promised him he'd never burn in the hot seat for wiping out Morgan, but when Berg sang to the D.A., everybody knew Herman couldn't beat the rap, and it meant he'd walk the last mile.

5 Jeanette was a washout till she gave up the cheesecake and tied up with a flesh peddler, who developed her from the neck up, and she got her Oscar in little over a year.

6 Everyone was surprised that a fileboner as hivey as Cunningham was D in math and might become a turnback, but he was wooden after his femme fell for a yearling and let him drag her to the hop.

7 It was second and eight on the Boilermakers' twenty, and the Wolverines varied their punt-pass-and-prayer tactics with the ancient Statue of Liberty, and the tailback toted the pigskin over the last white line.

—Cliff Macon



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For here's how Ovaltine acts, to give sparkling morning freshness. *First*, taken at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, *without drugs*. *Second*, it supplies food elements to rebuild vitality *while you sleep!* *Third*, it furnishes extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way to take them.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight? See if you don't feel better, look better, get more fun out of life!

more restful sleep for thousands!

A glass of Ovaltine at bedtime induces sleep in these natural ways, without drugs. It has the power to relieve "nervous tension" —also to prevent certain types of unrest that cause night-time tossing. Supplies food elements *known to be necessary* for sound, restful sleep.

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Handle It with Strategy

Continued from page 28

"I'm just arrangin' the introduction," she says, and I can see icicles hangin' from every word, like they have in the comic books. "You two oughta get along fine. She's crazy about soldiers, and she's so nearsighted without her glasses on she can't tell what you look like, anyways."

This last one is hittin' below the belt, and I'm just goin' to tell her that, when there's a knock on the door, and in comes this Gertrude. She musta had an elevator parked outside her door, with the motor runnin'. She comes chargin' into the parlor, and walks right into a floor lamp.

"Oops," she says. "Good evenin', Mabel, I just happened to be passin' by, and I thought I'd—"

"Gertrude, dear," says Mabel, "I like you to meet Private Sparton." This blonde, who ain't bad otherwise, looks around the room, and finally focuses on me.

"Well, it's a pleasure, I'm sure," she says.

"Likewise," I says, without no enthusiasm. "Mabel, I like to talk to you a minute."

"Gertrude is here," she says.

"I see her," I says, "even if it ain't vice versa." Meanin' about her being nearsighted.

"Private Sparton," this Gertrude comes in, "I think it's wonderful what you soldiers are doin'. I always feel I like to do somethin' for the soldiers to show my appreciation."

"Yeah?" I says. She's lookin' past my right ear, but I can feel the heat as the look goes by. "Mabel, listen . . ."

Gertrude giggles a little. Mabel just sits there. I'm caught in a cross fire, with one blowin' hot, and the other one blowin' cold. The flankin' attack is waverin'.

"Listen, Gertrude, dear," Mabel says, "are you doin' anything Saturday night?"

"Saturday?" she says, throwin' a kind of coy look over where she seen me last. "Well, I had a sort of a date, with a sailor, but if . . ."

"That's fine," Mabel says. "Then you can come to Coney Island with us."

"Now, Mabel . . ." I says.

"Well, I'd love to," this Gertrude says, "if I ain't gonna be intrudin' on nothin'." And she giggles again.

"Oh, no," says Mabel. "As a matter of fact, I was worried about who I could get for Joey."

"For me?" I says. "Now wait a minute. If Gertrude's for me, who's for you?" The next minute I coulda bit off my tongue for settin' it up for her.

"Me?" she says, looking' at me like Grant looked at Richmond. "I'll be escorted by our other guest for dinner—Mr. Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer."

"Oh, yeah?" I says.

"Definitely," she says.

"Okay!" I says, and I can feel my ears gettin' red like a neon sign. "Okay! If that's the way you want it, okay!"

"That's the way *you* want it, ain't it, Joey?" she says, so sweet you could pour her on a hot fudge sundae.

"Yeah," I holler, "that's the way I want it, and that's that!"

The flankin' attack is repulsed with heavy losses.

MAYBE you think a thing like this will discourage me on the strategy business. But that's the whole point to the thing. If one angle don't pan out, you're right there with somethin' else.

The whole next week I give it plenty of thought, and by the time Saturday comes around, which is D-Day as far as I'm concerned, I figure I'm ready. I got a little problem of logistics . . . meanin' my total capital is only $1.72 . . . but I figure I'll handle that when it comes along.

What I got set up is a kind of a strategy parlay. I mean, one thing's gotta work before the other one got a chance. Saturday night I'm outside Mabel's house, only I ain't alone. I got a decoy with me, for the first strategy. Sort of an ambush.

"You're sure this is gonna work okay?" says the decoy, who's name is Pvt. Harry Steponkus.

"It's a cinch," I tell him. "All you gotta do is what I told you."

"You're sure she's a blonde," the decoy says.

"I'm tellin' you." I give out with another wolf whistle. He walks right in and goes up to the door of Gertrude's apartment. I hide around a corner of the hall and watch.

He knocks on the door. Gertrude opens the door and grabs off her glasses in one motion.

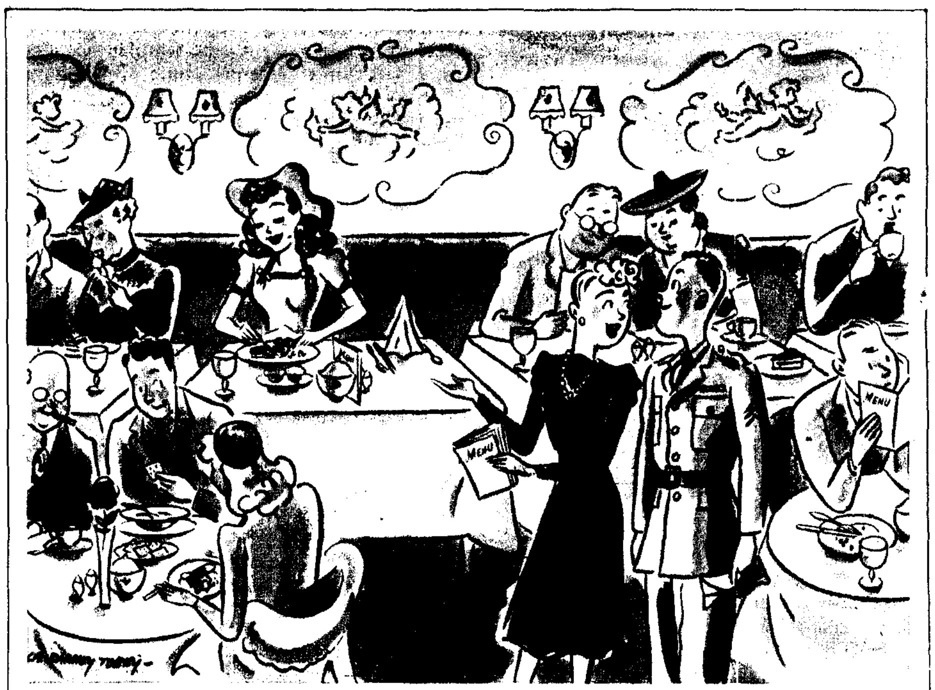
"Hello," says Pvt. Steponkus, like he's readin' out of a book, "I'm Joe. You look lovely tonight." I hold my breath.

"Well, gee, Joe," she says, with personali "come on in. I'm sure glad to see you." Which, like you can tell, is an exaggeration. Like I figured, all she can see is the color of the uniform, and that it's a man instead of a Wac.

Gertrude is annihilated out of the picture. Pvt. Steponkus throws me a wink and the three-rings sign, and goes in. I go on up to Mabel's for dinner. My appetite's pretty good.

When I knock on Mabel's door, her kid brother, Sherman, answers and gives me the big hello.

"Well, well," he says, "if it ain't the General!" He don't call me "General" because of the strategy. He's been callin' me that



COLLIER'S "Do you mind if I put you with someone?" CPL. BARNEY TOBEY

How soon is the future, Dad?

It's not so much a private plane your boy is wondering about . . . it's the whole Air Age. What exciting life will come out of it?

Change in thought always creates new employment. The new idea that a virtuous woman might paint her lips started a five million dollar lipstick business; that she might cut her hair, began a ten million dollar beauty parlor equipment industry. The decision some seventy-five years ago that tomatoes were not poisonous, was forerunner to last year's hundred and fourteen million bushel crop.

The new sense of time and mobility born of air transportation is certain to change a lot of ideas. A Seattle businessman used to face 10 days of surface travel before he could visit an investment in Nome, Alaska. Today—10 hours!

Not only can business go on faster between established centers; it can build and manage new centers, anywhere, anytime. Key personnel and investment can be located on a workable basis in rich areas which, up till now, have been *too long* away. New potentials will create new jobs, new wealth.

Life for the man on the street, too, is broadened. Only forty years ago most men lived within a radius of about four miles . . . by buggy to the store, to work, to church. The auto jumped this to around twenty-four miles. Who knows how far air traffic will widen this circle? Basic living habits may well expand from back yard living to acreage living! Here is the stuff for a real estate revolution; a heyday for architects and builders. This, too, will create jobs.

Naturally, aluminum looks for a stake in all this, far beyond the planes themselves. The stake is also for steel, glass, masonry, wood, machinery . . . for every basic material; for railroads, motor vehicles, ships . . . for every means of transportation.

But aircraft are earthbound things. Flight begins and ends on a runway—a strip of road. Adequate ground facilities must be the first step toward fulfilling the promise of the Air Age. They require blueprints, money, foresighted legislation. Airports, like any other kind of public highway, are everybody's business.

The future of air transportation is as near, and as far, as people will it to be.

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ever since I got in the Army, because I'm only a Pfc., and he thinks it's funny.

"Hello, Sherman," I says, givin' him a big grin instead of paddlin' his rear, because it's good tactics right then. "Whaddya got to report?" I'm usin' Sherman for a little spy work, which is a perfect job for him. He's also a good character not to have against you in a case like this.

"No tickee, no washee," he says. I give him his two bits, reducin' the war chest to $1.47.

"I looked over this Froomis," he says. "He's lousy with dough, and he likes Mabel, and my ma likes him. How do you like it, General?"

"H'mmmm," I says. "What else?"

"The rest is a special report," says my twelve-year-old gangster, "and it comes separate, for another two bits."

I tell him what he can do with the special report, in a nice way, on accounta he's so young. I heard enough already. I go in to the parlor to meet the enemy.

"Where's Gertrude?" says Mabel, who's dressed up like a prima donna on opening night.

"She went out with another soldier," I says, which is the truth. "I guess it's just the three of us." I take a quick look at Froomis, who's sittin' on the couch. He's younger than I figured, about the same age as me, and he's in civilian clothes, like I expected, and he's got a kind of a sour face. At least it looks sour to me. And wavy hair.

"Joey," Mabel says, "I like you to meet Lionel J. Froomis, the manufacturer."

"Hello," I says.

"Well, well," he says, "so this is Private Joe." Even if I come up there wantin' to like the guy, which I didn't, I wouldn't've. After the introduction, the conversation comes to a complete stop. Mabel fixes her hair. Froomis coughs, and I stand there. Finally, I ask him how the manufacturin' business is.

"We're working day and night for the inevitable Victory," he says. "I sometimes wonder if the soldiers fully appreciate what we're doing."

"And he buys War Bonds, too," Mabel says.

"Yes, sir," he says. "Somebody's got to pay your salary, you know."

"Thanks," I says. "Whatta you manufacturin' . . . tanks, or somethin'?"

"No, sir," he says, "we don't go in for that spectacular stuff, but we're an essential industry." He hands me a card that's so plastered up with "V's" for Victory I can hardly see what else is on it. Then I see his name, and under it the slogan: "Froomis Fasteners Unite the Nation." On the back, it says: "Victory Begins with Froomis Fasteners."

"You make buttons?" I says.

"Contractors to the United States government," he says. "One hundred per cent Army work. You're probably wearing some of our product right now. Take a look."

"Mr. Froomis!" says Mabel.

"We also make buttons for outer garments, Mabel," he says, in a hurry. "Yes, sir, Private Joe, we're holding up our end. I hope you boys aren't laying down on the job."

I got a good answer for him, but Mabel breaks in.

"I think everything is ready," she says, "so let's go in and eat."

"Something smells very good," says Froomis, with a gay laugh.

"Oh, it's nothing much," says Mabel, "just a little something I whipped up." And she blushes.

We go into the dining room and sit down. I figure what Mabel whipped up will be a kind of a booby trap on rye. Only what comes outta the kitchen is one of Mrs. Stooler's best meals, and I get the setup right away.

"Say, this is okay," I says, halfway through the soup. "Just like Mother used to make." And I punch the "mother" part, so she'll know I'm wise.

"Thank you, Joey," she says, "and don't be so smart."

I don't mind gettin' a good meal, but the thing worries me. They never went through this routine of hidin' Mabel's old lady in the kitchen to make no impression on *me*. The way they're buildin' up to this guy, I begin gettin' the idea that I ain't engaged in no maneuvers. This is the real thing.

WE'RE ready to start out for Coney Island, when outta the woodwork comes Sherman. "I wanna go with you to Coney Island," he says.

"Oh, no," I says. "Not you."

"Why not?" this Froomis says. "Children love Coney Island."

"Oh, no," I says. "Not Sherman."

"Sure he can come," says Mabel. "He'll be good company for Joey. Altho' it's a shame Gertrude couldn't come. Joey thinks she's wonderful."

"Your girl friend, Private Joe?" asks Froomis.

"No," I says.

Sherman comes with us. It's a tactical defeat, and I don't like it. On the way out, I ask him about it.

"Listen," I says, "whose side are you on, anyways? Who give you the two bits?"

"That's for the spyin' work," he says. "I done that."

"But I astcha not to come with us!"

"Froomis and six bits asked me to go with you," Sherman says.

If you need any more arguments for buyin' War Bonds, brother, here's the story. I get my mercenary bought out from under my nose, and Froomis throws him in my face. And I can't buy him back, because I only got a buck forty-seven. I still say that the only hole in the strategy was the financial end. You can't fight no war without dough.

If I'da known that then, I coulda saved myself a lotta headaches.

CONEY ISLAND ain't changed much since the last time I seen it. It's still noisy and dirty and smellin' of hot dogs, and it's still a wonderful place to spend an evening.

We walk around a little, and when we get to one of them places where you throw balls at cats on a fence, I start in.

"Go ahead, Froomis," I says, "let's see what you can do."

Froomis throws a couple of baseballs, and knocks over one of the cats they got on the fence. For a prize, they give him a two-for-a-penny lollipop.

"Well, look at that," says Mabel. "Why, that's wonderful."

Froomis gets all red and excited, like he just won the Kentucky Derby.

"Oh, it's nothing," he says. "Here, this is for you." And he gives her the lollipop. I usta win them big baby dolls for her, in the old days. Nevertheless, she acts like he just handed her a tank car filled with orchids.

"Your turn, Private Joe," says Froomis. Any day I couldn't knock off two of them cats with my eyes closed, I wanna see it. But I'm bidin' my time. The Principle of Economy of Force, outta the book.

"I think I'll skip it," I says. "Kid stuff." I take Mabel by the arm, and start walkin'. It woulda been a good maneuver, only Mabel is burnin', and she gives me the brush and takes Froomis' arm. Sherman takes my arm, and we continue the walk down the boardwalk. Still I didn't come off too bad on the first skirmish, and I still got my forces intact. Still a buck forty-seven. I feel it's time to give out with a little fire power.

"Hey, Mabel, how about a ride on the Cyclone?" I says. "My treat."

The Cyclone is a roller coaster, which was always the best part of Coney Island for us. You know, when she grabs hold of you goin' downhill and screams, and all that.

"You better go ahead with Sherman," Mabel says. "Mr. Froomis and I'll watch you."

"Yes, sir," says Froomis, "you go right ahead. We want our boys in service to have a good time."

"Your treat, Joe," says Sherman.

I go on with Sherman, at fifteen cents a head, which is thirty cents outta the budget, which is a buck seventeen. And all the time I can tell this Froomis is makin' time with Mabel, and I try to keep an eye on them on the way around. If you think it's easy, try it sometime. Altogether, I get four quick looks at them, and a stiff neck, and none of it is encouraging.

"Did you enjoy the ride?" she says, when we get down.

"You bet," I says, layin' on the camouflage. "It ain't too late to come along."

"No, thanks," she says. "Kid stuff." The second skirmish is a washout.

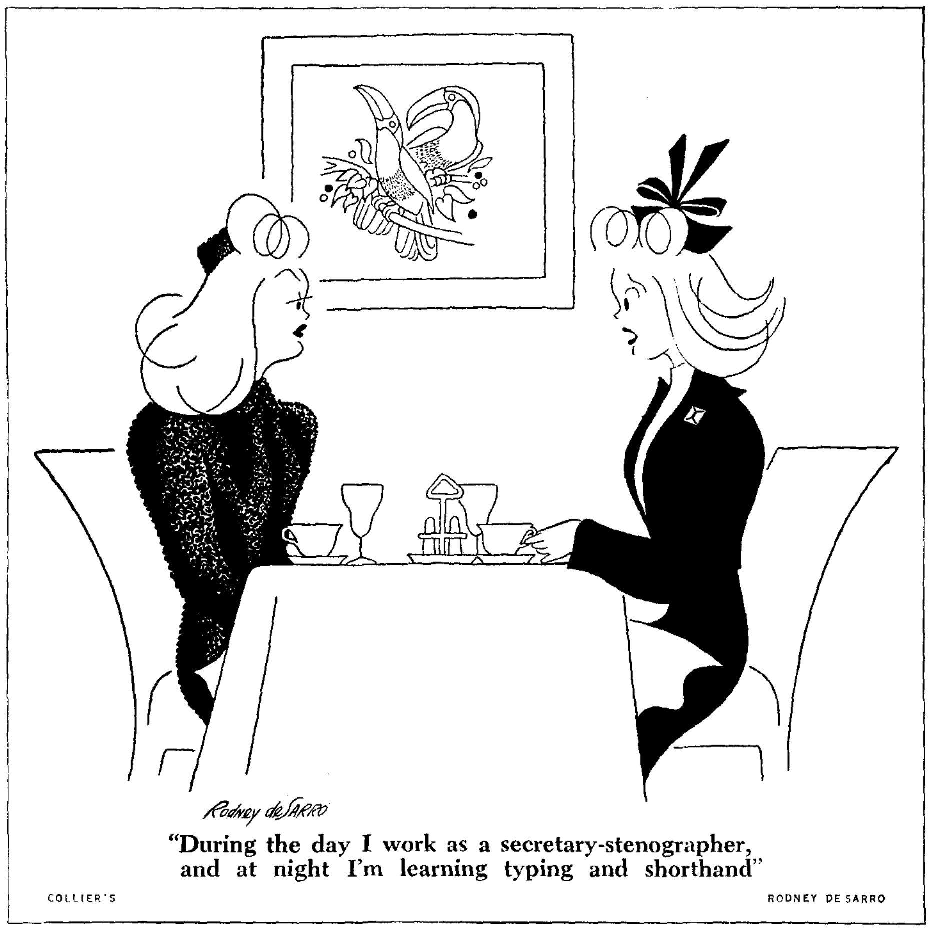
I lose the third engagement without even gettin' movin'. They decide to get our pictures taken, at fifteen cents a head. Froomis pays for one of him and Mabel in a kind of Lover's Lane, with flowers. For my memory book, I get a portrait of me and Sherman, with our heads stuck through a cardboard to make us look like gorillas.

"Yours shoulda been a wolf," says Mabel. With thirty kopeks out for the picture, the capital is down to eighty-seven cents, and shrivelin' like bacon on the fire.

I can see it's time to stop bidin' my time. I figure I give this Froomis enough time to show his stuff, and it's my turn. I lead them around to the shootin' gallery. In the Army, I got a medal for bein' a marksman.

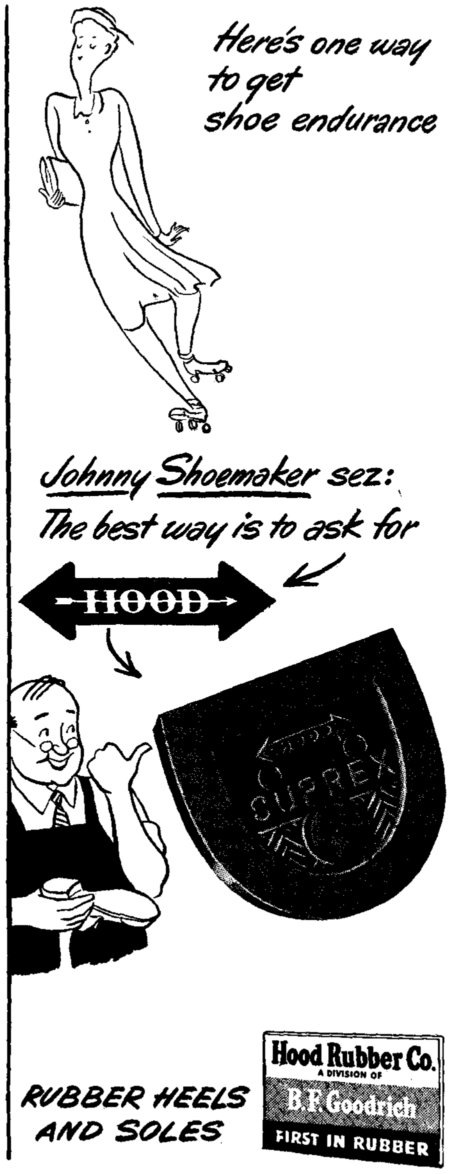
"Whaddya say we shoot a couple, Froomis?" I says. It's a setup, and he bites.

"Well, certainly," he says, maybe figurin'



"During the day I work as a secretary-stenographer, and at night I'm learning typing and shorthand"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO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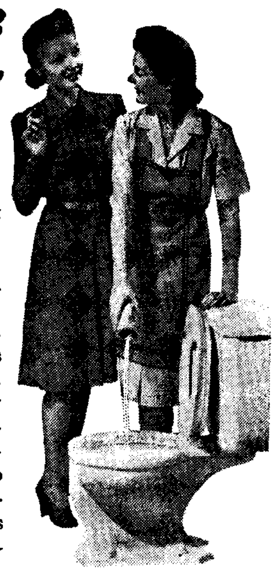

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on winnin' another lollypop. "If Mabel won't be frightened by the guns."

She eats this up and tells him to go ahead.

Froomis picks up a gun and aims real careful. He misses.

"You got the rifle canted," I says.

"Leave him alone," says Mabel.

He shoots again, and it's just like I hoped. The guy who runs the place dives for a foxhole.

"Squeeze the trigger, Froomis," I says. "Don't jerk it."

"I'll jerk you," says Mabel. "Don't listen to him, Mr. Froomis."

It's a pity, actually. All he hits outta the fifteen shots is a little vase they keep on a shelf for a prize.

"Pee-oo!" says Sherman, when Froomis is done.

"Sherman!" says Mabel.

"Nice tryin'," I says.

"Joey," says Mabel, "don't get smart."

I see she's on the defensive, and that's the way I like it. Anybody who knows about female psychology can tell you that a girl don't like to have to make no excuses for the guy she's with.

"I don't think the gun is true," says Froomis, lookin' very unhappy.

It's the moment I been waitin' for.

"Lemme try it," I says. I pick up the same gun and start poppin' away at the stuff they got lined up. Whatever they can say about the Army, they teach you how to shoot.

As far as I'm concerned, I'm ready to shoot the works right here. At two bits a clip, I shoot off two gunloads full without stoppin'. Fifty cents outta the eighty-seven. But I'm goin' good, and every once in a while, I can hear a girl's voice sayin' "Oh!" and "Ah!" I'm knockin' off clay pipes so fast they look like confetti comin' down, and I got the big bell that swings back and forth ringin' like a three-alarm fire.

WHEN I'm done, I put down the gun, without lookin' around, and start pickin' out the baby doll for Mabel. In back of me, I can hear somebody applaudin'.

I turn around, and there's Sherman, clappin' his paws together like a Night at the Opera.

"Nice shootin', Joe," he says. "How about gettin' me that harmonica for a prize?"

"Wait a minute," I says. "Where's Mabel?"

"Oh, they went down the boardwalk for a little stroll."

I hear a girl say "Oh" and "Ah." It's some dame with a sailor, who's handin' her a baby doll he just won.

"How about the harmonica, Joe?"

"Go ahead," I says, "and I hope you choke on it." I only say the first part out loud. But what I'm thinkin' is even more than the second part. Mabel never even waited to see me shoot.

"How was your shootin', Joey?" says Mabel, when we catch up to them.

"I done okay," I says.

"That's nice," she says. "Too bad Gertrude wasn't here to see you. What was you sayin', Mr. Froomis?"

I'm countin' the dough in my pocket over and over. It's still only thirty-seven cents, and you can't do much maneuverin' in Coney Island on that.

"I was saying that there's one ride I'd really like to go on here," Froomis says. "It's the Tunnel of Love."

Twenty cents a ride. Even if I got Mabel to go with me, I'm three cents short.

"Ah, whaddya want with the Tunnel of Love?" I says. I'm fightin' a delayin' action, but Froomis got a strong counterattack launched.

"Gee, that sounds nice," says Mabel. "I never been on it before." That's the truth, too. I could never get Mabel to go on with me. Now she's suddenly in the mood. It's hard to figure them sometimes.

"Now wait a minute," I says. I lean over to Sherman and whisper in a hurry, "Sherman, lemme have them two bits back until Monday." He whispers back, "No dice, sucker."

"It's okay, Private Joe," hollers this Froomis, so half of Coney Island can hear him. "My treat. Let's go."

I'm caught with too little, too late.

With the whole strategy comin' down around my ears, we climb into the boats that take you around the Tunnel of Love, and we're off. Naturally, Froomis, the manufacturer, gets to sit with Mabel, in the back seat. He's payin'. The only other seat is way up front. That's for Sherman and me.

It's dark in the Tunnel of Love, and you just drift along a kind of a river and it's quiet, except for a girl gigglin' once in a while, or somebody kissin' somebody else. The only other thing I can think of to try is a defense in depth, and I'm in deep enough already. I got a feelin' I'm licked, but good.

I tell you, sittin' in the dark there, with that boat driftin' slow through the dark, I really feel sick. Then, driftin' through the dark, I hear a voice I'd know anyplace.

"Now wait a minute!" says the voice. It's comin' from the back seat, and it ain't no man's voice.

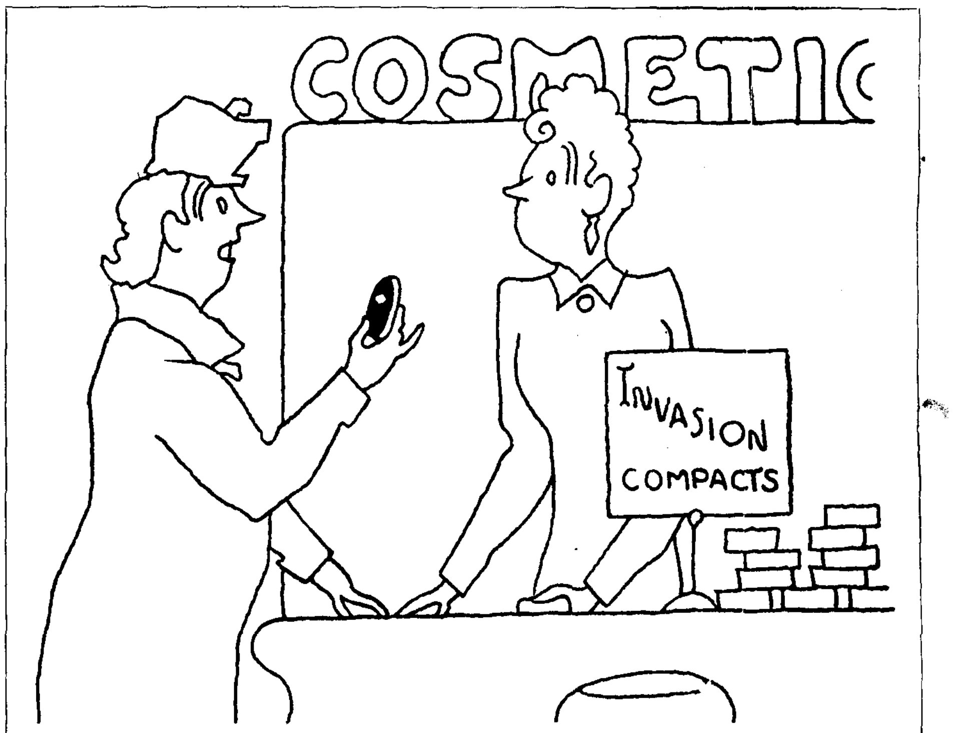
I sit there and wait. And I hear it again.

"Take it easy!" says the voice, after a coupla seconds, and I can feel my hair gettin' stiff.

We pass by a scene they got lit up dim along the side of this canal where the boat goes. It shows a romantic scene of a guy kissin' a girl.

"Boy, ain't that romantic," hollers Sherman. "Kiss me, Joe. Kiss me!"

"Shut up," I tell him, "before I rap you one." I'm strainin' my ears to hear what else is happenin' in the rear. Right after we're in the pitch-dark again, I hear it again. Louder than last time.



COLLIER'S "How do these differ from the old Victory Compacts?" GARDNER REA

"Stop it!" she says. It's Mabel, okay. We're only half through the ride. A couple of people in the boat giggle. I'm chewin' my nails like they was celery. And then comes the next holler. "Jo-ey!" It's a long wail, and it echoes down the tunnel like a fire siren. "Joey, make him stop!"

It's the call to action, and I'm off like Whirlaway in the sixth. It's so dark I can't see a foot in front of me, but I step over the seat and start goin' back.

"Hey!" somebody hollers. My foot lands in somethin' soft, like a belly.

"I beg your pardon," I says, and I head for the next seat.

"Waldemar!" a dame screams. "Somebody's comin'!"

"Where do you think you're goin', Jack?" says this voice like a tuba.

"I got no time to explain right now," I tell him. I push past him into the next seat, catchin' a glancin' blow on the kidneys.

"Jo-ey!" Mabel hollers again.

"I'm comin', baby!" I yell back. "I'm comin'."

It's a riot. Everybody's hollerin' at me when I push past them . . . you got no idea what goes on in the Tunnel of Love . . . Sherman's hollerin' his head off up front, and Mabel's screamin' in the rear.

I keep on pushin', and up ahead I hear a splash.

"Mabel!" I holler. I run the rest of the way, practically, takin' plenty of punishment on the way. The first thing I knew I step out, and there's nothin' under my foot.

"That's far enough, Joey," says Mabel, under my elbow someplace. "Sit down a minute."

"Where is he?" I holler. "Lemme at him!"

"Not so loud, Joey," she says. "Everybody's turnin' around."

"For cryin' out loud," I says, "what happened?"

"Mr. Froomis, the manufacturer, decided to get out and walk," she says. "Now stop makin' so much excitement, we're comin' to the end of the tunnel."

We bust out into the daylight—into the lighted part of the night, anyways—and the whole boatload looks like a tornado went through it. The manager of the Tunnel of Love rushes up and gives them a lecture about gettin' rough inside and givin' his place a bad name. He don't say nothin' to us, because outta the whole boatful, Mabel is the only one that looks calm and collected.

While the manager is soundin' off, it comes to me in a flash what happened. The real significance, I mean. It's the only part of the strategy I didn't figure on, but it happened, like it was right outta the book.

It's the revolt of the occupied countries. I figured every other angle but this one. But it's the one that saves me. The revolt of the occupied countries. Mabel.

The battle is all over, except for some moppin' up operations. It don't take Mabel long to figure out the situation.

"Joey," she says, "just tell me one thing."

"What?" I says.

"Who do you like better? Me or Gertrude Beedleknapp, who has to take a peroxide rinse every two weeks to stay like she is?"

"There never was no question," I says.

"Who?" she says.

"You," I says.

"That's nice," she says.

A guy comes runnin' over to us and says, "Okay, okay, this ain't no park bench. Either you get up another fare, or get out."

"Whaddya say, baby?" I says.

She looks down a little, and says in a small voice, "It's okay with me if it's okay with you." It's okay with me. "Can you lend me two bits?" I says. "Okay," she says. It's a nice, quiet trip. And I make it all the way around, without no swimmin'.

THAT'S the way I handle the thing with strategy. Maybe you think the strategy didn't work so hot, and maybe it didn't. But the important thing is, it ended up with a Victory, and that's what counts, ain't it?

THE END

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Greek BEARING GIFTS

BY ARTHUR MANN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY SARRA, INC.

For his favorite colt, Pericles, William Helis laid out $66,000, was prepared to pay $100,000. Today he wouldn't sell for any price

William Helis figured the Fair Grounds race track would do more good open than closed, so he sponsored its purchase as a civic charity. Then he bought a million dollars' worth of racing blue bloods to guarantee its continuing success

THE career of historic Fair Grounds race track, which had rivaled the Mardi Gras and Antoine's as a New Orleans institution, was not only ended: the place was under the hammer. The auctioneer was wheedling bids for assorted items from disinterested purchasers. A batch of restaurant chairs was up for sale when William Helis telephoned, stopped the sale and later appeared with a check for $525,000 to take over the works.

Helis didn't want a race track, and certainly needed none, unless it could be drilled for oil. An immigrant Greek boy who had soared from poverty to wealth as an independent driller, he knew nothing about race horses and cared less. His sole idea was to preserve a landmark for a city that had been good to him. The picturesque track had long employed many people each fall. It seemed to Helis that the place could do more good open than closed. Of course, like any beginner who fools around with horse racing, he failed to foresee the inevitable complications.

Today, Fair Grounds track is something quite out of the racing world. Neither the president nor the board of directors receives pay. Helis and a few others hold bonds representing the half-million-dollar purchase price, but he has fixed it so that all profits after regular amortization of the bonds go to several charities and Charity Hospital, which is the Medical College of Louisiana State University.

"Unless he works there, nobody can make a cent from Fair Grounds race track," Helis declares with pride. "Only the charities. And if racing should be abandoned, the whole place—grandstand, stables, commissary, equipment and four hundred acres of fine land—will be owned outright by Charity Hospital."

Until Helis stopped the auction in February, 1941, his interest in thoroughbred racing was limited to the 1936 Kentucky Derby, which he had seen as a guest of Jim Farley. He had broken wild piebalds in wagon shafts as a Kansas farm hand, and the last thing he wanted was a stable of racing horses.

But the hospital's interest in the track had to be protected with good competition, and when, for two seasons, thoroughbred owners showed an inclination to pass up the Fair Grounds meet, to wait for the Hialeah opening in Miami, Helis decided to buy the best and race them himself. Other big owners would follow eventually, and the future of the New Orleans track would be assured.

So a year ago, he entered racing with the purchase of Attention, a stake winner, for $55,000. Within a year, he spent $1,000,000, more than half of it for 100 thoroughbreds. His colors, white cross on light blue—the Greek flag—made their first appearance at Fair Grounds in the fall, and the stable won enough purses to show a profit.

"But I am not interested in profits from racing," he assures you quickly. "I would like to break even, and have my stable pay its way like any other investment. I am confident that buying the best horses, and breeding them wisely under expert supervision, and racing to win—always to win—will do it for me."

Helis assembled overnight a stable second to none in quantity or quality. His yearling purchases this season were 22 in number with the top price at $18,000 for a Sickle colt. But he climaxed it by buying the famed Valdina Orphan for $100,000 to head his stud with Rounders, Attention and others.

New Tracks on Past Glory

Then he took over the fabulous Rancocas Farm at Jobstown, N. J., from which Harry Sinclair produced turf domination two decades ago. The entire Helis string has been installed on the 1,200 acres of fine farmland where yearlings and colts can be trained the year round on an inclosed, weatherproof five-furlong track. The outdoor training course of a mile and five-eighths is larger than the strip at Belmont Park.

Six weeks of metropolitan New York racing passed, before the Helis colors came home a winner. Then he checked in with two on successive days in late May. Writers erroneously pictured him delirious with joy after suffering weeks of abject chagrin.

"Means nothing," he laughed, "because I make no specific plans to win, nor do I bet on the horses, though once I did have a few two-dollar tickets on the daily double. My trainer, Ed Snyder, is not only one of the best, but he is boss. I have a smart, clever jockey, Nick Jemas, a little Greek boy. Horses are almost human, though not human enough to do anything but their best. And I believe a man who dopes horses should not be barred from racing; he should be taken out and shot—on the track, like they destroy crippled horses. I have the best in horses and men, so how can I complain or be disappointed? I do not go to the race track to suffer."

Not now, perhaps, but Helis may eventually. For already one of the colts has wormed its way deep into his affections. It is a blood relative of Whirlaway, a chestnut colt by Blenheim out of Risk, which he bought as an unnamed yearling in the 1943 sales. Spirited bidding forced him to $66,000, but he would have gone to $100,000. Today he wouldn't take any price for the colt, which he has named Pericles.

"Ah, but you should see my Pericles today," Helis beams, and points to a portrait of eager and defiant horseflesh over the mantel. "He grew so big, we thought he'd never stop, and we couldn't start his heavy training until late spring. And what an animal! Smart? He's full of tricks, but he knows me. I can make him obey; others can't. I can call him from anywhere, 'Pericles!' and he'll race right over to nuzzle against my face, or poke into my pockets for sugar."

This routine goes on and on. You get Pericles' exact measurement: sixteen hands and more than 1,200 pounds, which is unusually big for a two-year-old. Your attention is called to the deep chest (staying power) and the long pasterns (speed). From all this and the look on Helis' swarthy face, you recognize the old symptoms of an owner who has become smitten with a beautiful horse. If he can sit in the grandstand and watch this glistening thoroughbred through its first race without suffering, Helis is truly a modern Olympian with greater strength than his Spartan forebears.

A conversation with Helis invariably starts with horse racing, which, he quickly points out, began in Greece in 660 B.C. He carries

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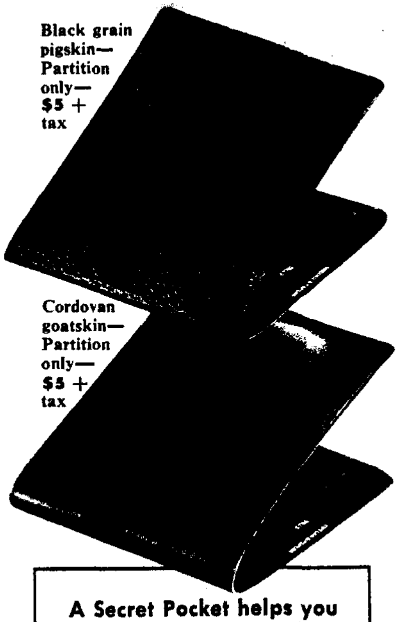
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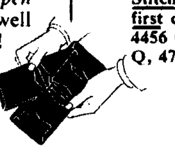

BUXTON *STITCHLESS*
(SELF-INTERLOCKED)

a printed record to prove it. But the talk soon shifts to Greek War Relief, for which he is an indefatigable worker and national vice-president. He immediately gets enthusiastic about that subject.

"Once people said we could never get food and clothing to the stricken people of Greece," he says.

"To me, nothing is impossible. Today we are delivering thirty thousand tons of foodstuffs and medical supplies each month. We have enough apparel on hand to clothe two million people, and that will go as soon as we obtain shipping space. What's more, with the valued co-operation of the Red Cross, every item reaches the people who need it. Yes, sir, nothing is impossible."

But Helis closes up tight when you ask about his own contributions to Greek Relief. He refuses to deny contributing 98,000 pairs of shoes to his conquered people, but trying to learn the exact amount of his cash gift, said to be most substantial and which helped launch Greek Relief, makes him indignant.

"Your total or any other figure, published or verbal, is a wild guess," he declares. "Besides, it's harmful, because mere mention of any sum destroys the whole meaning of giving. No matter how much I gave, the little Greek bus boy in the nearest coffeepot gave just as much. Do you care whether he gave fifty cents or a dollar? Neither do I. It is enough to know that a man wants to give. How much is an accident of circumstance and fortune."

Helis regards his countless other benefactions—the Helis Institute for Medical Research, one of the largest blood banks in the South, numberless contributions to the Hellenic Orthodox Church of the Holy Trinity, and his gratuitous service for years as Greek consul in New Orleans—as equally personal and private. When you try to itemize them, he bristles impatiently, yet he is neither eccentric or exhibitionist.

"What difference can it make?" he says. "I have been lucky—made a little money. Nobody condemned me for not giving away money when I was broke—and I have been broke dozens of times—so why talk about something that can exist only in the heart? Sooner or later, every man with any sense and soul realizes that money is like water: life-giving and beneficial when it moves, but a putrid, treacherous poison when it lies still."

The Man of Mystery

Thwarted attempts to itemize his business interests and oil concessions, and a failure to evaluate his exact wealth, have moved gossipers to shroud Helis with an aura of mystery. This he debunks with great vehemence, disclaiming fabulous wealth. There is no simple way of checking, because he operates no corporation, has no partners. Everything belongs to William Helis—oil wells in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and elsewhere, forty of which are under water; 110,000 square miles of oil and mineral concessions in the Mediterranean area, and many square miles in continental United States; a fleet of tugs and barges operating out of Houston; a small railroad; a racing stable; a distillery. Even his 110-foot yacht, with air-conditioning and wireless, was called the William Helis II before it was turned over to General MacArthur.

"Six years ago, a very prominent man in Wall Street offered me forty million dollars for a minority interest in my holdings," Helis recalls with a chuckle. "He had a big stock-selling idea and cash to back it up. I told him he was crazy, and I would be crazier to consider it. Wondering about profits and dividends for unsuspecting stockholders would bring too many sleepless nights. And what can a simple man do with forty million dollars? Can it bring my son William, a Navy lieutenant, home safe from Atlantic convoy service? Would it make my two beautiful grandchildren any healthier? Would it get me a better horse than Pericles? No! Besides, at that time everything I owned wasn't worth forty million dollars!"

Writers refer to Helis as a "former Greek dishwasher," which he denies with a sigh of regret, because some of his best friends and most skilled petroleum experts are former Greek dishwashers.

Evidently it's the only form of hard work he managed to avoid after reaching America in 1904 at the age of sixteen. He can't remember all the jobs, but he is positive that each made him sweat. He worked in a Kansas City tannery, then on a farm. As a side line, he bought wild pinto ponies, broke and trained them in shafts and sold them at a profit. Once in Pittsburgh, he operated a nickelodeon and eventually opened a wholesale importing house in Kansas City, the Mecca Coffee Co., which is still thriving, though he owns no part of it.

When the oil fever hit the Middle West, it penetrated Helis thoroughly. He worked as a roustabout in the slush pits, but soon saved a stake and went out on his own. He recalls the days of the diamond drills, which cost between $10,000 and $25,000, and how he used to sleep with his tied to his neck. Thieves and wildcatters made him become an expert rifle shot. They stopped at nothing, and once he awoke to find they had stolen his rigging, machinery and even a large boiler containing live steam.

Nothing is Impossible—with Luck

He brought in his first well at Electra, Texas, twenty-five years ago. Since then, he says with a shrug, good luck has overbalanced his failures. Working on a theory that oil is everywhere and that nothing is impossible, he frequently succeeded in producing from abandoned fields. If he put up a derrick in Central Park, New York City, tomorrow, dozens would appear within a week simply because wherever Helis drills, oil seems to flow.

He drilled more wells in Texas after hitting it in Electra, then in Oklahoma and California, finally appearing in New Orleans. There at a luncheon of municipal and business dignitaries, he looked out of the hotel window and said, "Gentlemen, the day will come when you'll be able to see hundreds of successful oil wells from this very room."

He peered through the window of a New York hotel the other day and declared that oil could be brought up in New York State—within sixty miles of where he sat. He doesn't agree with any of the assorted estimates on the amount of oil still to be produced in the United States. He claims that any expert's guess depends upon a geological hypothesis, which makes each estimate a double guess.

"Regardless of how much oil we have," he declares, "we must protect that reserve by backing it up with foreign supply. Oil alone will dwarf any postwar question of internationalism or isolationism. Every step of progress we have made in the last quarter-century has depended upon oil. It is not a question of my getting it, or a big company monopolizing it, or who owns the ground. It is the more vital question of bringing it to the surface to ensure our continued progress and safeguard our own supply."

With far-flung interests and a large staff of workers producing oil, iron, bauxite, sulphur, pyrites, magnetite, chromium and sundry natural resources, Helis still finds time to lend a major hand in the administration of Greek Relief. Since the bulk of this work is handled in New York, he coupled it with early-morning visits to his horses at Belmont Park, until transferring the stable to Chicago for the rich mid-summer stakes. He rose at dawn and prepared his own breakfast in his hotel suite, because room service was not open at that hour. Then he hurried out to see Pericles and the others.

A few years ago, he was summoned to the office of a federal district attorney to clinch the case of a long-sought culprit. Investigation disclosed that the knave had once stolen $60,000 from Helis. His charge and deposition were all the D.A. needed for a quick conviction. Helis admitted that the fellow had absconded with the money, but he saw no good in prosecuting and declined with a shrug.

"I'll loan him some money to get straightened out," he said. "Up to a hundred thousand. But I wouldn't prosecute. He's suffering plenty right now, and jail couldn't increase it. He'll never be happy again, that fellow. I don't envy him a bit."

The End

EUROPEAN

Mussolini family portrait, snapped in the early '30s; Donna Rachele, Anna Maria, Romano, Il Duce, Countess Edda Ciano, Vittorio and Bruno

Footnote to History

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM ITALY

IT WAS late in the afternoon of July 27, 1943, less than forty-eight hours after Benito Mussolini was arrested as he left the presence of King Victor Emmanuel III in the Villa Savoia and was deposited in a common cell in the jail at Piazza Del Popolo. Rome was reasonably quiet, although only the night before last Fascism had crumbled.

There was along the Via Momentana only the sound of the hobnailed boots of a regiment of gray-green infantry, ordered by Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio to deploy at designated points to keep order. The regiment halted before the burnt-umber walls of the Villa Torlonia, where Mussolini and his family lived. A company commanded by a small, well-built and reasonably competent young captain detached itself from the regiment and took up stations.

Some time later a message was brought down to the young company commander by a servant from the villa. It was from Donna Rachele Mussolini and it summoned him to her. He was ushered by a servant into a hall of the house where the Mussolinis dwelt. They didn't live in the great princely villa of Torlonia, but in a lodge or guest house. Donna Rachele was there to greet him. She was dressed in the nondescript, dark-hued, unpretentious style of middle-class Italian wives. Her reddish-brown gray-streaked hair was neatly brushed into place.

"I have called you, Captain," Donna Rachele said, "to thank you for the unobtrusive manner in which you have taken over your duties. I know that we shall be safe with you here. But I want you to know, too," and here she smiled, "that I am quite accustomed to the changing moods of the crowds and quite ready for whatever may befall."

There was a brief silence. Only Rachele was poised and calm. "Here," she said, leading the way out of the square, ugly hall into the living quarters, "I want to show you how we live."

The captain saw an Italian home furnished in the dubious taste of peasants who are able to afford, for the first time in their lives, rugs and heavy furniture and the third-rate paintings which constitute their idea of good living. The captain found himself in what had been Il Duce's office. There was a massive desk, a few chairs and an oil painting of Mussolini's son Bruno in the uniform of an air officer. Bruno was killed while flying a plane over an airfield near Pisa. He was drunk at the time. Donna Rachele looked long and softly at the painting when she ushered the young captain into the room. "He need not have died," she said.

She picked up a paper cutter and another trivial souvenir and gave these to the captain. Open on the desk was a copy of Karl von Clausewitz's classical handbook on war. Mussolini had been reading portions of it before he left to see the king. There was also an open volume on music.

Donna Rachele was born the daughter of a schoolteacher mother and of a father who ran a trattoria in Predappio, near Mussolini's birthplace. She had been a stout-limbed, full-bosomed, round-faced scullion in her father's kitchen, where she met a wild-eyed radical named Benito Mussolini, and where she met, too, Filippo Corridoni. Later —much later—Corridoni had become her lover.

Then Donna Rachele talked. The words came in a tempered rush. "Mussolini is finished as a political leader. He may be finished as a man. It is reasonable and just that it is so. For he had in his blood the taint of treason. He lived by betrayal. I do not speak of his personal infidelities. These were indeed many. He betrayed the Socialists to follow Corridoni and he betrayed Corridoni to become the tool of the industrialists who wished to crush the revolutionary and liberal elements in Italy for their own gain. Above all, he betrayed himself, for he was a peasant son of a peasant and of common stock. He betrayed the common people and therefore himself. Had he remained faithful to himself, he might have lived a full life as a simple schoolteacher or as the Socialist he promised to be in his early years and perhaps have helped his nation and his people. Had he done so, we might still have Bruno—"

That was all. For twenty-one years, Donna Rachele had been a dim figure in the background of the life of the Duce of Fascism. She never attended public ceremonies, was permitted rarely to open an orphanage or to lay a cornerstone. Now, in honest words to an unsophisticated young captain, she opened the shutters of her existence briefly.

Rachele is in Germany now, with her youngest children, Romano and Anna Maria. The eldest son, fat Vittorio, is there, too, and her daughter Edda is in Switzerland waging a losing fight against tuberculosis. ★★★

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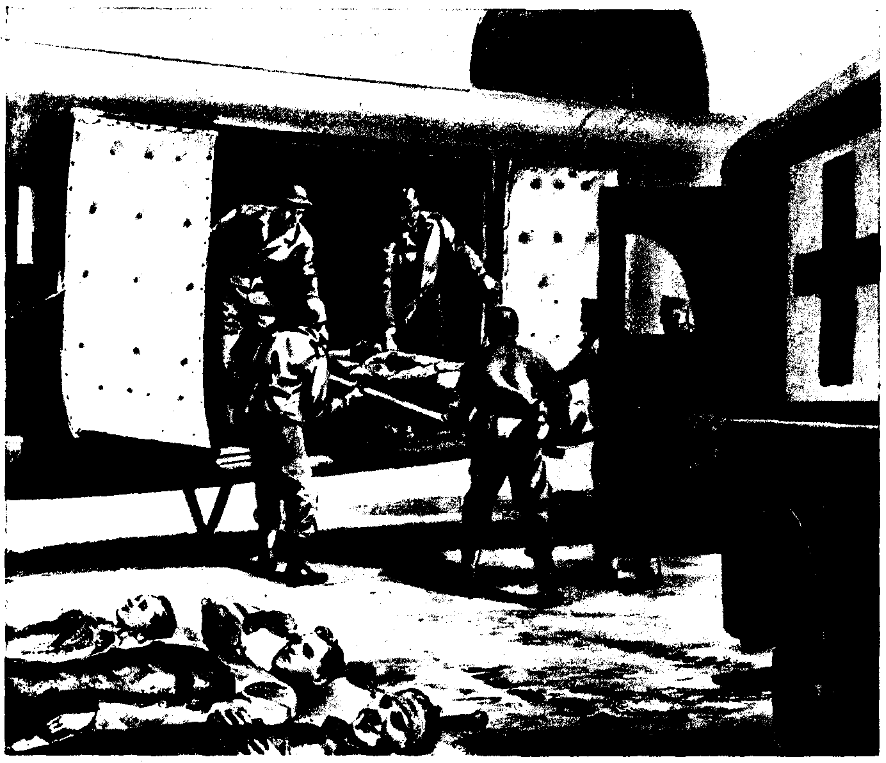
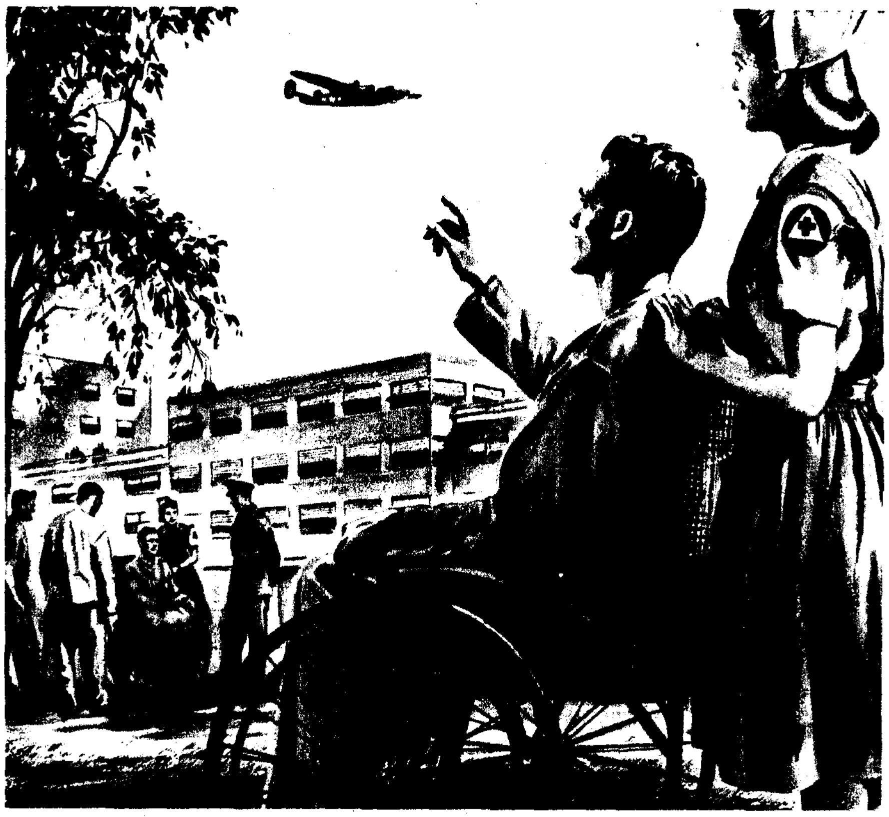
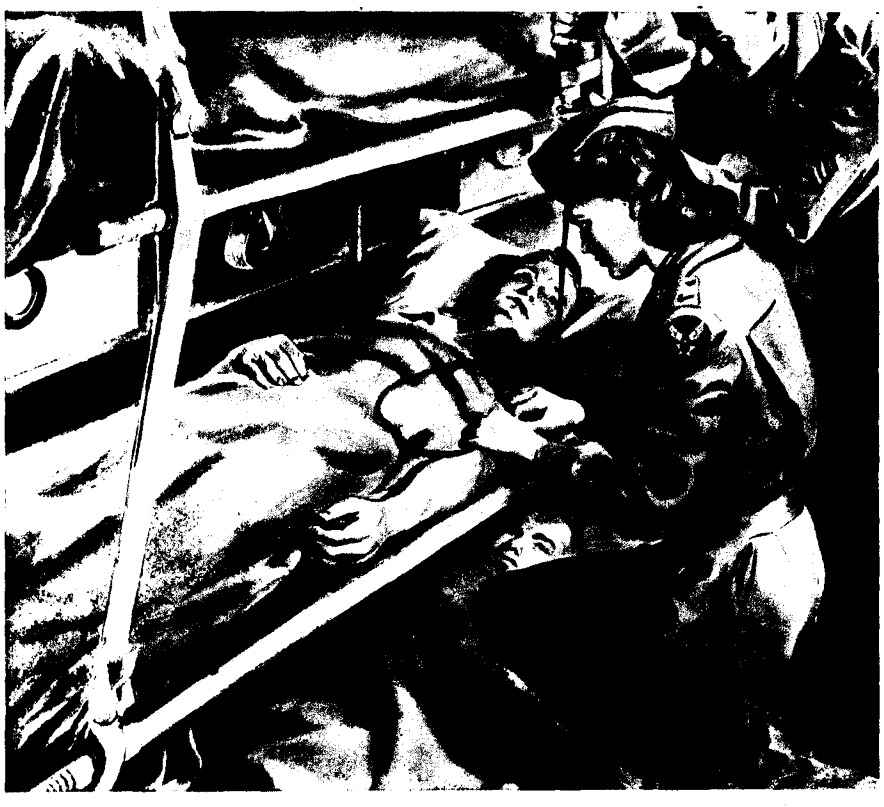
Sulfa, Plasma—and Air



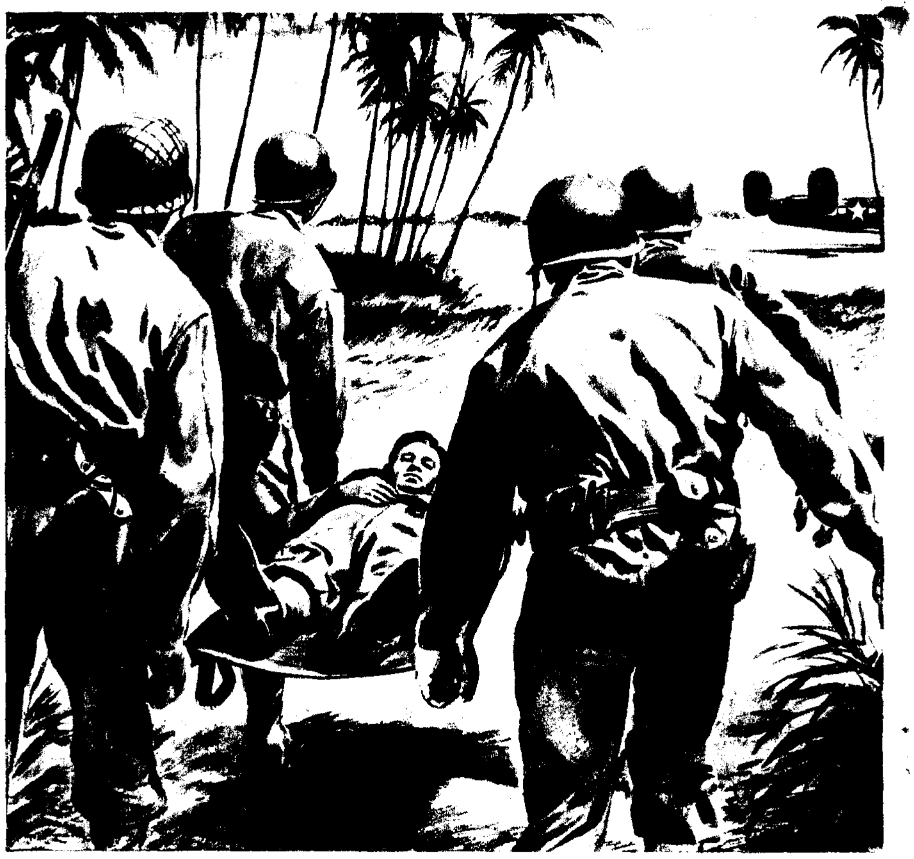
1. Since the start of the war, thousands of wounded Americans have been evacuated from battle zones by air. Said the Air Surgeon General's report: "The record places air evacuation in a group with the sulfa drugs and blood plasma as one of the three greatest lifesavers of modern military medicine."



2. In long-range transport planes such as the Liberator Express, no wounded American fighter is more than 60 hours' flying time from the finest hospital in the U. S. A.

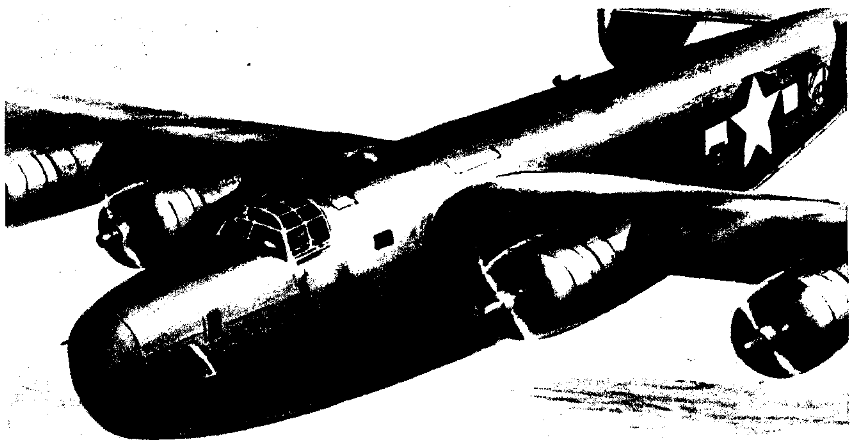


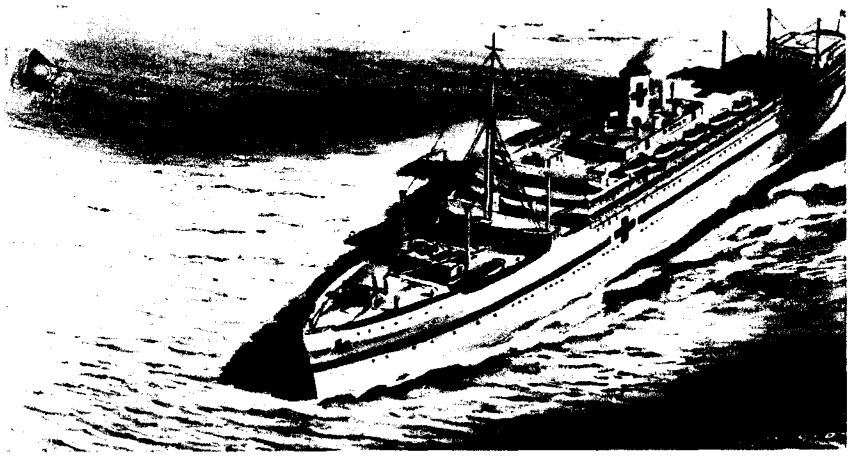
3. As the hospital plane streaks across the ocean, a flight nurse gives somebody's blood—perhaps *yours*—to this wounded soldier, who might otherwise never get home for the special care that will restore him to health.



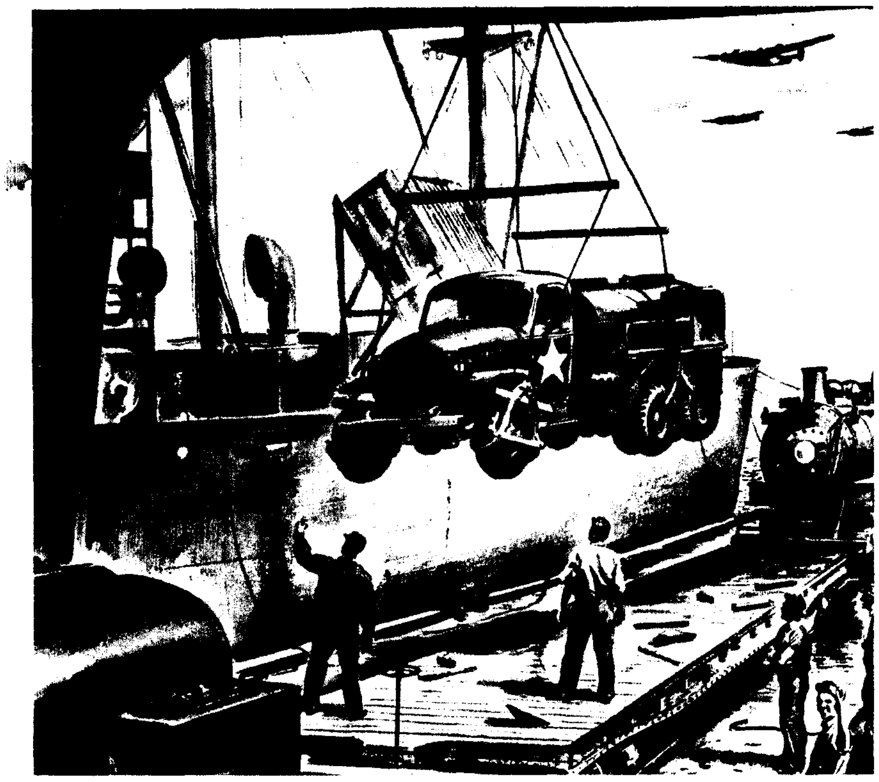
4. From many a remote and inaccessible combat zone, the plane is the *only* means of getting casualties back to base hospitals.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT





5. **The ambulance, hospital train, and hospital ship** still transport most of our war casualties. But many a time when *minutes* can save a life, the 4-mile-a-minute speed of the flying ambulance does exactly that!



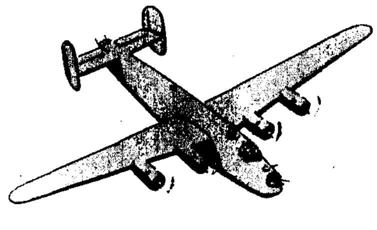
6. **One reason we are winning the war** is the way in which the truck, the train, the ship, and the plane are teaming up together. And the task of rebuilding the peacetime world will be a challenge which all forms of transportation must meet in the same way.

• • •

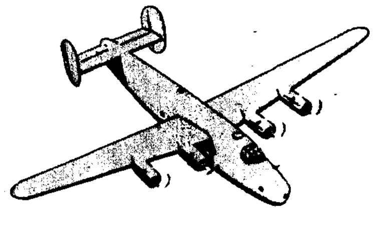
But the plane, in addition to its use as a global air transport, will have still *another* role to fulfill: a permanent postwar Air Force can well become the ever-watchful guardian of the peace we shall have won so dearly.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

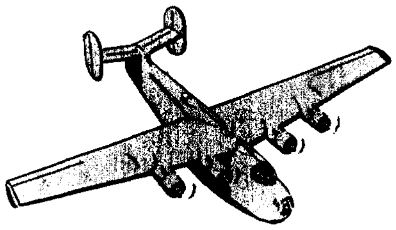
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



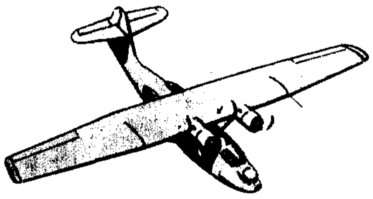
LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



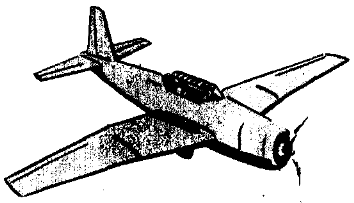
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



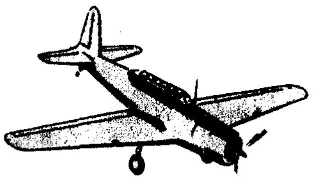
CORONADO . . . patrol bomber



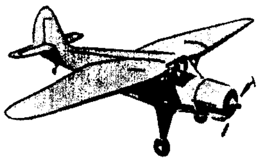
CATALINA . . . patrol bomber



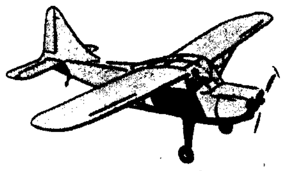
VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Air Giant — The new Consolidated Vultee Model 39 transport – the Liberator Liner – has passed its test flights successfully. Capacity: 48 passengers – or, as a sleeper, 24. Top speed: 275 m.p.h. Flying range: over 4000 miles.

• • •

1000-mile Shuttle Trips—The Naval Air Transport Service in the Pacific now flies 320,000 miles per week, carries over 5500 passengers monthly, "adds another stop every time the Japs lose an island."

Airport for Air Giants — New York City's projected airport will have runways totalling 13 miles in length, one of which will be over 2 miles long. This airport can handle 1000 plane movements per day. (Capacity of present N. Y. airport: 270 plane movements per day.)

• • •

Tomorrow's Airmen: The total strength of the Army Air Forces now exceeds 2,300,000 officers and enlisted men – a vast reservoir of skilled pilots and aircraft technicians which will ensure postwar America's remaining "a nation on wings."

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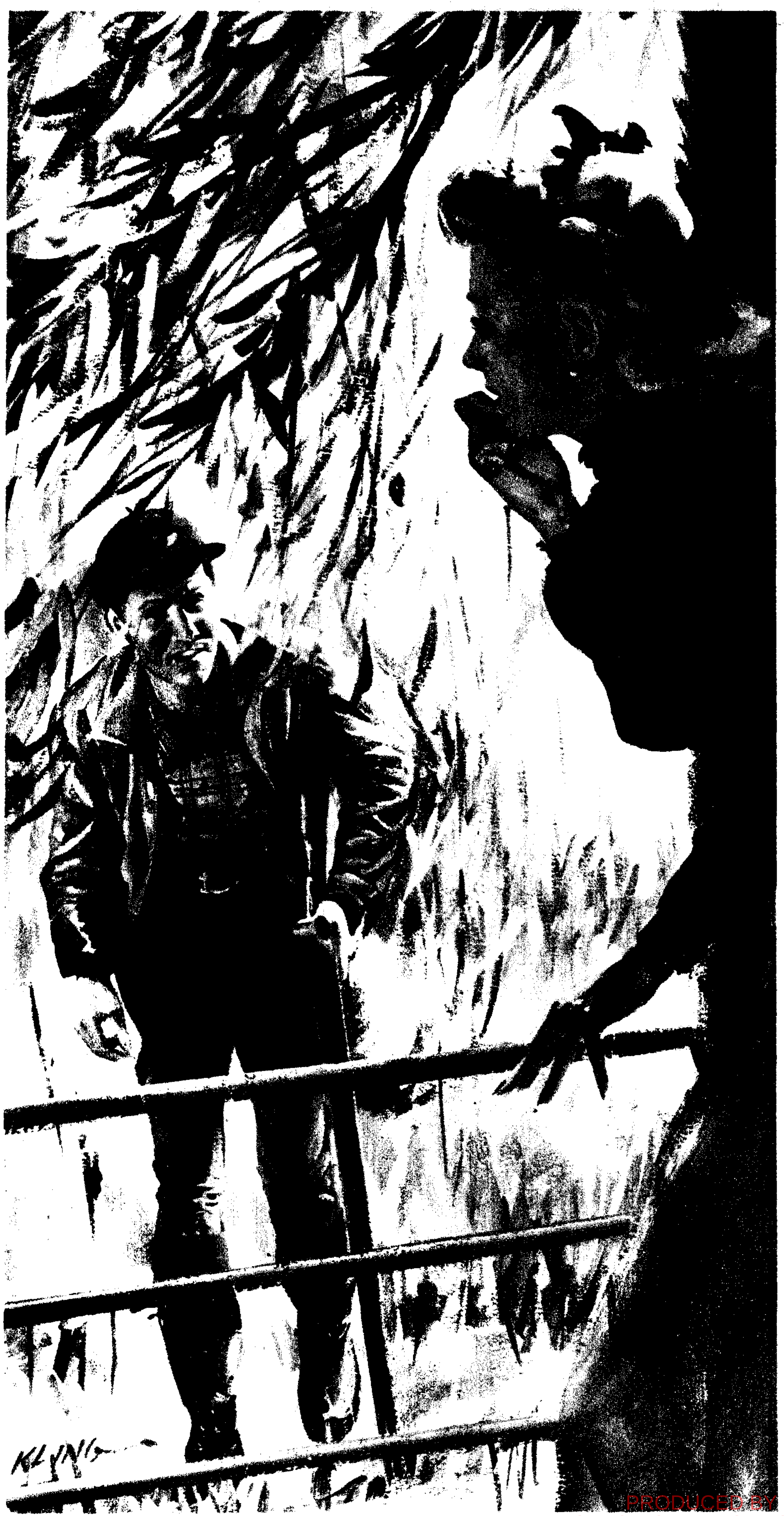
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



The groom came along, using his 12-gauge gun as a crutch. He had fallen in the boat and wrenched his knee. The bride wanted to know how far she'd have to walk to catch a bus

GAMEWARDEN ANDREW FLAXON found the young couple in a duck blind on the tip of Rice Island. He stepped from the head-high rushes and said, "Nice shooting. Nice teal you got there. Now, mind if I check the licenses?"

The young man turned a tanned, grave face and stirred the teal with his toe. "They're yours. You've caught us cold, no licenses and no duck stamps."

He was a good deal more of a gentleman about it than any poacher Flaxon had met up to now.

The girl said quickly, warmly, "But, heavens, my husband's just back from the Pacific! This is his furlough. Surely you're not going to be technical—"

Her husband interrupted, "It's the law, Stelle. He has to enforce it."

Flaxon's glance was briefly wondering before he said, "I'll have to take the names."

"Lieutenant and Mrs. William Beale. We're at the resort, but I left the car and my uniform at a cabin below here. If we could stop there—" The lieutenant waited for Flaxon's nod, and said, "We might as well all three go in the boat."

Flaxon sat in the bow, facing the girl, while Beale poled off. She watched the game warden, her lips parted and her breath coming unevenly. It was cold enough to see her breath.

"Would it make any difference," she said suddenly, "if I told you this happens to be our honeymoon?"

Beale's pole struck the water with a splash. "Oh, now, Stelle!"

"Well," she said, "it really is. Three years ago doesn't count, and this is the one I wanted to remember."

And when she said that, Flaxon remembered the whole story. The names hadn't meant anything to him, but the honeymoon three years ago had fueled a winter's hot-stove gossip. There were people who said that when Bill Beale reached in his pocket, it was a hunting license he tried to give the minister; of course, nobody could have known that, and it just showed how the story grew.

It had been about dusk when the honeymooners stopped at Kramer's crossroads store and bought a week's box of groceries. Kramer said the bride had been upset about having to buy canned milk for her coffee; she had seemed to expect there would be a morning delivery of milk bottles on Rice Island.

Before winter ended, he had built up the story to the point where she had been even more upset because he hadn't had any caviar and pâté de foie gras on his shelves.

They had tire trouble or they took the wrong road, and it was toward eleven at night when the young couple stopped at Ed Traynor's for their key. Ed had the key because he'd been hired to clean out the chimney, only he hadn't got around to it. When it blew up rain toward morning, Ed remembered he hadn't got around to mend the roof, either. But he probably laid it on a little thick when he said the roof leaked mostly over the built-in bunk bed.

Then in the morning Flaxon's son—he was in the Seabees now, but had been a deputy warden three years ago—had stopped by and found the cabin full of smoke and rainwater and the bride in tears. It seemed the groom had given her a 20-gauge gun, but had forgotten to bring any shells except for his 12-gauge, and anyway she didn't want to hunt any ducks. She wanted to know how far she'd have to walk to catch a bus. Flaxon's son had been wondering whether to try to talk her out of that when the groom came along, using his 12-gauge as a crutch. His pole had slipped and he'd fallen in the boat and wrenched his knee.

"Three years ago was ghastly," Stelle Beale said now, "and I should think even a game warden would feel we were entitled to a better honeymoon than that one."

Flaxon told her, "But you should have brought licenses along with the gun and boat and everything else you needed this time."

"I'm trying to tell you," the girl said. "It's just a short furlough, and we drove up to the resort mainly to get away from a million of my relatives. I merely suggested stopping by the cabin and seeing if the boat and all these things were all right. Then poking around behind the ice chest, I ran onto the shells. They'd fallen and been there out of sight all the time."

"That's right. We found the shells accidentally and I took a chance shooting them without a license, and that's all there is to it." Lieutenant Beale brought the boat to a small stone landing. "Come along, Warden. I'll be a minute changing, Stelle."

He went up a grass-grown path toward the cabin and, behind him, the girl laid a hand on Flaxon's sleeve. "Wait," she said, and fumbled in a bright fabric handbag. "Here. But don't tell Bill."

Flaxon stared astonishedly at the two postcard-sized pasteboards. "You got the licenses okay," he told her. "What's all the run-around for?"

"Well," Stelle Beale said, "I knew we'd find those shells. I hid them that very morning on purpose to spoil the whole trip, and it's what I'm trying to make up to him now."

"You probably just aren't the outdoors type. So what? My wife never went hunting with me in her life. Plenty of wives don't."

The girl said, "Look. Of course buying this cabin and coming up here away from people means a lot to Bill. But there was more to it. My family had a different honeymoon planned for us. And they had a lot of other plans for the rest of our lives—without asking Bill. That honeymoon of ours was a regular family issue; we came up here to prove that Bill and I were going to lead our own lives, and then I went back on it—on him."

"He sprained his knee, the way I heard it," Flaxon began.

"Bill's knee was just a lucky accident," she said wryly. "It kept him from finding out right away what a terrific flop it was all going to be. My hiding those shells was the first step toward making it one. There were other steps—little ones like arguments over how we'd spend an evening, and big ones about my family wanting him to claim exemption from the Army—and all of it leading up to the divorce."

FLAXON gave a headshake. "I guess I'm dumb. I don't know if you two are married or divorced or what."

"We were remarried yesterday," the girl said. "Bill did go into the Army and went overseas and—well, I've learned what things are important. That's what this second honeymoon is all about." She moistened her lips and continued, "All right, it's not much. But it's a start, and a better start than I made before. I wanted to begin over, and begin right this time. . . ."

Andrew Flaxon thought a minute; then he said, "I can say I'm letting him go with a warning because of my kid that's with the Seabees in the Pacific."

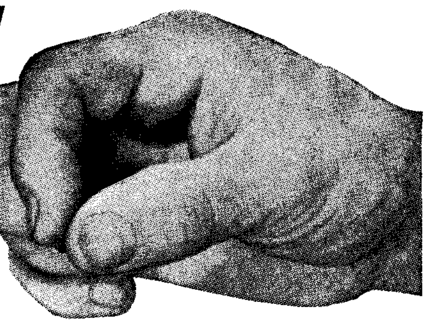
He went up the footpath. Lieutenant Beale, waiting, thrust the cabin door shut and said, "Now we're alone, I want to show you."

Flaxon gaped at the pasteboards in the lieutenant's hand. "You two are beyond me! What's the big secret, anyway?"

The young man smiled a little and said it was a long story. "I had an idea Stelle was planning a hunting honeymoon because—well, it's personal and you wouldn't understand. But I wasn't telling you the truth about those shells, Warden. I knew very well they were back of the ice chest here, because I saw her hide them there that morning."

"You did, huh?"

"It's a long story, but the thing is, I could see right then that our marriage wasn't working out the way we planned," Bill Beale said, "You don't want to let on to Stelle though, or she might guess I only went and pretended to sprain a knee that morning. I figured we could work it out somehow in the long run if we had a second chance. I always believed that."



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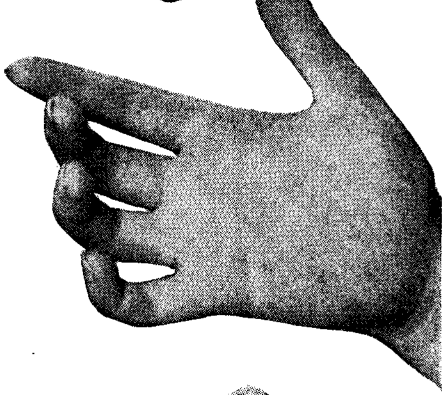

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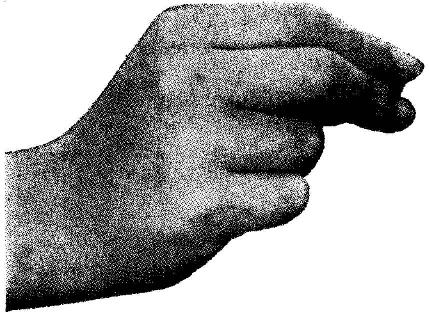

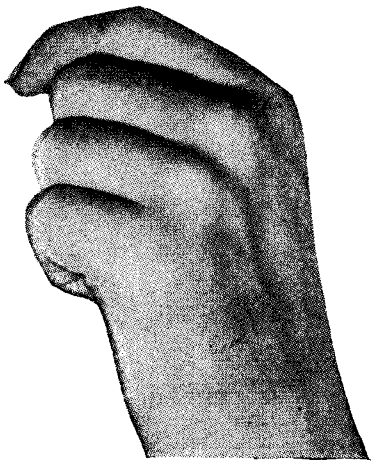

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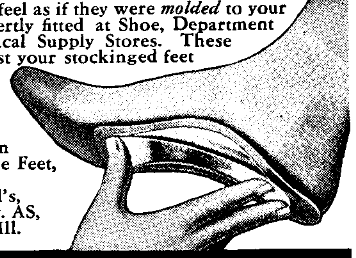

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Kelly and the Burgomaster

Continued from page 20

consideration. Tomorrow morning you'll have an answer. Okay?"

The kid plants a kiss on Karl's hand and beats it out of the house, and the mayor is still standing there, thinking it over, when his old lady comes back into the room. One look at her puss, and Karl knows she's been listening through the door.

"What are you going to do?" she asks.

"At the moment," Karl says, "I'm going to have a real shot in honor of my break." And with that, he pours himself a glass of whisky. Only he never got a chance to get it down, because just then there's another knock on the door, and in comes another kid with one of them long foreign names. We'll call him Tony. . . .

KELLY relighted his cigar, his eyes reading the satisfied faces of his audience. He puffed on it several times and then from behind the smoke screen said, "You didn't have to coax this kid to come in and sit down, because even before Karl got a chance to hold out his hand for kissing, the visitor was in the center of the room."

★

"Good evening, Mr. Burgomaster," he says. "May I see you in private?"

Karl winked at his wife to git, and then sat down. "*Proceed, my good man.*"

The kid looked around the room kind of like he was being followed. Then he pulled himself together. "Tonight," he says, "the people took on a new burgomaster. A good one. The best we ever had."

Karl was showing all his teeth. He liked that.

"I voted for you. I threw the one vote that made you burgomaster," Tony says.

Karl gets a jolt out of that confession, but he takes it slow and easy. "Of course," he says politely, "I appreciate your electing me burgomaster."

"Thanks," Tony says, taking it for granted. "And now I have one little favor to ask of you, because I'm in a jam."

"Shoot!" Karl says.

"I am a mailman, and there are times, Your Honor, when a mailman is tempted."

"I can understand that."

"Thanks," Tony says. "Naturally one in my spot sees many envelopes, day in, day out, different-colored envelopes, some full, some thin, some perfumed, and some has a foreign smell to them. And a man wouldn't hardly be human if he wasn't tempted just to take a peek inside of one of those envelopes now and then!"

"A man would be a dope not to be so tempted," Karl says.

"I knew you'd understand," Tony says. "Well, I did. I took a gander inside a couple of those envelopes, and now that banker guy threatens to have me arrested."

"I'm beginning to understand," Karl says. "You mean in return for electing me burgomaster you want me to talk the banker out of charging you with mail-tampering?"

"To put it simply, Your Honor, yes."

Again Karl got up and walked the visitor to the door. "Tell you what," he said. "Let me think about your problem tonight, then tomorrow morning I'll give you my answer."

Tony clicked his heels together the way them foreigners do. "Thank you, Your Honor. I know you'll do right by me." With that, he left. And was Karl burned up because Tony forgot to kiss his hand!

KELLY paused and flicked a long white ash from his cigar. The group relaxed and whispered amongst themselves.

"So," Kelly continued, "Karl and his wife had a few more words—the old lady was getting worried by this time—and then again another knock comes on the door. This time—Edmund— That's it, Edmund, the grocer's clerk, comes dashing into the room. This guy doesn't even ask for privacy but busts out crying. And in no time at all he's told them how he's been and lifted some dough from his boss. Seems he had a sweetheart and he was only taking it for a loan to buy the girl some pretties, but the grocer has found out about it, and it don't look like no loan to him. When he gets to this part, the kid is crying worse than ever and the conversation goes like this:

★

"I ask you to help me only because it's through me that you're burgomaster," Edmund says.

"Oh— Oh," Karl says to himself, figuring: Here it comes.

"One vote, *mine,* made you. And now if my boss has me arrested, you, the man I made burgomaster, is going to send me to the pen."

Karl wagged his head and pulled a big sigh. "I-ron-i-cal, ain't it?"

"But," the kid pleads, "is it askin' too much for you to do me this one little favor and pardon me? After all, every politician passes on little favors to his friends, doesn't he?"

Karl thought it out a minute, then he says, "Yes, I guess that's so. Politicians have been known to help their sponsors. If you'll give me a couple of hours to think it over, I'll let you know."

And he gets Edmund out the door before you can say Jack Robinson.

So there was Karl, sittin' back in his fancy chair, fagged out from the busy night. "You see," he says to his wife, "I'm a big man now. Everybody's after me for favors."

"But what can you do for them?" his wife wants to know; she's the worrying kind. "Do you really expect to help them?"

"As I understand it," he says, "I'm ob-li-gated to help the one who really made me burgomaster."

"So?" his wife wants to know. "But there were three of them."

"So," Karl says, smiling and looking down at his hand where it had been kissed. "They'll all go to prison—the three of them. The favor goes to me—myself."

"I still don't follow you," she says. "You *were* elected by one vote, weren't you? *They* voted for you."

"Correct!" Karl says. "But suppose I *hadn't voted for myself?*"

KELLY tossed the dead cigar into the basket, and leaning back in his swivel chair, smiled at the picture on his desk, as the group filed out quietly.

THE END

Gin a body Gin a body?

Gin rummy is a game for idiots.—Culbertson

●

Gin is a game for the idiot,
And me, I ought to know.
Gin is a game
For the jughead dame
And owes its fame
To the brain that's lame.
Lady Luck, smile on Baby!
I'm hot, and no mistake!
Gin is a game for the idiot:
It's *time* I got a break.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Upstate Girl

Continued from page 56

"Maybe he's holding out for something bigger."

Carter shook his head. "That's why I say he's a funny duck. He wasn't being cautious with me. I could have sworn he was simply uninterested."

"Oh," said Elizabeth, finishing with Adrian King, who made cracks about you going steady with Carter Humphreys.

There were things she wanted to know about the celebrated people scattered around the dining room and Carter could tell her. He could, and told them well and accurately, but the dinner was not one of their big successes. Carter seemed to be in one of his mo[illegible], courteously irritable. He was like that sometimes. Increasingly so of late. There was always the danger that he would become bored with her.

He could walk her home, Elizabeth said, as they came out into the street. She wanted, she said, to get home early and be fresh (in the better sense) in the morning. Mr. Seidel had said she could take some time to look for a new job if she was determined not to go to Boston.

"You don't need to go tramping around looking for a job," said Carter. "I can get you one at once—tonight."

"I believe you," said Elizabeth, smiling.

She knew the kind of job Carter would get for her—one with a fabulous salary which she could not possibly earn and from which she could not normally be discharged. It would be perilous, close to one of the things that might take their friendship out of its amateur standing and begin something else.

"This," she said, drawing in a loud breath of the chill September air, "should have burning leaves in it and chili sauce and just a spot of grape jelly."

"Ah, the sentimental mood. Tell me about your revolting childhood."

"It wasn't revolting at all," she said, and let him keep the fingers he had seized at a [illegible]osswalk to hold her back. They did not go in for hand holding, she and Carter, but he would be leaving soon.

Hadn't she told him all, she asked. And Carter said no, suddenly amiable, he had only a vague snapshot here and there.

The short and simple annals of the poor, Elizabeth told him.

Afterward, she was not sure how much she talked and how much was memory running back . . . school beginning again in September; all the kids on the street back from modest cottages at the lake or trips or visits to uncles and aunts; the big, shabby old Howland house filled with the fall smells of canning and wood fires and her father's pipe, always her father's pipe. Her mother busy, not lying down in the afternoon the way so many mothers did . . . oh, but she should have, she should have, and the operation would have been all right for Mom, too, perhaps. . . . Bicycles, and leaves smoldering in piles along the curb, and picnics at Mendon Ponds and Thanksgiving and skating to band music on Wednesday nights and Christmas . . . of course, everybody thought of home that way, as a place of warmth and good smells and safety, when it probably wasn't like that at all, it was just that you were terribly young then and needed those things. . . .

They stopped at another red light and Carter's face was grave, almost sullen, the way it was when he was bored.

"And then Aunt Margaret." Elizabeth hurried to end the dull chronicle. "A good woman if I ever saw one and the world's worst cook."

Carter laughed and squeezed her fingers.

"That is all," said Elizabeth, signing off. "After—well—I mean when Dad was gone, too, I didn't belong at home any more. A friend of ours got me a job down here and after a while I got myself a better one."

TURNING to smile at him as they walked she looked quickly away, surprised. In anyone else that look would have been one of tenderness, but Carter was never tender. Humorous, annoyed, or even kind, sometimes—but not tender.

"You've done all right here," said Carter. "You've had a good time, haven't you, Liz?"

"A wonderful time."

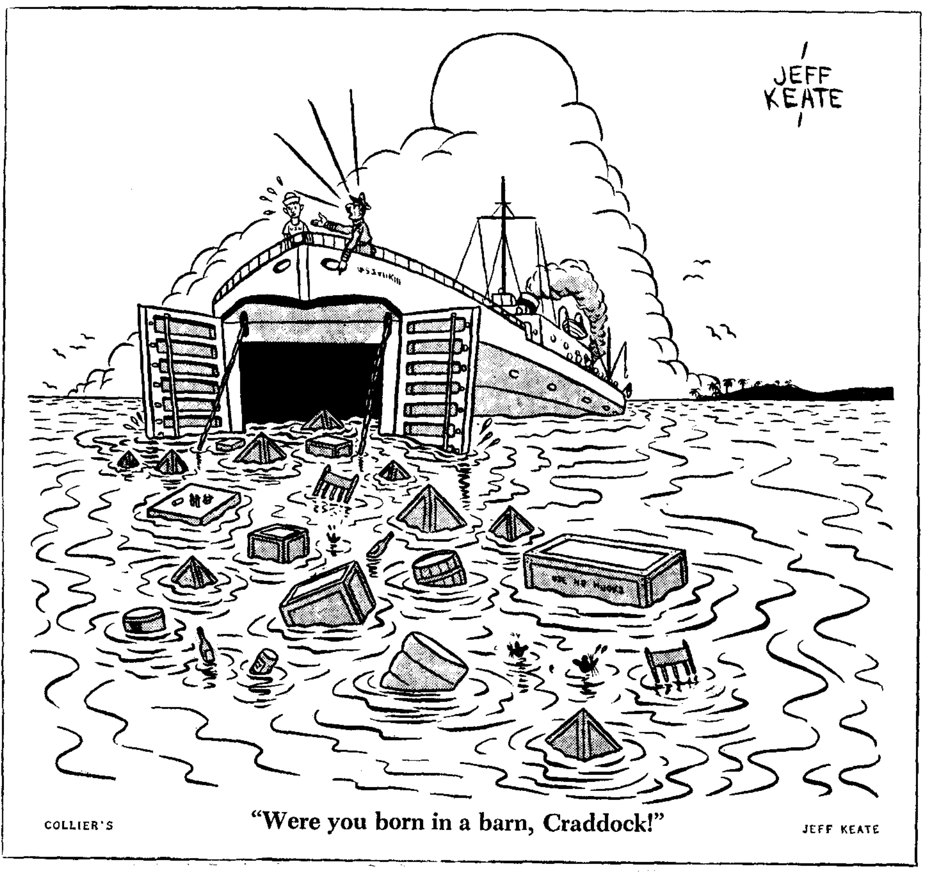
"A lot of people know the girl that looks like a choir boy, and they all know you support yourself, that you don't get yourself into jams, that one drink is all you ever want—"

"For heaven's sake! I'd live that way wherever I was—"

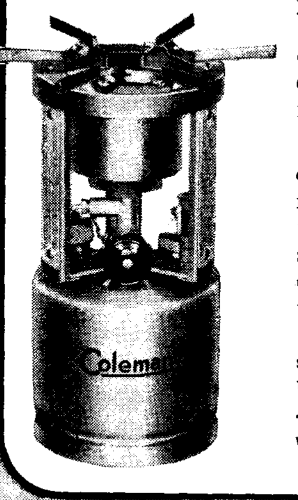
"Hundreds of girls don't. They go crazy in this town."

They were turning into her street, dreary in spots, one of the streets which had been in the process of being reclaimed when the war came along. Elizabeth's house was an old tenement, renovated so that it was clean, attractive and, for most people, inexpensive. For Hester and Elizabeth, it was all they could manage and they loved it.

Inside the door, in the clean, small, tiled vestibule with its rows of buttons and mailboxes, she faced Carter and, without the slightest warning, she was in his arms, his cold, hard cheek against hers, her startled eyes flying wide open. He had never done this before, but she must have always known



COLLIER'S "Were you born in a barn, Craddock!" JEFF KEATE



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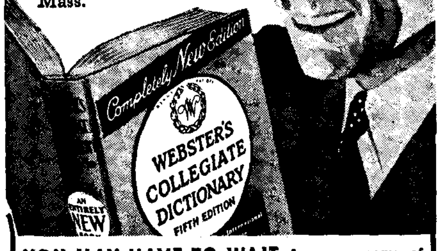

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he was going to, sometime, because it did not seem strange, only new.

"Don't get another job," he said in a low, voice. "Come to Washington with me."

She tried to free herself then, and when she could not, she sighed and leaned against him in unbelievable contentment. In this city, where everybody was in love or struggling out of love or carrying the torch, she had remained curiously untouched. Weeks ago, Hester had said, "If you could meet someone exactly like Carter Humphreys, you'd probably fall in love once and for all and get married." And Elizabeth had answered, "Nuts, darling."

"I don't have to tell you I love you," said Carter, his face against hers. "I was waiting. But I'm afraid to wait any longer. I *wanted to offer you everything—and with* the world upside down it was safe enough to wait. All the best men were gone, the ones you would look at—but now they're coming back and the world will be settling down again, and I want us settled, too. Darling, we'll be married—"

Laughing shakily she pushed him away. "Do you mean before you go to Washington or after you get a divorce?"

His fine gray eyes unsmiling, he looked at her. "As soon as possible. Mona doesn't want a divorce—on account of the kids. We talked about it long before you stepped into the picture. This way, if you come with me, she'll have to consent. You'll be safe with me, darling. I have this feeling," he smiled gravely at her, "that I must give you everything you want."

The words every girl loves to hear . . . she moved a little away from him.

"I've got it all worked out, Liz. We won't come back here after Washington. I still own a couple of hundred acres in Wyoming and there's an old Chinese couple in the ranch house that have been with the family for years. It's comfortable, with wings built on here and there—"

She saw it as he talked, long and low and solid in the sagebrush—it would be sagebrush, of course, the green stuff—and blue hills in the distance . . . she looked at him, hearing the sincere longing in his deep, rather tired voice—

"But," she said, smiling, calmer now, "I'm terrified of horses."

"You won't be. You can have your own horse, a mare, and we'll break her in together. You'll be new to it and you'll like a Western saddle. Nobody who's ridden in the East can ever ride the Western way properly—"

"They're too big," she complained, "and those feet of theirs are always flying out." And she knew that it should have been stronger, something with complete refusal in it.

Carter laughed. "You'll see," he said. "And it has to be now, Liz. It's the one way Mona will give me a divorce. If you come with me, she'll have to—"

"No."

"Will you think about it?"

His eyes held hers until she turned away and said in a low, impatient voice, "Well, *yes.*"

He took the key from her, unlocked the door and pushed her gently in.

"I'll call you tomorrow," he said.

"Not tomorrow. That's too soon—"

For a moment he looked searchingly at her. "Sunday, then," he said. "I'll call you Sunday night."

She moved away. Of course. All day Sunday he would be in the country with the two little girls whom he adored, and with Mona whom he did not.

She said good night over her shoulder, and ran up the slate-treaded stairs.

THE wind was high between the buildings, swooping sometimes to the street, and Elizabeth walked quickly, hugging her excitement tight against her with her handbag. All day she had kept herself from thinking of Carter Humphreys. Until she left the office and was alone on the street she had held him off, so that the thing hit her now, and she thought, This is it, this is what I've been waiting for.

She stopped before a window filled with old silver, not knowing it was old silver she looked at, not knowing she was smiling faintly. She had waited for love, declining the substitutes with a No, thank you, that made bold men remember her forever. This was love and this was the way she would have to take it. The way was not as important as she had once thought. And Carter would marry her. . . .

A piece of paper blew flat against her legs and she stooped to detach it. Someone else was doing it for her. Indignantly she straightened and then laughed, a little coldly. "Hello," she said. Perhaps he was ready with another crack.

"You see," said Adrian King, with his particular brand of ironic admiration, "even inanimate things."

He crumpled the paper and walked away, *as though he did not limp at all*, and threw it in the green barrel. Hatless he was, as always, his brown hair hammered down with brushes so that only the most obstinate of the curls sprang up. There was no faintest hint of a color scheme in his socks or tie or good tweeds. He looked not like a shrewd and brilliant young businessman, but like any undergraduate from one of the Ivy League colleges.

"This," he said, coming back from the barrel, "is a stroke of bad luck—for me. I just promised myself that the first person I ran into I'd ask to drive out to the farm with me on Sunday morning."

ELIZABETH eyed him in amusement, her resentment forgotten. This was not his part of town. He had certainly gone out of his way to run into someone he knew.

"Farm?" she said. "Don't tell me *you* have a farm!"

"I don't like your tone," said Adrian. "What, may I ask, is so unreasonable about *me* having a farm?"

"You," answered Elizabeth simply.

"Ha," said Adrian. "In the next ten seconds, tell me what a cultivator is, a duster, when you plant potatoes and how old a cow is when she gives milk."

Laughing, Elizabeth put an arm up, warding off blows.

Adrian surveyed the traffic somberly. "And," he said, "she doesn't want me to tell her that *I* have a farm."

"That, I'll have to see," said Elizabeth. "I'll go. But," she added quickly, "I'll have to be back early."

"A date?" Adrian's eyes were on hers.

"Yes. A date."

"I'll call for you about ten—A.M. This is a special trip—gas coupons and everything. I have bags of feed, and pails, a tractor tread, fuses, a coil of rope—"

"Well, thank you very much," said Elizabeth politely. "Some other time, perhaps. There certainly won't be room for me."

"There'll be room. And now how about washing this delicious autumn dust out of our mouths with a little something?"

In a few minutes she was to regret intensely that she allowed him to steer her around the corner to a place they both knew.

"You've heard this one before and from better men," said Adrian, when they were seated opposite each other in a booth and had given their order, "but," with that faintly malicious grin of his, "I seem to have been thinking of you off and on for a couple of days."

There was no flattery in his eyes, which were clear and colorless in the gloom of the place. "It's strictly none of my business, of course," he continued, taking out one of his usual battered packs of cigarettes, "but interesting—as a case."

Warned now, she waited, refusing a cigarette.

"You're a big girl, Liz, and you've kept your head for a long time." He waved out the match. "I'd have put my money on you always keeping it—but I don't know. It might roll as other beautiful heads have rolled."

"*You* may know what you're talking about," she said, her voice dangerous.

"Oh, yes. The pattern's pretty regular. And when Carter Humphreys goes to Washington—"

She moved. Her handbag slid to the floor and she dived for it, hiding her expression, aware that Adrian had stopped talking. When

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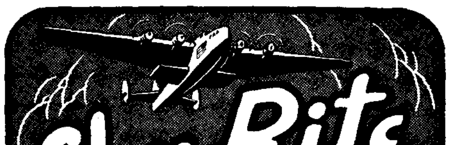

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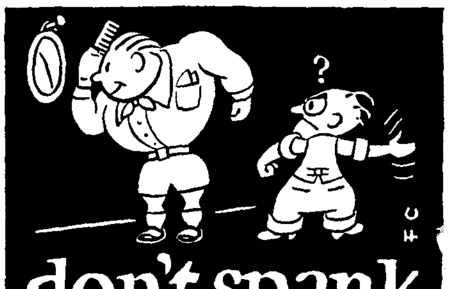

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she straightened up he was regarding her with fixed attention.

"The pattern is perfect," he said.

She slid toward the end of the seat, but he reached a hand across the table, careful of the drinks the waiter had brought, and held her back.

"I'll finish this," he said. His hand strong on her arm, she had to stay, looking steadily back at him. "Carter Humphreys," said Adrian, "is a swell guy—the best of his kind. But not so different as you're kidding yourself he is. Do you think he's going to give up what he has here?"

"Carter hates his life here," said Elizabeth, furious at being compelled to say it.

"Oh, sure. I know all about that boots-and-saddles theme of his. But he's never gone back, except for trips—"

"He couldn't. He had to come home when his father was ill. There were family responsibilities—"

Answers to Jogging Your Jargon (Page 69)

III

1. Marie was to have been in a sad serial, playing Mondays to Fridays every week, but an agency executive rejected it on account of objectionable lines, and she had to go back to singing on the early-morning programs. (Radio)
2. The Flying Fortress was following the course of a river for low-level strafing, and it looked like an easy mission (no antiaircraft or fighter opposition), but an antiaircraft shell caught the tail gunner, and he fell into the water. (AAF)
3. Although she was acting in a repertoire company playing melodramas in a theater charging ten, twenty and thirty cents for seats, the actress doing comedy maid parts wasn't anxious to wed a rich spendthrift like Bob Green, as her family were of the First Families of Virginia, while his people were regarded as social upstarts. (A Gay Nineties item)
4. Herman's lawyer promised him he'd never be electrocuted for murdering Morgan, but when Berg told all he knew to the district attorney, everybody knew Herman couldn't get off and it meant that he must go to the electric chair. (Gangsters)
5. Jeanette was a failure until she gave up posing for leg art and placed herself in the hands of an agent, who developed her mental qualities, and she won an academy award in little over a year. (Hollywood)
6. Everyone was surprised that an ambitious student as quick to learn as Cunningham was deficient in mathematics, and likely to have to go back to a lower class, but he was dull after his girl fell for a Third Class man and let him take her to the dance. (West Point)
7. It was second down and eight yards to go on the Purdue team's twenty-yard line, and the Michigan team varied their kicking and passing tactics with an ancient play in which a player makes a bluff at a forward pass before handing the ball to a teammate, who (in this instance) carried it over the goal line for a touchdown. (Football)

"Sure. And his father's been dead for years—"

"And now he has a wife and children—"

"Ah!" Adrian withdrew his hand and sat back. "I was afraid you'd forgotten that."

This time he made no attempt to stop her. On the street she walked with the ease of high rage, her feet light on the pavement, her timing perfect as she avoided other hurrying pedestrians. . . .

A ribbon around the pale hair she had just washed, the sleeves of her quilted housecoat folded back, Elizabeth did her Sunday housekeeping. She brushed the folds of the beige curtains which Hester had so expertly made, dusted the tops of small tables, put away all but the current issues of magazines.

Hester was away for the week end, and Elizabeth was glad to be alone. The first cold excitement was gone, and she had accepted her own decision without fear. She had known other girls who had made this same decision—pretty girls, always gay, whose eyes held a curious emptiness . . . but the men had not been Carter Humphreys—

She jumped, her eyes darkening, her face suddenly white, as the house phone rang. This was morning. It was too early—

"Hello," she said, and almost at once lowered the receiver to her side, her eyes blank with outraged astonishment. She had, to the best of her ability, walked out of Adrian King's life, and now . . .

"Hello, hello," said Adrian, his voice coming tinnily from the receiver at her side. She put the thing to her ear again. "You ready?"

"Ready!" exclaimed Elizabeth with force.

"I'll come up," Adrian said cheerfully.

All the things she might say rising in her, she pressed the door button sharply and was instantly sorry. She should have let him go away. But his footsteps were outside on the stairs. She opened the door and walked away from it without speaking.

"You still mad?" asked Adrian, his back against the door he had closed.

Elizabeth laughed and stopped abruptly.

"I don't blame you," said Adrian.

"Thanks."

"Well—get out of that becoming blue thing and into something practical. It takes more than an hour to drive out there—at thirty-five miles an hour."

Thoughtfully she studied him. It would be a long day, an increasingly restless one with her decision made, and the sun was shining. Also Adrian had asked for it.

"All right," she said sweetly. "You'll have to wait a few minutes for me to change."

CLOSING the door of the bedroom, she did not hurry. It was much longer than a few minutes when she finally appeared, in a green suit and low-heeled pumps.

"My farm outfit," she said.

Adrian rose, put out the cigarette to which he had helped himself, and surveyed her critically. "A little too stylish," he said. "But that should not count against it. No reason for a farmer's wife being a sight."

"Oh," said Elizabeth, "I had no intention of looking like a farmer's wife."

"You have good shoulders for it, and nice, sturdy legs."

Elizabeth prodded his cigarette severely with a match to see that it was out. No one had ever called her legs sturdy before.

The windows of his roadster were open too much, and then not quite enough. No, she did not think fall the best time of the year. The fine sonorous church music coming from the radio, which Adrian would have switched, was just what she liked. The field of wild asters and goldenrod out on the Hendrik Hudson Highway was too pretty—a calendar picture or the worst type of birthday card.

And then, when Adrian stopped at a roadside stand and asked if she wanted a drink or something, Elizabeth murmured, hesitant and uncertain, that she didn't know. But when he came out with two opened bottles, she looked at them and said brightly, "Oh, I couldn't really. I'm not a bit thirsty."

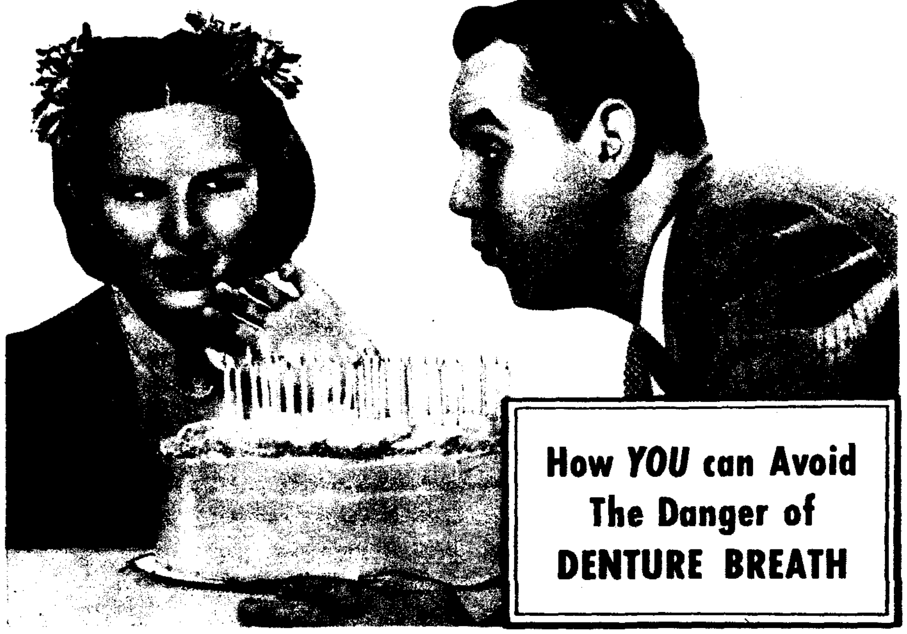
For one moment she thought he was going to pour a bottle over her green skull cap. Then with no change of expression he placed it on the running board while he drank the other in swift pulls at the straw. He finished the second with equal enjoyment and took the bottles back in.

"Now," he said, sliding behind the wheel and turning to her, "are you going to go on being nasty? Or will you relax and enjoy yourself?"

The dirty look she gave him felt silly on her face. She could not hold it. He was rather sweet (when he was minding his own business) and she had been mean long enough, and he had a way of looking at her . . . they were both laughing as he turned the key.

"You know," he said, driving on, "you're

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

NO, IT'S NOT the candle smoke that's bothering her, Mister Man. It's something you may never have thought of . . . Denture Breath! Avoid offending this way. Don't trust brushing and scrubbing your dental plates with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches make it easier for food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

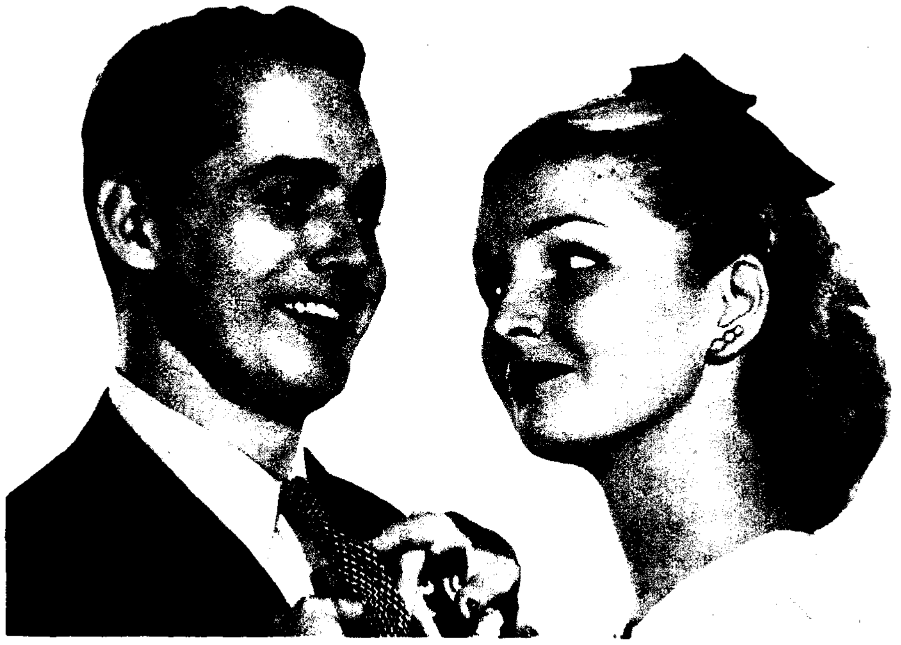
PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT

Do This Every Day!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

No brushing

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth,* and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure.



Later: That's better! No offensive Denture Breath now . . . he's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate—costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

Give To Your Community War Fund

Use POLIDENT *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Sure could go for one of Mom's bean suppers

Men of the United States Navy say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

Did you ever wonder what he thinks about —away from home? Just read his letters.

"Sure could go for one of Mom's bean suppers!". . ."Has dad had the old car painted yet?". . ."Don't forget to prune the roses . . ."

Sure, he's fighting a war for bigger things . . . for Freedom and Lasting Peace. But when he thinks of home, and getting back to all that he holds dearest, it's the *little* things, the small familiar pleasures, that he thinks about.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a forehead wrinkle erased . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

Wholesome and satisfying, how good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

not unattractive when your face lights up."

"Oh, good! I'll remember."

She was relaxed and suddenly enjoying herself.

"Are you sure you're doing the right thing," she asked, "buying a farm now, with gas and tires what they are, forty miles from town—"

"Three miles from town," said Adrian. "The town of Driscoll. I'm in the township of Driscoll."

"You mean you're going to *live* out here?"

"I am."

"But this high-powered business that you're such a wizard at?"

"The farm will be my business."

"Now," said Elizabeth to the countryside, "I've heard everything."

Adrian laughed. His grandfather, he said, had been a farmer, and a good one, one who made farming pay. A full-time job, you would think, but old Matthew Adrian King had also been supervisor of the town he lived in, he had been chairman of the school board, and chief of the volunteer fire department. Anyone, old Matt King used to say, who didn't shoulder his part in governing the small corner of America he lived in, could keep his mouth shut when things didn't go to suit him.

"My grandfather," said Adrian with pride, "was a highly respected man."

"All grandfathers are highly respected men."

"Mine rated it," said Adrian firmly.

They had turned off the highway and were driving along a sound country road. This isn't it, decided Elizabeth as they stopped before a white farm house. There was no ownership in Adrian's face. It was the Sprague place. The bags of feed, the tractor tread, the pails and things that were in the trunk were to be delivered here. All those things which she had not seen and had forgotten about, he was bringing out for a neighbor . . . just as any farmer would do . . . just as the neighbors used to do back home.

No one but the dog was at home at Spragues'. He superintended the disposal of the things somewhere in the rear of the farmhouse and escorted Adrian back to the car, waving a shaggy tail.

Adrian was disappointed. "I wanted you to meet the Spragues," he said, getting into the car. "They're swell people. Jim knows all the answers to farming, and I'm depending a lot on him for help."

A LITTLE blankly, Elizabeth stared ahead of her. He meant it. He was going to be a farmer, he already knew the other farmers around.

The old red-brick house back from the road was the one. She knew it by the raw new boards in the roof and around the windows, and there was a carpenter's tool shed on the lawn. Adrian turned into the driveway, which had been freshly graveled, and switched off the motor.

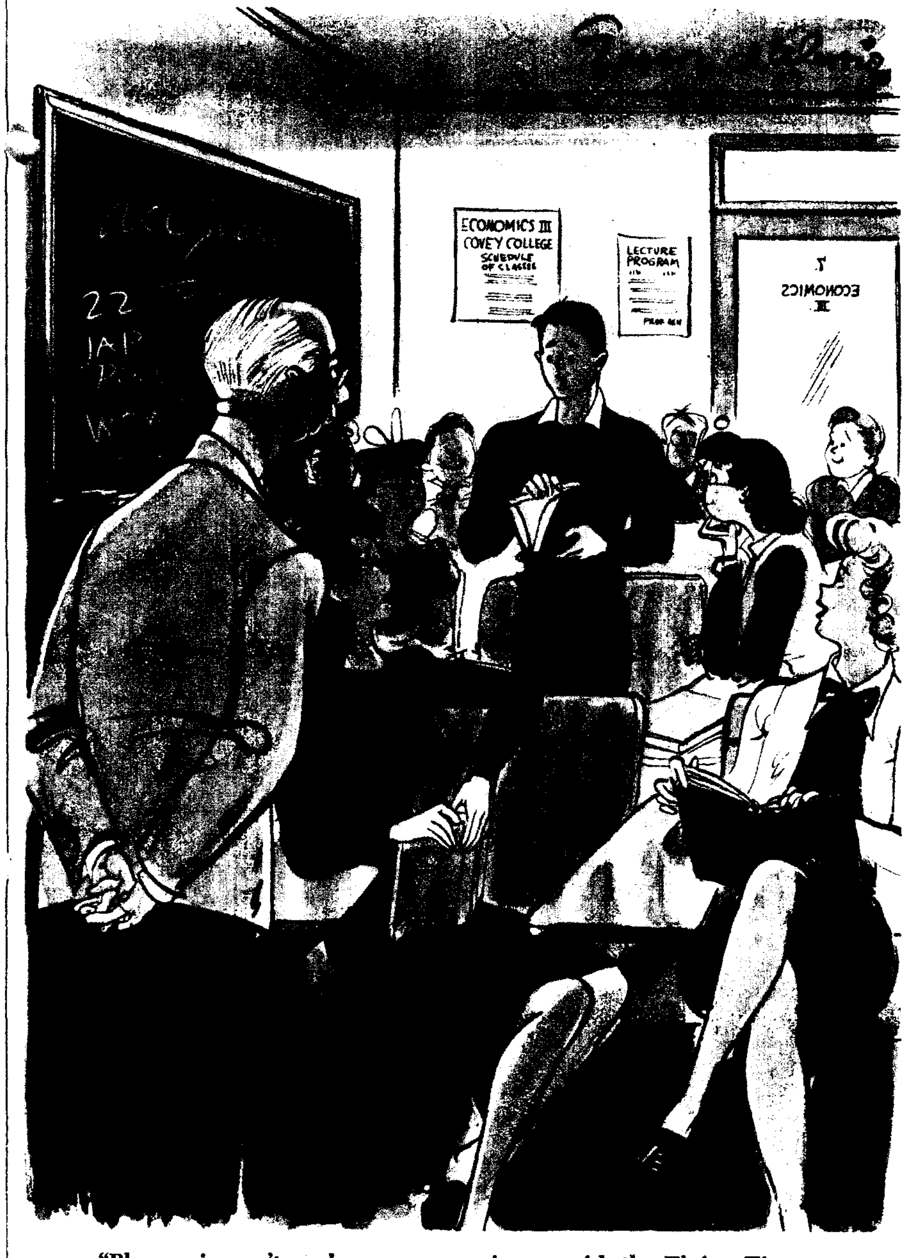
"I dreamed it up," he said, looking at it.

"Why," said Elizabeth, "it's darling." She wanted to get out and go up the steps to the old-fashioned double doors, to look in the long, old-fashioned windows. She knew how it would be inside. She knew this kind of house.

Adrian sat, one elbow on the wheel, utter contentment on his face as he gazed at his property.

"I dreamed it up in a foxhole in Italy," he said. "The day I knew I was going to be

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Please, sir, can't we leave my experiences with the Flying Tigers for another time, and get on with the Malthusian Theory?"

COLLIER'S

HELP!
SAVE
ME!

MURDER in *Your* Coal Bin?

This winter, millions of heat units will be murdered—lost forever—because of outmoded, wasteful, coal-burning methods. Result, a terrific loss of heat energy vitally needed for industry. Yet, it's easy to have the comfort of uniform heat and *save fuel* with Combustioneer, the coal-saving Automatic Stoker.

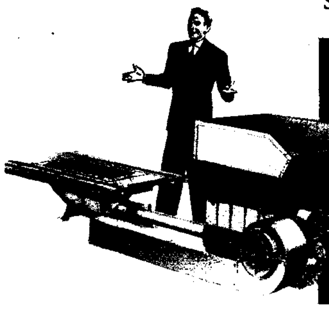
This complete, dependable and economical Combustioneer method of automatically feeding and burning coal by the famed forced-draft underfeed method of firing is adaptable to practically any boiler or furnace—*including yours!*

If you burn 25 tons or more of coal annually, install Combustioneer now and get the greatest possible amount of heat, hot water, steam or power *per ton of lower-priced* coal burned.

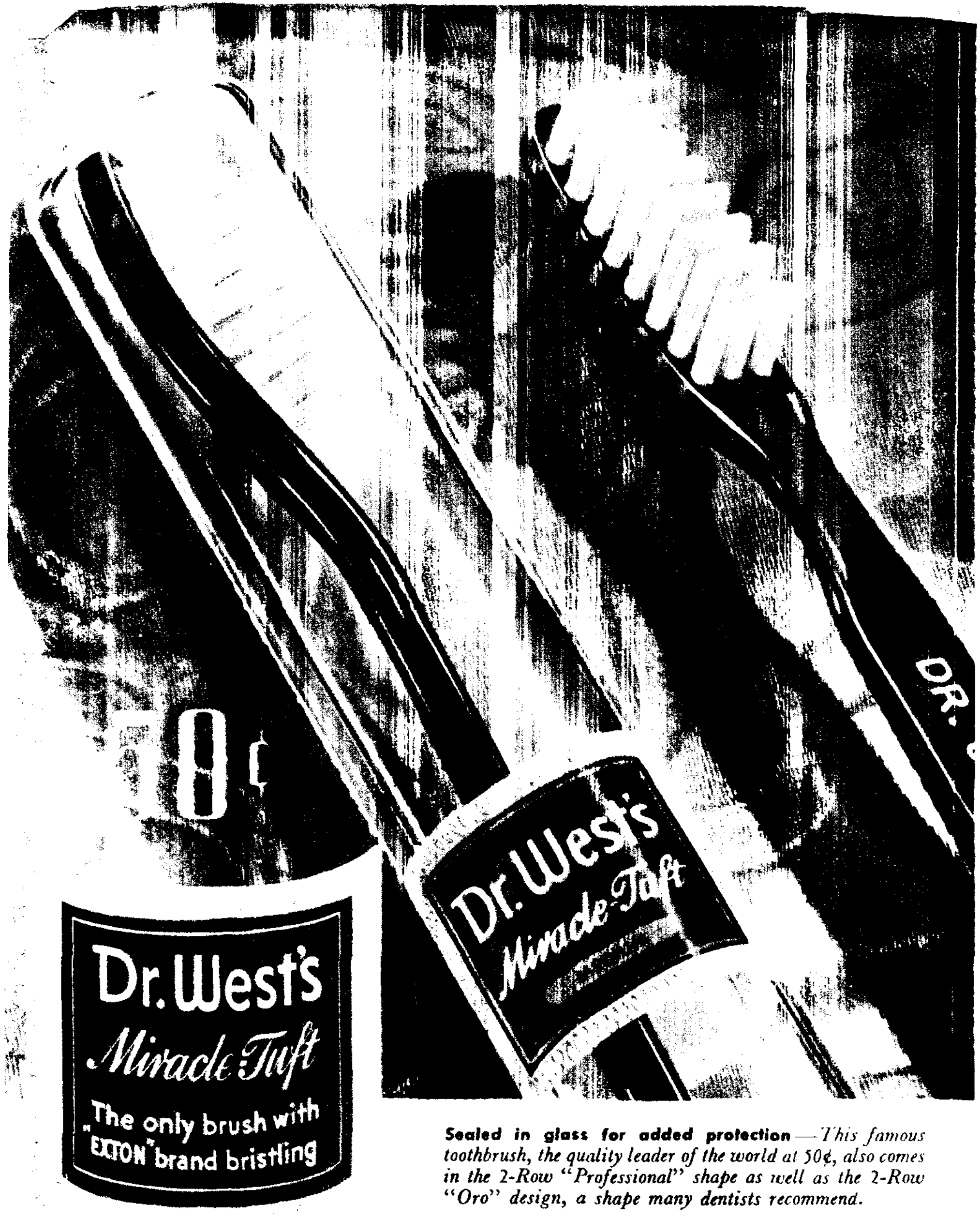
If you burn *less* than 25 tons per year, place your order now for Combustioneer to be installed as soon as restrictions on smaller size models are lifted.

No matter how much fuel you burn, remember that on-file records of thousands of installations in homes, apartments, industrial plants and commercial establishments prove that *Combustioneer drastically reduces fuel consumption and fuel costs* by converting *all* the combustibles in lower-priced local fuels into useful heat and energy.

A PRODUCT OF
THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES



Sealed in glass for added protection—*This famous toothbrush, the quality leader of the world at 50¢, also comes in the 2-Row "Professional" shape as well as the 2-Row "Oro" design, a shape many dentists recommend.*

IMPORTANT TO YOUR WHOLE FAMILY...

the EXTRA PROTECTION

of this Anti-soggy, Waterproofed Brush!

Sound dental health and radiant, sparkling smiles! . . . These treasured assets depend so much on effective, daily brushing of the teeth. That's why it's wise to use Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush. For *only* Dr. West's gives the *extra protection* of "Exton" brand bristling. Waterproofed and anti-soggy, "Exton" outcleans, outlasts the *best* of the natural bristles. So, pitch out those old soggy, ineffective brushes today. Start your family with Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes . . . and notice the *wonderful* difference!

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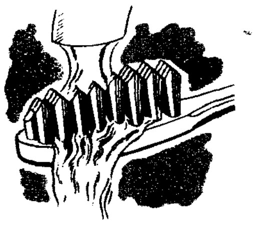
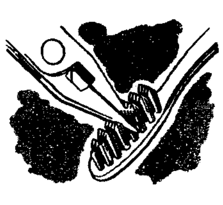
THESE "EXTRA PROTECTION" FEATURES MAKE MIRACLE-TUFT THE FINEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

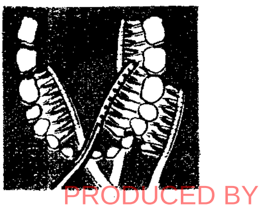
"EXTON" brand waterproofed bristling—the ONLY waterproofed anti-soggy bristle filament. Has greater strength, resiliency. Cleans better. Outlasts natural bristle.





Try to pull it out! Bristles won't split, break off or come out in your mouth. Their correct spacing and irregular shape is a big advantage in penetrating crevices.

Double convex shape—the original Dr. West's design. Conforms to all surfaces of the teeth. Reaches the hard-to-get-at places. Handle is streamlined.



killed. Everybody has one of those days. And I didn't like the idea. So I asked myself why, what I wanted to live for. And it isn't money and the right contacts and sales forms signed in triplicate that make sense at a time like that. I knew suddenly that I had enough money—enough for living and the few things I really wanted, a little land of my own, the four seasons to live in, not escape from, things beginning in the spring and hot sun and bonfires and snowstorms. I wanted weather, all of it, good and bad, and work to do and marriage and kids growing up—"

Oh, dear, thought Elizabeth, here's where I get off. I wish he wouldn't. But they all do. Whether it's a ranch house in the wonderful West, or that place on Long Island that Edward Parsons took me out to see, or an old red-brick farmhouse . . . so correct of them, showing you what they have to give you, or telling you about it, as though those things made any difference—but I wish Adrian wouldn't. He's nice, and they're all so hurt when you say no.

"Come on," she said, opening the door and getting out, "show me these handsome acres of yours."

"Food first," said Adrian, getting out on his side and going around to the trunk again. She recognized the basket before she saw the name on the big white dinner napkin spread over the top. There would be cold chicken and thin watercress sandwiches and a wonderful salad and hot coffee—expensive food from an expensive restaurant—much too expensive for a farmer.

And while they were eating exactly those things, on the sunny steps of the back porch, where new boards stood out raw and yellow, not painted yet, Adrian said suddenly, "Does it make any difference to a girl that a man limps—will always limp a little?"

Swallowing coffee that scalded her, Elizabeth put her cup down on the porch with a bang. Her face was red with wrath. "Of course—if the girl were contemptible enough and low and despicable and small-minded—"

"Well," said Adrian mildly, running a hand through his hair, "I just thought I'd ask."

Elizabeth gazed sternly at him. A trick. The kind of question that demanded more than words, a hand on the arm, warm reassurance. The kind of question that, answered properly, could lead to anything—but not by her.

Innocently Adrian ate—and he talked. Elizabeth ate and listened, looking surprised, and sometimes indignant, and sometimes thoughtful.

WHEN the food was all gone, she accepted a cigarette, her back against a small square pillar, her eyes on the wide fields where the autumn sun was like gold dust and the small, dense woods in the distance a scarlet and yellow painting. She had this sudden tightening of the heart, a nostalgia for all the autumns she had ever known, all the autumns to come stretching out ahead in bright promise—

"Not an easy life," Adrian was saying, "but a good one."

Turning her head, Elizabeth smiled slowly at him. "You make it sound irresistible," she said. "A farmer's wife seems to have quite a lot to do—especially when she can't get any help, which you say happens sometimes out here. There'd be the housework and all this egg business you talk about and the canning and the kids. I believe you mentioned three or four kids."

"At least," said Adrian.

"And then," said Elizabeth, "as I understand it, she's supposed to butt in at the town meetings and snoop around the school board and do what she can to get the parent-teachers' association stirred up."

"Only," said Adrian, "a very able woman could do it all, of course."

The way he said it—Elizabeth dropped her cigarette on the dry, hard-packed ground and watched it smolder, feeling his eyes on her face, aware of him in this unreasonable, disturbing way, not looking at him.

"I've always thought," said Adrian, and his voice was matter-of-fact, "that the best thing to do, when you're putting a deal through, is to let the party of the second part know first what you expect from—him. If it's to be a sound deal, one of long standing, or even, let's say, a permanent one, there are obligations on both sides."

He stood up and walked away, his hands in his pockets. He came back.

"If," he said, "the party of the second part, the one who is being approached, knows what he, or she, is expected to bring to the deal, what her obligations will be, then the party of the first part can trot out what he has to offer—"

Elizabeth jumped up. "I'll just pick up these dishes," she said.

"What," asked Adrian, his green eyes bland, "are you so nervous about?"

"I'm not nervous. It's getting late."

It was. The sun, a smoky orange, was sliding down the sky. There was only time for him to point out the fields that were his, and which ones would be plowed up before the ground froze, which ones woul[illegible]e fallow until he knew more about farming. They stood together and looked at the big red barn, and Elizabeth asked why a closed-up barn looked so empty, and Adrian laughed and said because it was. But next spring it would not be.

ON THE way back, they hardly talked at all. The buildings on Elizabeth's side of the street were their own dark color, but on the other side, the brick and stone were pink with the setting sun as Adrian went with her to her door.

"I had a good time," she said, smiling at him, lingering. "Thank you very much."

The curls which he hated, standing up on his head, Adrian looked intently back at her. "I won't be moving out to the farm for another month. It won't be ready till then. Will you go again?"

"Well—"

"Never mind," said Adrian and went down the steps and across the sidewalk to his car. Elizabeth stood there.

His hand on the car door, Adrian said, "I have the Elliotts' apartment at the Girondon. It's in the book."

She opened the door and ran up the slate-treaded stairs. The telephone was ringing.

"Hello," she said, out of breath.

Carter Humphreys swore softly in relief. "I thought you weren't there. The operator must have been ringing for three minutes."

"I was out."

"Out," repeated Carter in a dry voice. Then he said abruptly, "What's the verdict, Liz?"

"Well, Carter—" She had known just what she was going to say, but now she could not find the words. "You see," she stumbled on, "it's a big thing, Carter. I mean I have to ask you, what do you *expect* of me?"

"*Now* she asks me!" said Carter Humphreys.

"I don't mean that," cried Elizabeth. "But—you've told me about giving me everything I want and—what can I give you? What have I to offer anyone like you, who—"

"Darling, nothing." There was faint exasperation in Carter's voice. "I'll never ask anything of you if you'll come with me—"

With a sigh of relief, Elizabeth sat down sideways on the desk chair. She had known he would say it, but she had had to hear him. In a sound contract, one of long standing, particularly one that was to be permanent . . .

"Let's keep this thing rational," Carter was saying, laughing at her. "I told you I'd call you tonight, and you agreed to give me an answer."

So she told him quickly what her answer was. Carter took it well, as though he had not really hoped, and he said kind, polite things to her, and Elizabeth said, "Thank you, Carter," and then she hung up.

Free now to be the party of the second part in a contract where she would give as much as she received; free now to live the kind of life that was almost exactly like the one she remembered with such longing that she had hardly dared to remember it all with a man whose green eyes would always be disturbing, Elizabeth sat smiling a little foolishly at the telephone book. Soon—in an hour, perhaps—she would find the number. . . .

THE END

Grey is the Rose

Continued from page 18

after you get a seedling growing you'd better turn it over to a professional to develop.

Perkins operates his $2,000,000 a year business from unimpressive offices in a converted white frame residence on a little Newark side street. He operates it, so far as one can see, in a careless, lavish, good-natured way, giving every employee plenty of freedom. He figures, apparently, that even the office cat has her rights. For when the cat persisted in walking around on top of desks, leaving muddy paw tracks on newly typed correspondence, Charley didn't throw her out. Instead, he instructed typists to put the carbon copy on top of the original, to protect it.

Back of the offices are the display gardens, a delightful sweet-smelling place with over 3,000 varieties of roses. Visitors wander through them at will. There are no fences, no "Don't pick the roses" signs, yet Perkins says nobody ever does pick them.

The gardens each summer are the scene of a rose festival, with the usual accompaniments—a queen, a dance, speeches, broadcasts, banquets, and roses for everybody. Before the outbreak of the war as many as 100,000 people came from all over the United States and Canada to visit "the rose capital of America."

Roses, Perkins states, with florist and nursery figures to back him up, are America's most popular flower, and he estimates that more than half of America's families grow roses. J. and P. does not sell direct to florists, but supplies plants to hothouses which do.

J. and P. has 2,500 acres of land in Newark, and two smaller branch plants, near Oakland, California, and Bridgeton, New Jersey, with 2,150 additional acres. In wartime the company devotes some 40 per cent of this land—10 per cent more than the government requires—to vegetables. J. and P. lends plowed and fertilized plots to any local Victory gardeners who want them.

The manpower shortage is partially relieved at J. and P.'s through use of prisoner-of-war volunteers. About 75 German prisoners work in the vegetable fields. They get 10 cents an hour, and the difference between that and the standard wage Perkins pays is used by the Army to maintain prison camps.

Perkins began his career at the age of twelve, shoveling manure from the cows his uncle kept to produce fertilizer for the nursery. His uncle, the original Perkins, and Jackson, another relative, started the nursery in 1872, and in 1902, after years of experimenting, developed their first famous hybrid—the Dorothy Perkins rambler rose.

When Charley was traveling for the firm, he found Dorothy Perkins roses in every country he visited—covering the 25-foot pillars of Windsor Castle in England, decorating public buildings in China, Japan and Russia. The rose won the medal of England's Royal Horticultural Society as the best climbing rose of its time.

"Of course it's obsolete now," says Charley wistfully. "We have better ones, but it was a great rose."

Rose culture was young when J. and P. was founded. The first record of hand-pollenating comes from the rose gardens of Josephine, the wife of the emperor Napoleon. Here for the first time the world's four distinct rose types were blended—the many-leafed or cabbage rose brought into Europe from Asia by the Crusaders; the ever-blooming single rose of central China and the tea rose of southern China (both introduced into Europe about 1800); and the Persian rose, with its double blossoms.

Made-in-America Hybrids

Europe, up to the war, was the center of rose hybridizing, and J. and P. depended mostly upon imports for new varieties until Doctor Jean Henri Nicolas, Boerner's predecessor, assumed charge of research in 1929. Doctor Nicolas produced many successes, notably the large Dr. J. H. Nicolas Ever-Blooming Pink Climber and the Eclipse, today's most popular yellow rose.

Hybridizers used to guard the secret of the parentage of new roses, but now patents make such precautions unnecessary. As with mousetraps, patents cost $250, and protect rose originators for seventeen years.

To promote rose culture here, Perkins and Boerner in 1940 joined other growers in setting up the annual All-America Rose Competition. A grower sends his best products to 14 gardens, located throughout the country, where judges score the plants during a growing cycle of more than a year. Scoring is based on vigor, disease resistance, foliage, form and color of flower and fragrance.

Boerner pins his faith on fragrance: "What good is a rose that does not smell sweet?"

Now, with Europe's rose gardens depleted, America's rose growers are stimulated to the greatest activity in their history. The center of rose culture has shifted to the United States—perhaps for all time.

THE END

Over the Top to Siberia

Continued from page 17

factors in mind when on his return from Soviet Asia he said: "It is quite possible that for fifteen or twenty years after this war the air route to Asia via Fairbanks, Alaska, will not be a money-making one. But it is also certain that our national future requires that we, in co-operation with Russia and the Chinese, maintain such a route."

TWA's projected route into Siberia is an international one and, while it would never refuse good cargo loads at profitable rates, its primary service in the beginning would be to furnish rapid passenger and mail communication. Since it plans to keep on going down into China and thence around the world, passengers and mail for Siberia and European Russia presumably would be transferred at some designated point in Soviet Asia to Soviet-controlled airlines for further distribution throughout the Union. The reverse would be true with a Soviet airline to a designated terminal in the United States. Red Star airliners will never be in competition internally with our domestic airlines. Neither will those of any other nation.

For several months there has been a Russian aeronautical mission in the United States "exploring" future possibilities of reciprocal landing rights and international air routes. The discussions have been behind closed doors, and our government negotiators positively will not divulge play-by-play accounts of what goes on until an agreement is crystallized. But you can't keep attitudes locked up, and the attitude of the Russian representatives, as they concluded their conversations and returned home, appears to be consistently favorable to an interchange of landing rights and routes between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., and that goes for Siberia, too.

However, ambitious Americans may not be able to operate at will through rich Siberia. Although in the beginning, due to the shortage of Russian transport planes and in return for aid from America, limited concessions may be granted, Russia has ideas of her own about sovereignty of the air and ownership of air space over the Soviet Union.

It's pretty well settled that Americans in their privately owned planes will not be romping out of Nome and Fairbanks for Siberia on week ends, to hunt and fish and buy furs. On an international airline to a Siberian terminal for transfer to Soviet transcontinental and feeder lines—yes, we hope.

Memo to President Muratov of the Council of People's Commissars of the Yakutsk Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic: Reference Mr. Willkie's reservation for a day's hunting in 1945. Please make it two.

THE END

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MIRAPACA
AMERICA'S MOST ADVERTISED SWEATER
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HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have poor digestion?	☐	☐
Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

Now everyone knows that to get the good out of the food you eat—you must digest it properly. But what most people don't know is that Nature must produce about two pints of the digestive juice—liver bile—each day to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested, lie sour and heavy within you.

Thus, it is simple to see that one way to aid digestion is to increase the flow of liver bile. Now, Carter's Little Liver Pills start to increase this flow quickly for thousands—often in as little as thirty minutes. When bile flow increases, your digestion may improve. And, soon you're on the road to feeling better—which is what you're after.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's, taken as directed, aid digestion after Nature's own order. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today—only 25¢. You'll be glad you did.

Original CHIPPEWA BOOTS

a Famous Name in OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR FOR OVER 40 YEARS

For all outdoor work or sports, the finest boots are ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS. Made of choicest leathers by master footwear craftsmen.

In peacetimes there is an ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA BOOT for every purpose, as for example:

A 17" welt engineers' boot with plain toe and hard box, as illustrated.

(NOTE—This style is not available at present and may not be for the duration.)

Ask your Chippewa dealer.

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LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EVERY PAIR!

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Enjoy Maico's *selective* hearing, a new triumph of electronics. Emphasizes sounds your ears need most, yet suppresses loud blasts. For easy, *lifelike* hearing, try a midget Maico aid.

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HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

Harlem

Continued from page 13

fell upon each other with murder in view.

As we understand it, the Copiens (origin of the name probably unknown) had a date to attend to a little business in the bailiwick of the Young Capitols—some little kicking around perhaps, a bit of light slicing and maybe some incidental mayhem. The shortest route to the domain of the Young Capitols was through the block which the Marauders had sworn to keep free of the presence of any other moblet unless, of course, a good stiff toll was paid. The toll charges are never arbitrary. A club desiring passage through another club's block is required to give up all the money it has, plus all its armaments. Of course if it comes bearing neither money nor weapons it just can't go through unless it is numerically strong enough and courageous enough to do it anyway. And in that case there's trouble of a very acute order indeed.

Now we have no will to turn amateur sociologist on you, but there are several apropos facts and conclusions that have to be dragged into this somewhere. You may question members of the Marauders, the Copiens, the Young Capitols, the Nomads, the Socialistics and all the other trouble huddles in Harlem all you want and you'll hear nothing that demonstrates that these young hoodlums are actuated by race or class consciousness, white-man hatred, Jim Crow revolt, Axis propaganda or similar fight promoters. But you will find that the overwhelming majority of these kids are slum-shocked. They are not muggers, cruising the streets looking for throttles. They may turn to mugging after the war when money becomes scarcer in Harlem, when war production's high wages disappear. Mugging was, of course, a financial expedient, a rough and dangerous way to get a little dough. Few if any of these Harlem junior smackos have actual war-production jobs, but many enjoy war-made prosperity at second hand. Their families, if they live at home, have more money than formerly. If they're just flopping here and there in the flats of relatives or friends, increased incomes there make them welcome. Those of the kids who have odd jobs to work at get twice and three times what they used to earn on trucks—running errands, hustling crates and boxes in stores and shops and so on.

Not, mind you, that an even respectable minority of these kids have jobs of any sort, nor that those who have stoop to steady work. Too many club activities for nonsense like that. If a Chancellor, for example, were to fritter away all his time working, the Comanches would run wild over his territory. See? The Precinct Co-ordinating Council of Harlem is working hard on this leisure-hours problem and hopes to get somewhere. But just at present, with Harlem's per capita income high, the kids have plenty of time for *pushing a dance*, a quaint way of speaking about a nice, bloody club battle.

Battling on the Home Front

Neither do you find, as you talk to these boys, that they are necessarily budding racketeers, commercial mobsters, shake-down coercionists, or merchant-protection gangsters. Maybe later when times get tough, but there's no hint of that yet. Their battles are chiefly among themselves. Only now and then will a few of the tougher ones try their hands at vestibuling a visiting stray from a Harlem night spot—a merrymaker from downtown, or maybe Keokuk, who came to Harlem to be a hell of a fellow and became gin-happy. They'll go in for a bit of shag-peddling, by which is meant that they'll be very, very glad to conduct you to the room of a lady whose overpowering beauty has to be seen to be believed. But when they get you into the vestibule they'll take you for everything you've got with you, including your pants just to keep you quiet. They'll even carve you considerably if you foolishly elect to fight. But that sort of thing is more commonly in the field of Harlem's older lads. To be sure, these older and bigger-job fellows, too, were once as young and as tender as Quick. Graduates of such street-corner, poolroom and cigar-store clubs as The Fangs, The Tattericks, The Submarines and The Whizzbangs can be very criminal indeed. As for the current crop of clubsters like Quick, the police assured us that they owe their genius and their eagerness to destroy one another to no coaching by adult higher-ups. They work for no Fagins. There are no adult mobsters back of it all, the police say. Just slum boys—drops, rustles or fetches—on their own.

Quick, for example, had no permanent address. Quick lived where he happened to light. It is doubtless a bit different for you—gently and even tenderly reared, jealously protected from life's crushing ugliness—to appreciate the flop fortunes of Quick.

When arrested, Quick gave an address. There they were told that it wasn't the boy's home, that he just strayed in to eat and sleep now and then. Try such and such an address. But at the next place it was the same story: Quick was a cuckoo kid, came in to supper once in a while, sometimes swamped down yonder with the other kids and slept. School? Sure, they guessed Quick went to school—sometimes. The law penalizes a kid's parents or guardians if he doesn't go to school. And doubtless Quick had parents—somewhere. Quick wasn't talking about that. The police, the school authorities, don't get much information in Harlem. Harlem is on the defensive when not on the offensive, never racially neutral.

Of course they can commit the kid to a reformatory where he'll have to attend classes. But even the police are talking like sociologists. Even they are beginning to doubt whether there is much cure for Quick in iron bars.

All the agencies having Harlem's troubles on their books agree that Harlem's hideous housing congestion is a barrier to solving her problems. The police want to herd the street-corner moblets into more and better playgrounds, swimming pools, intelligently supervised clubs where broad license rather than narrow prevails. The Police Athletic League believes with much reason that every small, black hoodlum cherishes a deep-hearted hope and even belief that he is an embryo Jesse Owens, Henry Armstrong or Joe Louis and would rather train for such heights than for the depths of Sing Sing. The Urban League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and other Negro agencies assure you that the average Negro kid sets such of their race as Paul Robeson, Canada Lee, Todd Duncan, Bojangles Bill Robinson, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes and so on, far above all other heroes.

There is large talk of "education" but it is the consensus that in the immediate threat that lurks in Harlem it is a trifle late to school the adults into new ways of thinking. Maybe the kids, but not their elders. The more important of the Negro organizations insist that the dynamite that is ready for the detonator in Harlem (and in Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Los Angeles [illegible]o) can best be described as fear and an [illegible]essive resentment.

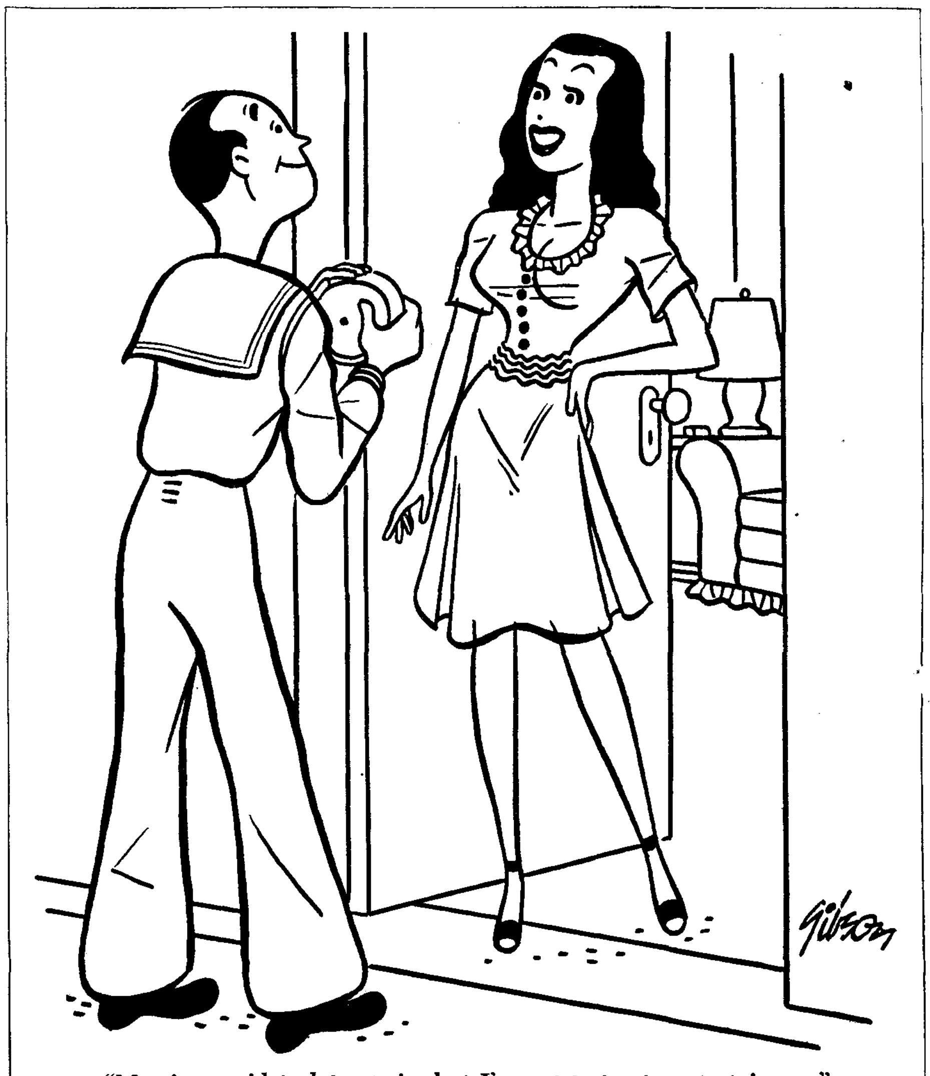
Fearful of the Future

It is fear that the Negro will be the first to be laid off when peace comes to cut down employment, fear that the Negro will be the first to suffer wage cuts when the boom bursts, fear that his current political friends will forsake him when it becomes expedient. The Negro, they assure you, is race and politically conscious as never before. He intends, they add, to surrender none of the benefits of his new solidarity. If it comes to shooting, he'll shoot. That his right to vote in the South is slowly being achieved, does not placate him. The Negroes demand that all political barriers be razed. They see "equality" ahead and do not intend to take their eyes off it. That's what their spokesmen tell you.

They lay their housing woes to segregation. Crime-breeding congestion in Harlem is not the will of the Negro. It is the white man's work. Right or wrong, Harlem swears by that.

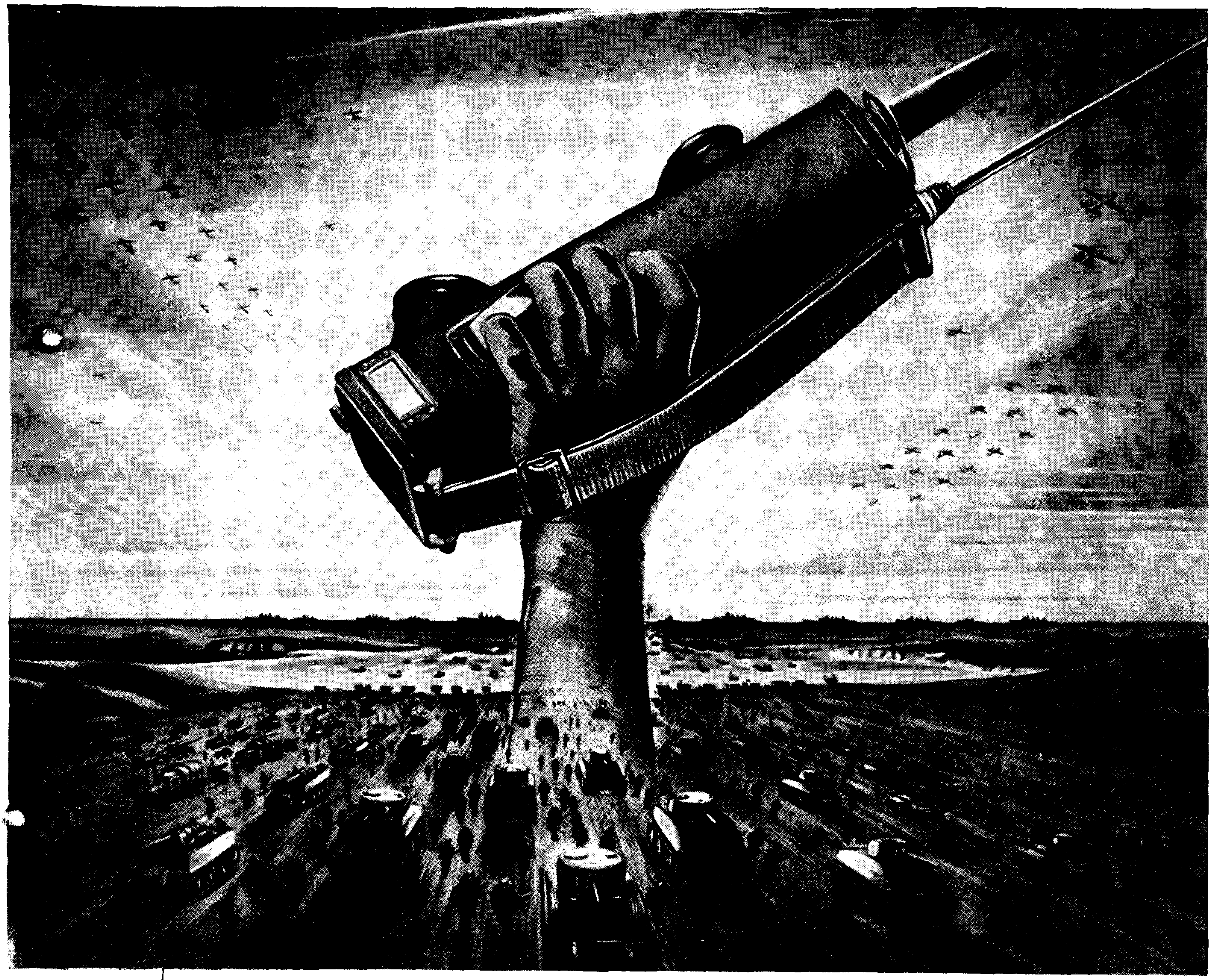
That's what the Negro's spokesmen tell you. Most of the cops we talked to agreed—reluctantly, perhaps—but they agreed.

THE END



"My sister said to let you in, but I'm not to try to entertain you"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON



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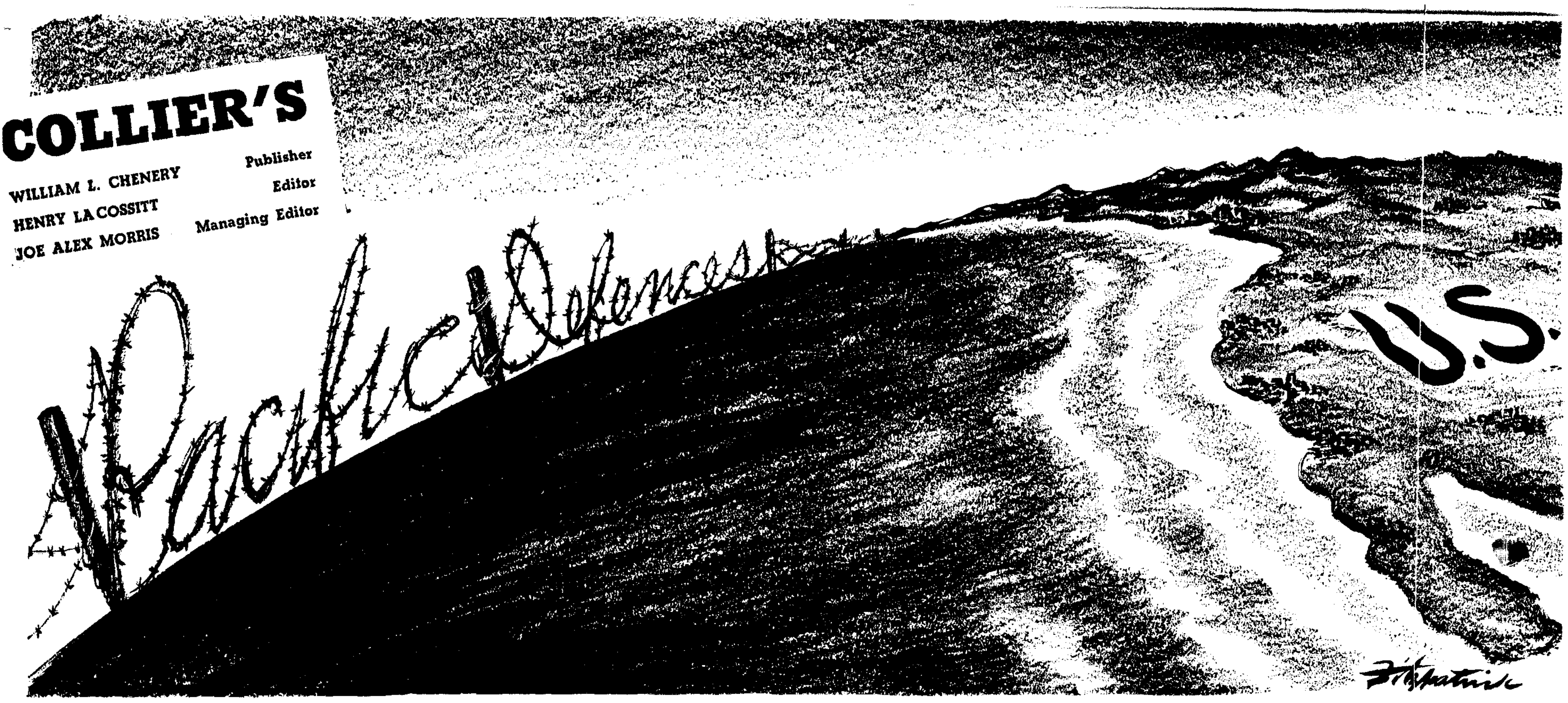


Fortress Pacific

THE President said at Bremerton, Washington, after his Hawaii-Aleutians tour that after this war we must have bases far west of Hawaii. Then he went on:

> We have no desire to ask for any possessions of the United Nations. But the United Nations, who are working so well with us in the winning of the war, will, I am confident, be glad to join us in protection against aggression and in machinery to prevent aggression. With them and with their help I am sure that we can agree completely so that Central and South America will be as safe against attack—attack from the South Pacific—as North America is going to be very soon from the North Pacific as well.

Republican Candidate Thomas E. Dewey, for his part, has said that he understands the Republican platform to mean, in its plank calling for postwar co-operation to keep the peace, every feasible peace-keeping instrument "from an editorial to a 16-inch gun." Adequate Far Pacific bases for U.S. planes, surface ships and submarines are obviously among such instruments.

We're convinced that the two Presidential candidates, when they talk this way, are expressing the wartime state of mind of Americans, Canadians and Mexicans, at least, and of Central and South Americans with the exception of the current rulers of the Argentine.

What keeps worrying us is this question: Will that mood outlast the war for any length of time; or will most of us sink back after the war into insularity and the belief that our geographical position is such that "nobody can reach us?"

We hope not—devoutly. The Romans thought they had licked Carthage decisively twice, but they had to go back a third time. For years after World War I, the impression persisted in the Allied countries that Germany was only a second-rate power which could never again wage a first-rate war.

We know now the nature of the Japanese enemy—that he is fierce, crafty and vengeful, and that he hates us more than he hates any other people in the world. Let's nail that knowledge into our brains, and into our children's brains, with instructions to pass it on to their children and their children's children, and so on down the generations.

And let's get those bases arranged for and those agreements for mutual aid made now, while the Pacific war is still on, and while we are one of the most powerful nations in world history and therefore are [illegible] the best possible position to drive advantageous b[illegible]gains.

In all this, we aren't talking internationalism, the Four Freedoms, or any of those hotly debated subjects. We're talking cold-turkey safety insurance for the United States from here on out.

PORK ON THE HIGHWAYS

HIGHWAY experts around the country are wrinkling their noses and stating loudly that they smell pork in HR 4915, the highway bill recently reported by the House Roads Committee.

Here's the historical background of this important bill: In 1916, the federal government started its system of grants-in-aid to states for construction of motor highways. Object: to "get the motorist out of the mud." Result: our present splendid network of good motor roads. These grants of federal cash were apportioned on the basis of the sizes of the states. Big Western and Midwestern states got more, smaller states less. That was all right until the main job was completed.

Now, however, according to various highway authorities, the picture has changed. What are now mainly needed are more and better motor roads in congested metropolitan areas—in and around New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, and so on. Yet in the pending bill the allotments stand on the same old basis.

Says William J. Cox, Connecticut State Highway Commissioner:

> I am confident that I do not exaggerate in saying that this bill, if passed, will embark the country on a legislative path that will take the place of the old Rivers and Harbors Act as the nation's No. 1 pork barrel.

Says the Bridgeport, Connecticut, Post in a strong editorial:

> The absurdity and almost criminality of the bill . . . is brought out by the pretense that under its terms the federal expenditures for highways would relieve unemployment in war communities. That is the excuse. In point of fact, this pork-barrel bill would spend more of the money in areas which have little or no war work and which consequently would have little or no war unemployment, whereas the heavily industrialized sections of the country would receive the short end of the deal.

It looks to us as if Congress, before acting on the bill, had better bring it into tune with current highway needs by slicing out the pork and providing for allotment of grants-in-aid according to present rural, town, city and metropolitan highway necessities. We've built our highway skeleton, so to speak. The next job to tackle is to put the right muscles on it in the right places.

BRITISH REPORT ON OUR BOYS

THE London Daily Mail's correspondent, John Hall, recently reported to his public on the conduct of American troops in France.

Britons, Hall recalled, had seen millions of our men in the British Isles, and had noted with some misgivings their exuberant spirits, their relatively luxurious uniforms and equipment, their fondness for throwing their comparatively big pay around as if it grew on trees. What kind of warriors would such men make, Britons asked themselves uneasily, when the big test should come on the European continent?

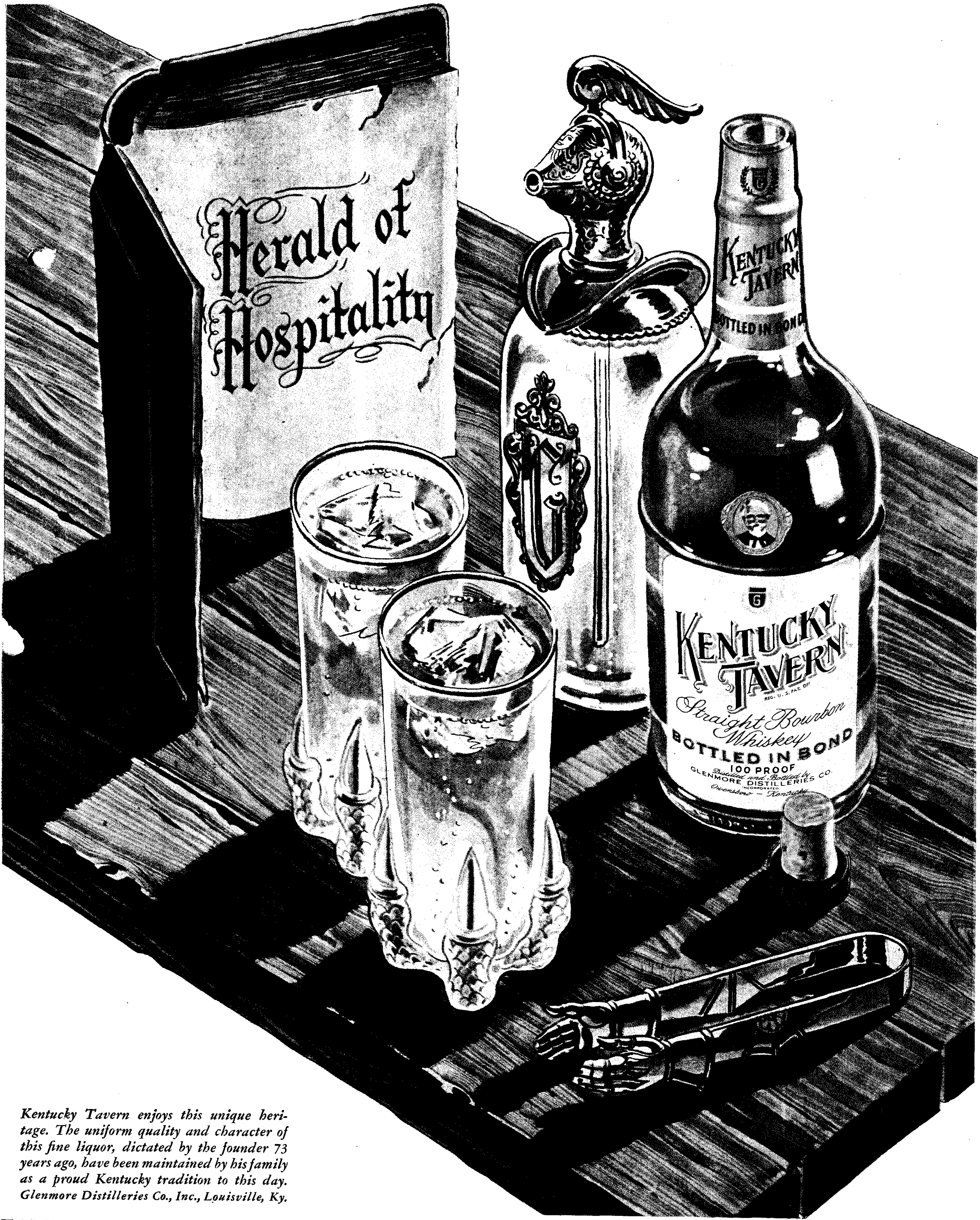
Mr. Hall advised the Daily Mail's readers that they could now lay those qualms aside. He said in part:

> The apparent casualness and man-to-man friendliness which rather appalled our disciplinarians at home disappears . . . These men go to it with the snap of Guardsmen . . .
>
> They die quietly, these American boys—without fuss or complaint, perhaps muttering about "Mom" just before the end.
>
> Grousing—"bitching," as they call it—is left behind in the rear areas . . .
>
> You expect to see officers in the front line, but no army in the world sees the profusion of colonels and higher officers in the battle line more continuously than the American . . . American toughness is not just talk.

This encourages us no little, after all the reports and rumors of friction between British civilians and American soldiers in Britain. It looks as if Americans, Britons and Canadians are gaining a better and better understanding of one another the longer they fight together in this war.

The more of such understanding, the better. It looks as if the United States and the British Empire will have to hang pretty closely together for a long time after this war, unless they fancy the notion of being hanged separately. The more we can appreciate one another's essential virtues underneath the differing veneers, the more we should all profit from our association.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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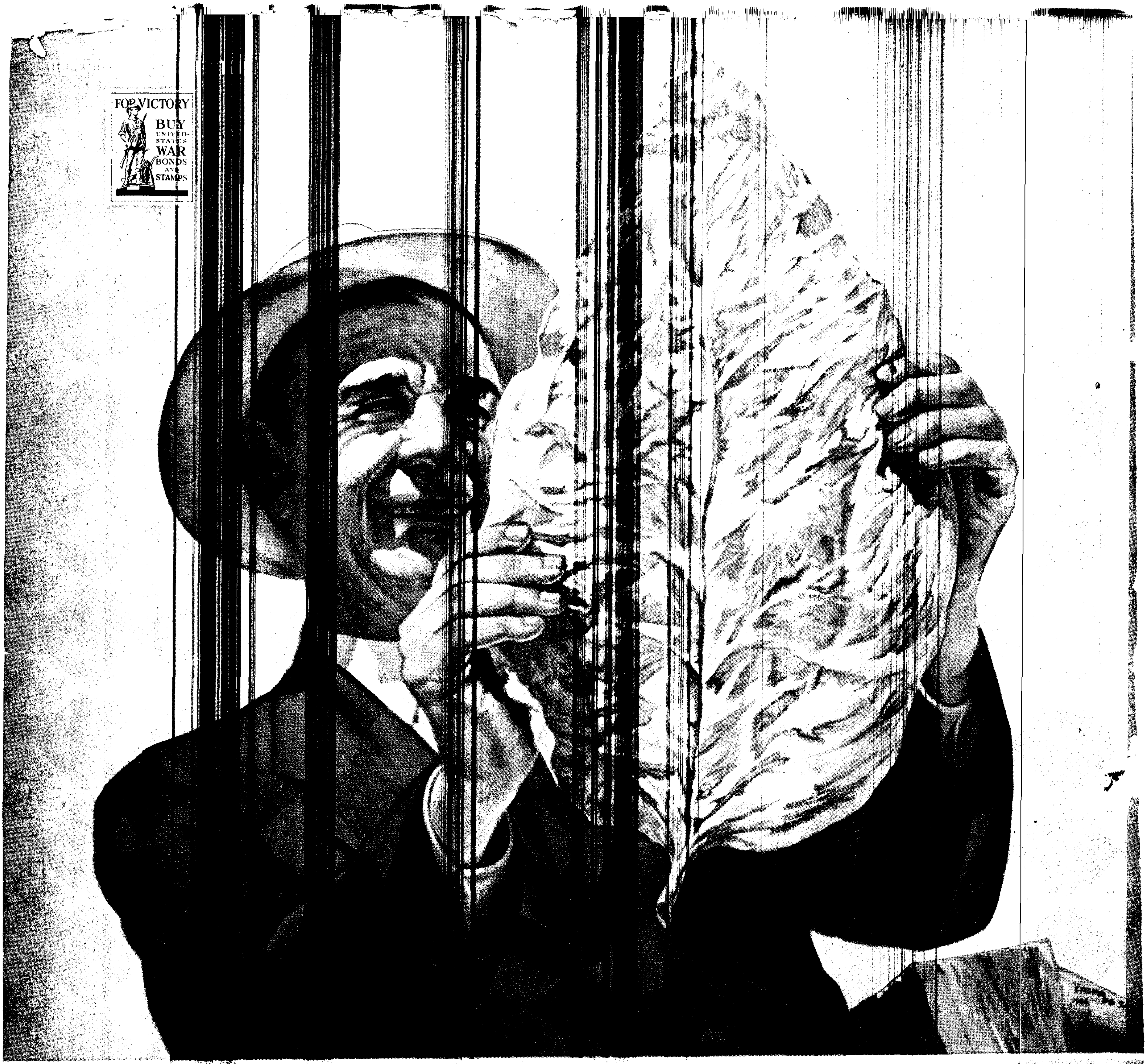
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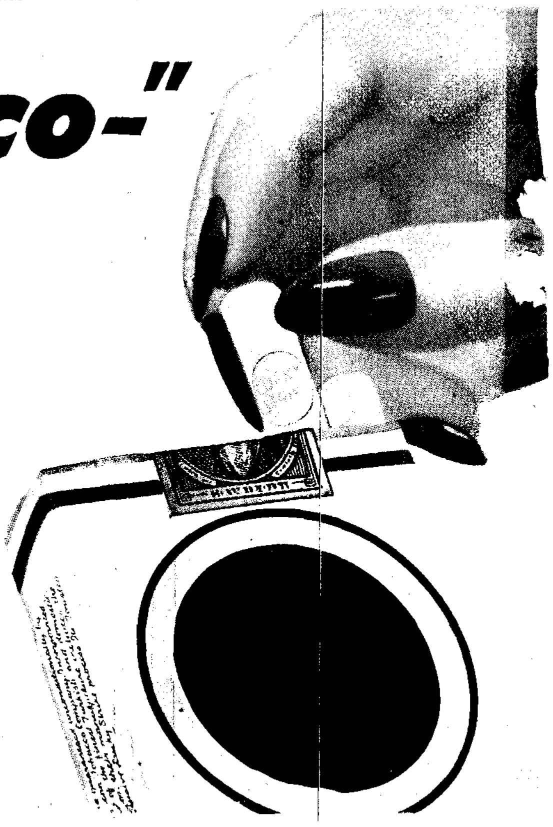

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